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THE FRENCH IMBROGLIO OF 1798.

WHETHER the people of the United States should govern or be governed, or, in other words, whether America should remain America or become merely a greater Britain,— that was the issue in the infuriate Presidential election of 1800. The issue was confused, as it always is, by intrigue, accident, and personality; but the people saw it clearly enough; for of all the devices of man for clarifying and disseminating truth, nothing has yet been invented so effective as one of our hotly contested Presidential elections. Millions of lies are generated only to be consumed; and the two warring principles stand at last clearly revealed, for each man to choose, according to his nature. Never once, from 1789 to 1872, have the people of the United States failed to reach a decision which, upon the whole, was *best;* not once, little as some of us could think so on the morning after certain elections that could be named.

The discussion, which had begun in the privacy of President Washington's Cabinet in 1790, between American Jefferson and British Hamilton, at length divided the nation into two parties. The representative individuals who began it were now in situations that seemed to withdraw them from the arena of strife, — Hamilton a lawyer at the New York bar, Jefferson in the chair of the Senate; and yet it was about these two men that the strife concentrated. It was still Hamilton who led the party of reaction; it was still Jefferson who inspired the Republicans, each deeply and entirely convinced that upon the supremacy of his ideas depended, not the welfare of America only, but the happiness of man. What a might there is in disinterested conviction! It sometimes invests common talents with a far-reaching and late-enduring power which unprincipled genius never wields.

And it so chanced in this first year of Mr. Adams's Presidency, 1797, that both these individuals, without agency of their own and to their extreme annoyance, were invested with a new and intense conspicuousness. They awoke to find "the eyes of the universe" fixed upon them.

In April, 1796, in the heat of the debates upon the Jay treaty, Mr. Jefferson had occasion to write a long letter

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of business to his old neighbor, Mazzei, then happily settled in his native Italy. By way of a friendly finish to a letter of dull detail, he appended a short paragraph upon politics, writing hastily and without reserves, as republican to republican. He told Mazzei that, since he had left America, the aspect of politics had wonderfully changed. An Anglican monarchical and aristocratical party had sprung up, small in numbers but high in station, whose avowed object was to draw us over to the substance, as they had already to the forms, of the British government. On the side of republicanism pure and simple were these three, — the people, the planters, and the talents; against republicanism pure and simple, placemen, office-seekers, the Senate, "all timid men who prefer the calm of despotism to the boisterous sea of liberty, British merchants and Americans trading on British capitals, speculators and holders in the banks and public funds, a contrivance invented for the purposes of corruption, and for assimilating us in all things to the rotten as well as the sound parts of the British model." He added these observations: "It would give you a fever were I to name to you the apostates who have gone over to these heresies, — men who were Samsons in the field and Solomons in the council, but who have had their heads shorn by the harlot England. In short, we are likely to preserve the liberty we have obtained only by unremitting labors and perils. But we shall preserve it; and our mass of weight and wealth on the good side is so great as to leave no danger that force will ever be attempted against us. We have only to awake, and snap the Liliputian cords with which they have been entangling us during the first sleep which succeeded our labors."

Upon receiving this letter, Mazzei translated the political paragraph into Italian, and had it inserted in one of the newspapers of Florence, as an extract from a letter from Thomas Jefferson, late Secretary of State of the United States. The editor of the Paris *Moniteur* espied it, translated it into French, and transferred it to his journal. An American editor translated it back into English, printed it, and soon all America was ringing with it.

It would be difficult to compress into a few lines a greater amount of exasperating offence than Jefferson had managed to pack into these; for it was not individuals who were hit, but classes, and classes too that had weapons with which to return the stroke. The passage had another peculiarity: to the few extreme Federalists it had the bitter sting of truth; while the mass of the party honestly resented it as calumny. Nor could the writer disavow or explain it away, despite the errors of translation that intensified some phrases. Upon reflection, and after consultation with Madison, he decided to adhere to his ancient rule, and publish not a word of personal explanation. But nothing that Jefferson ever did or wrote in his whole life gave such deep, wide, and lasting offence as this hasty postscript, written in the heat of controversy, and published with criminal thoughtlessness by a sincere friend four thousand miles away. Those figures of speech which are the natural utterance of a kindled mind, how they delight and mislead the unconcerned hearer; how they rankle in the wounds of self-love!

Hamilton's affair was a thousand times worse than this; and yet, strange to say, it gave less offence, and seemed to be sooner forgotten. To clear himself from a charge of peculation during his tenure of the Treasury, he was obliged to publish in great detail the history of his amour with a married woman, named Reynolds. His pamphlet on this subject will be valuable to any one who may desire to pursue Mr. Lecky's line of investigation in America, and get further light upon the history of morals. It is a highly interesting fact, that A. D. 1797 one of the foremost men of the United States, a person who valued himself upon his moral principle, and was accepted by a powerful party at his own valuation in

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that particular, should have felt it to be a far baser thing to cheat men of their money than to despoil women of their honor. In this pamphlet he puts his honorable wife to an open shame, and publishes to the world the frailty of the woman who had gratified him; and this to refute a calumny which few would have credited. His conduct in this affair throws light upon his political course. He could be false to women for the same reason that he could disregard the will of the people. He did not look upon a woman as a person and an equal with whom faith was to be kept, any more than he recognized the people as the master and the owner whose will was law. Original in nothing, he took his morals from one side of the Straits of Dover and his politics from the other.

What more amusing than the high-stepping morality of the opening of this pamphlet, where the author declares that the spirit of Jacobinism (Hamilton's word for the opinions of his opponents) threatens more mischief to the world than the three great scourges, War, Pestilence, and Famine; and that it is, in fact, nothing other than "*a conspiracy of Vice against Virtue!*" It was after preluding upon this theme, that the representative of Injured Innocence told his story. In the summer of 1791, a woman had called at his house in Philadelphia, and asked to speak with him in private. As soon as they were alone, she had related a piteous tale; how her husband, after treating her cruelly, had left her destitute and gone off to live with another woman. She now desired only to get home to her friends in New York, and, knowing that Colonel Hamilton was a New-Yorker, she had ventured to come to him, as a countryman, and ask him to give her money enough for the journey. He replied that her situation was interesting, and that he was disposed to help her, but he had no money, — a very common case with the Secretary of the Treasury. He told her to leave her address, and he would call or send in the evening.

"In the evening," he says, "I put a bank-bill in my pocket and went to the house. I inquired for Mrs. Reynolds, and was shown up stairs, at the head of which she met me, and conducted me into a bedroom. I took the bill out of my pocket and gave it to her. Some conversation ensued, from which it quickly appeared that other than pecuniary consolation would be acceptable. After this I had frequent meetings with her, most of them at my own house; Mrs. Hamilton with her children being absent on a visit to her father."

These "frequent meetings," which began in July, continued until December, when they were rudely interrupted by the return of the husband and his discovery of what had occurred in his absence. The honorable Secretary received one morning a chaotic letter from Mrs. Reynolds, who had then become "Maria" to him, in which she announced the appalling fact, in the ladies' spelling of the period, that irate Reynolds "has swore if he dose not se or hear from you to day, he will write Mrs. Hamilton."

A letter not less chaotic, nor better spelled, soon arrived from the husband; and this led to an interview between the husband and the paramour,— not at Weehawken, but in Colonel Hamilton's house. The consolation which the husband desired could not be described as "other than pecuniary." He asked for a place under government. But Colonel Hamilton was never capable of the infamy of saddling such a fellow upon the public service. In the vain attempt to shut the man's mouth, he committed very great folly, it is true, but not crime: he tried to buy his silence with money,— with a thousand dollars, paid in two instalments; six hundred dollars on the 22d of December, 1791, and the remainder January 3, 1792. The reader knows very well what followed; for he lives in the advanced year 1873, when the truth is familiar that blackmail is a case of interminable subtraction. The thousand dollars which was squeezed with so much difficulty out of a small salary

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kept the noble Reynolds quiet for fourteen days. On the 17th of January, 1792, the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States had the pleasure of receiving the following note: —

"Sir I suppose you will be surprised in my writing to you Repeatedly as I do. but dont be Alarmed for its Mrs. R. wish to See you. and for My own happiness and hers. I have not the Least Objections to your Calling. as a friend to Bouth of us. and must Rely intirely on your and her honnor. when I conversed with you last. I told you it would be disagreeable to me for you to Call, but Sence, I am pritty well Convinsed, She would onely wish to See you as a friend. and sence I am Reconsiled to live with her, I would wish to do every thing for her happiness and my own, and Time may ware of every thing, So dont fail in Calling as Soon as you Can make it Conveanant. and I Rely on your befriending me if there should any thing offer that would be to my advantage. as you Express a wish to befrind me. So I am yours to Serve

"JAMES REYNOLDS."

From this letter it appeared that Mr. Reynolds wished to open a new account with a gentleman who was so free with his money. But the burnt child avoided the fire. Colonel Hamilton did not call. Late one evening, a maid-servant left at his door an epistle still more moving from "Maria" herself. She could "neither Eate nor sleep." She had been on the point of doing "the moast horrid acts," the thought of which made her "shuder." She felt that she was not long for this world; and all she asked was to "se" him once more. "For God sake," she concluded, "be not so voed of all humannity as to deni me this Last request but if you will not Call some time this night I no its late but any tim between this and twelve A Clock I shall be up Let me Intreat you If you wont Come to send me a Line oh my head I can rite no more do something to Ease My heart or Els I no not what I shall do for so I cannot live Commit this to the care of my maid be not offended I beg."

But even this tender appeal did not bring the truant to her feet. She wrote again two days after, on "Wensday Morning ten of Clock," imploring him "if he has the Least Esteeme for the unhappy Maid whos grateest fault Is loveing him that he will come as soon as he shall get this and till that time My breaste will be the seate of pain and woe." Nor did she omit the truly feminine postscript: "P. S. If you cannot come this Evening to stay just come only for one moment as I shal be Lone Mr. is going to sup with a friend from New York." This postscript, it is to be feared, proved too much for the "virtue" of a man against whom the spirit of Jacobinism had formed a conspiracy with vice. At least we know that relations between the woman and the Cabinet minister were re-established and that the husband promptly brought in his bill. If we may judge from the specimens of receipts signed James Reynolds which Hamilton gives in his pamphlet, we may conclude that whenever James Reynolds felt the need of a little money, which was only too often, he was in the habit of applying to the honorable Secretary of the Treasury for a small loan; which alas! the Secretary dared not refuse. He responded promptly, too; for we find the receipt bearing the same date as the begging letter.

What a snarl for the leader of a national party to be caught in, in the year of a Presidential election,— the wife pestering him with her tears and her awful letters, and the husband bleeding him every few weeks of a fifty-dollar bill, so needed for his own teeming household! We cannot wonder that he should have broken out, in that indecorous manner, in the newspapers, against his colleague. The affair became loathsome beyond expression, and he could get neither peace nor respite. With a shabby servant-girl leaving crumpled notes at his door at nine o'clock in the evening, and a man of the Reynolds stamp, to whom he

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dared not deny a private interview, hanging round his office in the daytime, he could not hope long to escape suspicion, if he did detection; and, as time went on, the importunities of both became alarmingly frequent. If he abstained from going near the woman for a few days, he received a letter from the husband, begging him to call.

"Sir I am sorry to be the barer of So disagreeable. an unhappy infermation. I must tell you Sir that I have bin the most unhappiest man, for this five days in Existance, which you aught to be the last person I ever Should tell my troubls to. ever Sence the night you Called and gave her the Blank Paper. She has treated me more Cruel than pen cant paint out. and Ses that She is determed never to be a wife to me any more, and Ses that it is a plan of ours. what has past god knows I Freely forgive you and dont wish to give you fear or pain a moment on the account of it. now Sir I hope you will give me your advise as freely as if Nothing had ever passed Between us I think it is in your power to make matter all Easy again. and I suppose you to be that Man of fealing that you would wish to make every person happy Where it in your power I shall wate to See you at the office if its Convenant. I am sir with Asteem yours

"JAMES REYNOLDS."

Only six days passed before the husband handed in his account. The date of the note just given was April 17. The date of the following was April 23d: —

"Sir I am sorry I am in this disagreeable sutivation which Obliges me to trouble you So offen as I do. but I hope it wont be long before it will be In my power to discharge what I am indebted to you Nothing will give me greater pleasure I must Sir ask the loan of thirty dollars more from you, which I shall asteem as a particular favour. and you may Rest ashured that I will pay you with Strickest Justice. for the Reliefe you have aforded me, the Inclosed is the Receipt for the thirty dollars. I shall wate at your Office. Sir for an answer I am sir your very Humble Servant,

"JAMES REYNOLDS."

The connection became intolerable to the victim at last, and he contrived to shake it off. But Reynolds, five years after, finding himself in jail for debt, thought to extricate himself by selling Hamilton's good name to his political opponents; and he had letters to show, in Hamilton's own hand, proving that, between this dastardly and ignorant wretch and the Secretary of the Treasury, *some* incongruous connection involving pecuniary transactions had existed. It was to explain the incongruity, that, in July, 1797, Hamilton felt himself obliged to publish the pamphlet relating the rise and progress of this "amorous intrigue," with enough of the letters to show that the sinner in the case was not the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury, but only a weak, vain, and limited human being, named Alexander Hamilton.

Public opinion might have judged Hamilton with almost as much severity for this amour as the Federalists condemned Jefferson for his Mazzei paragraph, if public events had not given a brief but overwhelming ascendency to the political system which Hamilton represented. By the time his pamphlet had made its way through the remoter States, the French imbroglio assumed a character that destroyed in a moment (and for a moment) all that popular sympathy with France which had constituted a great part of the political capital of the Republican party. For a time, say about a year, Republicanism was under a cloud; and that man was the hero of every circle who was loudest against France. Hamilton saw his dream of a consolidating war on the point of realization. The poor man was excessively vain of his military prowess, and had no more doubt of his eminent fitness to command an army than Lord John Russell was once supposed to have of his ability to command the Channel fleet. It was a be-

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wildering turn in public affairs for a man who regarded war as the noblest vocation of human beings, who esteemed himself singularly endowed by nature to shine in that vocation, and who felt that only a war could save "social order" in the United States.

It was the exploits of three French "strikers," that deceived and maddened the American people in 1798. Vainglorious Americans pretend that *striking* is an American invention, practised first in New York, and then at Albany, upon persons interested in a pending act. "Pay me five thousand dollars," says the professional striker, "and your bill will pass." And no man can say whether or not the bill passes in consequence of the striker's influence, or whether the striking was or was not authorized by members. It was the Eastern Continent, not the Western, that originated this fine device.

President Adams carried out his scheme of sending to France an imposing embassy of three gentlemen of the first distinction. The Directory had refused to receive *one* American plenipotentiary, General C. C. Pinckney; refused even to give him "cards of hospitality," legalizing his residence in Paris; and, finally (January 25, 1797), notified him that he had no legal right to remain in France. The cause of this remarkable behavior was the Jay treaty; or, as the French government styled it, "the condescension of the American government to its ancient tyrants." Imagine the effect in the United States of an insult so emphatic and so unprovoked! The best friends of France were the most wounded and dismayed; while the party in power, in extra session of Congress assembled, voted everything short of downright war, and might even have precipitated actual hostilities, but for the overshadowing, portentous prestige of General Bonaparte. In the nick of time was published an "Order of the Day," dated "30 Germinal, An V" (or, vulgarly, April 19, 1797), in which that "Général en Chef" informed his army, in five lines, that the preliminaries of peace had been signed the day before between the Emperor of Austria and the French Republic. This brief document notified mankind that General Bonaparte, with resources vastly increased, was now free to direct his exclusive attention to the war with perfidious Albion, either by way of Calais and Dover, or Egypt and Calcutta. This intelligence, as Jefferson remarked at the time, "cooled the ardent spirits," and, therefore, instead of war, we had the grand embassy, — C. C. Pinckney, John Marshall, and Elbridge Gerry. Pinckney and Marshall were Federalists; Gerry, a Republican.

How warmly Mr. Jefferson urged Mr. Gerry to accept the mission is worthy of remembrance, in view of its result. "If," wrote Jefferson, "we engage in a war during our present passions, and our present weakness in some quarters, our Union runs the greatest risk of not coming out of that war in the shape in which it enters it. My reliance for our preservation is in your acceptance of this mission. I know the tender circumstances which will oppose themselves to it. But its duration will be short, and its reward long. You have it in your power, by accepting and determining the character of the mission, to secure the present peace and eternal union of your country. If you decline, on motives of private pain, a substitute may be named who has enlisted his passions in the present contest, and, by the preponderance of his vote in the mission, may entail on us calamities, your share in which, and your feelings, will outweigh whatever pain a temporary absence from your family could give you."

After the departure of the envoys, in August, there was a lull in the storm of politics, and several months of expectation passed, increasing as time went on, until the mere delay created alarm. The summer passed, the autumn glided by, winter began, Congress convened, the winter ended, and still the dreadful question of peace or

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war remained unanswered. What of our envoys? How has our sublime embassy been received? It was not until it had been gone seven months that any authoritative answer could be given to such inquiries, even by the President. And, then, what an answer! Let us accompany these gentlemen on their mission.

It was on the 4th of October, 1797, that the three envoys found themselves in Paris,— two having come fresh from the United States, and General Pinckney from Holland. On that very first morning they had an experience which was a fit prelude to what was to come. The musicians of the Directory, in accordance with ancient custom ("everybody does it, my dear sir"), called upon them for a present, and got from each, as Mr. Gerry reports, "fifteen or twenty guineas." Next, a deputation of fishwomen, also in accordance with ancient custom, presented themselves for the same purpose. "When the ladies," wrote Mr. Gerry, "get sight of a minister, as they did of my colleagues, they smother him with kisses." But Mr. Gerry escaped this part of the penalty by sending one of the secretaries of the mission, Major Rutledge, to "negotiate for me." Gerry paid the guineas, and Rutledge, it is to be presumed, drew the kisses.

The next morning business began. The envoys sent a messenger to notify verbally M. de Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, of their arrival in Paris, and to ask him to name a time when he would be at leisure to receive one of their secretaries with a formal and written notification. Answer: The next day at two o'clock. Major Rutledge, punctual to the time, delivered the usual letter, announcing the object of the embassy, and requesting the minister to appoint an hour for them to present their letters of credence. To the cordial and stately letter of the three envoys, Talleyrand gave a verbal reply: "The day after to-morrow at one o'clock." They waited upon him at the hour appointed. He was not at home! His chief secretary informed them that he had been compelled to meet the Directory, but would be glad to see them at three o'clock. They called again at three o'clock. He was "engaged with the Portuguese minister," and the envoys waited till he was disengaged, about ten minutes. They were then introduced, and presented their letters, which the minister read and kept. He then informed them that the Directory had required him to draw up a report upon the relations of France with the United States, which he was then engaged upon, and would complete in a few days; when he would let them know "what steps were to follow." They asked him if, in the mean time, the usual cards of hospitality would be necessary. Yes, and they should be sent to them. He rang his bell, told his secretary to make them out. The envoys then withdrew, and, on the day following, the cards were brought to them.

Ten days passed. No letter from M. de Talleyrand.

But, on the morning of October 18, the Strikers began their attempts upon the envoys. A certain "Mr. W." called upon General Pinckney and informed him that "a Mr. X was a person of considerable credit and reputation, and that the envoys might place great reliance upon him"; and, in the evening of the same day, who should happen to drop in upon the envoys but the same Mr. X? After sitting awhile, this Unknown Quantity whispered to General Pinckney that he was the bearer of a message to him from M. de Talleyrand. The General immediately showed the message-bearer into the next room, and lent an attentive ear to his communication, which was to this effect: M. de Talleyrand, who had a great regard for the American people, was very desirous to promote a reconciliation between them and France, and was ready, in confidence, strict confidence, to suggest a plan which he thought would answer the purpose. "I shall be glad to hear it," said the envoy. Mr. X resumed: The Directory was exceedingly irritated at some passages

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of the President's speech. First, those passages must be "softened." That was essential even to the mere reception of the envoys by the Directory. Then, the United States must lend some money to France. But, besides this, "*a sum of money was required for the pockets of the Directory and Ministers.* 'What passages of the President's speech have given offence?' asked General Pinckney. Mr. X did not know. 'What amount of loan is expected?' Mr. X could not tell. 'How much for the pockets of the Directory?'" On *this* point, and on this only, the Striker possessed exact information: "Twelve hundred thousand francs"; or, say, a matter of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, gold!

In the secret recesses of his soul, it is to be presumed, General Pinckney whistled. But, being on duty, he only *said*, that he could not so much as take these propositions into consideration, until he had consulted his colleagues. He consulted his colleagues. Their answer was: Let Mr. X meet us *all* face to face, and, to avoid mistakes, let him reduce his propositions to writing. Mr. X consenting, he came the next evening, and submitted in writing the same "suggestions." He was careful to explain, on this occasion, that his communication did not come directly from M. de Talleyrand; O no; but from "a gentleman in whom M. de Talleyrand had great confidence." Other interviews followed; and, at length, the envoys had the pleasure of meeting that very gentleman in whom M. de Talleyrand had so much confidence. He did but confirm what Mr. X had said. "You can have your treaty, gentlemen," said he, "but I will not disguise from you, that, satisfaction being made (softening the President's speech), the *essential* part of the treaty remains to be adjusted; MONEY IS NECESSARY; MUCH MONEY."

For a month or more this Head Striker kept coming and going, making various propositions, and pretending to bring from Talleyrand various suggestions; but always the burden of his song was: The *douceur; the loan; money; much money!* The envoys, having once for all declined to entertain any proposition of that nature, fought shy of the subject, and turned a deaf ear to hints. Take the following as a sample of these lofty conversations: —

HEAD STRIKER. Gentlemen, you do not speak to the point. The point is money! It is expected you will offer money.

ENVOYS. We have spoken to that point very explicitly; we have given an answer.

HEAD STRIKER. No: you have not. What is your answer?

ENVOYS. It is No, NO; not a sixpence!

HEAD STRIKER. Think of the dangers which threaten your country. Would it not be prudent, even though you may not make a loan to the nation, to interest an influential friend in your favor? Consider the character of the Directory; they care nothing for the justice of the case; they can only be reached by a judicious application of money.

ENVOYS. We have no proof of this, even if we were disposed to give the money.

HEAD STRIKER. When you employ a lawyer, you give him a fee without knowing whether the cause can be gained or lost. It is necessary to have a lawyer, and you pay for his services whether those services are successful or not. So, in the present state of things, the money must be advanced for the good offices the individuals are to render, whatever may be the effect of those offices.

ENVOYS. There is no parallel in the cases; for the lawyer cannot command success. But the Directory has but to order that no more vessels should be seized, and to release those now held, and there could be no opposition to the order.

HEAD STRIKER. All the members of the Directory are not disposed to receive your money. Merlin, for example, is paid from another quarter, and would touch no part of your *douceur*.

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ENVOYS. We have understood that Merlin is paid by the privateers.

HEAD STRIKER (nodding assent). You pay money to obtain peace with the Indians and with the Algerines; and it is doing no more to pay France for peace. Does not your government know that nothing is to be obtained here without money?

ENVOYS. Our government has not even suspected such a state of things.

HEAD STRIKER (with an appearance of surprise). There is not an American in Paris who cannot give you that information.

The gentleman, with what the envoys in their despatch styled "vast perseverance," continued to urge this view upon them, returning to "the point" again and again; they ever adhering to their original reply, "Not a sixpence." It was General Pinckney who afterwards converted that homely Not a Sixpence into an electric and immortal phrase, "Millions for Defence, but not a Cent for Tribute." At the end of thirty days, the envoys seemed no nearer recognition than on the day when the fishwomen had smothered them with kisses.

Elbridge Gerry alone had known Talleyrand in the United States. One of the mysterious go-betweens informed him, one day, that M. de Talleyrand had expected to meet and converse with the envoys individually. Mr. Gerry reported this intimation to his colleagues, who thought that he might, considering his acquaintance with the minister, call upon him. He did so. They conversed freely upon the relations of the two countries, and Mr. Gerry thus learned precisely what the Directory expected as conditions preliminary to a treaty: 1. An apology for certain expressions in the President's speech; as when he said, France must be convinced "we are not a degraded people," "fitted to be the miserable instruments of foreign influence." 2. A *voluntary* loan of fifteen or sixteen million florins. Nothing was said touching a *douceur*. Mr. Gerry having reported the conversation to his colleagues, they all agreed that neither of these preliminaries was admissible, — no apology, and not a sixpence, — and they caused this information to be conveyed to Talleyrand by one of the mysterious emissaries. But, in recognition of Mr. Gerry's call, Talleyrand invited him to one of his diplomatic dinners. Mr. Gerry went to the dinner, and, in return, gave Talleyrand a dinner. No progress, however, was made in the business of the mission, and Mr. Gerry declined further civilities.

For six months the envoys vainly endeavored to bring the Directory to reason. From first to last, the cry was, Money, money, money! "We are engaged in a death-grapple with our only foe; *your* foe; liberty's foe; mankind's foe; we lent you money when you were in a similar situation; lend us some in our struggle." Such was the substance of the later messages from the Directory. And above the uproar of events, Thomas Paine's voice made itself heard, expressing exultation at the proposed descent upon England, and offering material aid toward it. Not much, it is true; but enough to create a "scene" in the Council of Five Hundred, and stimulate the loan. The chairman of that excitable body read aloud Paine's letter on the 31st of January, 1798; in which he said that, although in his present circumstances he could not subscribe to the invasion loan, yet his economy enabled him to make a small donation. "I send one hundred livres, and, with it, all the wishes of my heart for the success of the descent, and a voluntary offer of any service I can render to promote it. There will be no lasting peace for France, nor for the world, until the tyranny and corruption of the English government be abolished, and England, like Italy, becomes a sister republic." This letter was received with acclamations, and unanimously ordered to be printed.

But the American envoys refused to take the hint. "No," they replied, in substance, "a loan to France will embroil us with England." "Well, then,"

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rejoined Talleyrand, "make us a loan *payable after the war.*" On this last proposition the envoys differed in opinion; Marshall and Pinckney rejecting it as not fit to be entertained, Gerry willing to "open negotiations on the basis" of such a loan. The difference proved irreconcilable; and, after numberless attempts to arrange the difficulty, Talleyrand notified the envoys that the two gentlemen who refused to consider the proposition might expect to receive their passports, but Mr. Gerry was desired to remain. Gerry replied, that he had no authority to conclude anything apart from his colleagues; he could only, in their absence, confer with the French minister unofficially, and communicate with his own government as a private citizen. Messrs. Marshall and Pinckney departed. Mr. Gerry, eager as he was to rejoin his family, and foreseeing the ruin to his affairs from his prolonged absence, which actually occurred, was induced to stay. Talleyrand officially informed him, "by order of the Directory," that his departure from France would be instantly followed by a declaration of war; which, if he remained, would be withheld until he could hear from his government.

And so this weighty embassy, this grand and magnanimous endeavor to restore the ancient friendship between two estranged nations, seemed to end pitifully in an intrigue to get a little money. French cruisers had despoiled American commerce of many millions of dollars, and a demand was now made of millions more, before the claim for redress would be listened to! Half a dozen corrupt men, whirled aloft in the storm of the Revolution, committed this outrage; but to the people of the United States, remote from Europe, unversed in its tortuous and childish politics, what could it seem but the act of France? For a short time France had few friends in the United States, and the extremists of the Federalist party, led by Hamilton, had everything their own way.

Judge of the effect of this intelligence upon the public mind by events: Gerry recalled; Marshall received home like a conqueror; meetings everywhere; addresses "poured into" the President's office from every town, "offering life and fortune"; a navy department created; a navy voted; guns ordered; small arms purchased to a vast amount; an army of ten thousand regulars and any number of militia authorized, *in case* war was declared or the country invaded; Washington induced to accept the command as lieutenant-general; three major-generals and nine brigadiers commissioned; Hamilton nominally second in command, but, practically, commander-in-chief; the fortification of harbors begun; merchant vessels authorized to arm and to resist French men-of-war: naval commanders ordered to seize and bring in any French vessel which had molested, or was suspected of being about to molest, American ships; the President authorized to suspend commercial intercourse between France and the United States. In a word, the power and resources of the country were placed at the disposal of the President, to be by him employed in waging war against France, at his discretion. Hamilton saw the dream of his life about to be realized, — a war, in which he should win the only distinction he valued, — military glory, — and employ, at least, *the prestige* of a victorious sword on behalf of what he was accustomed to style "social order." All this year, 1798, he was in earnest, confidential correspondence with Miranda, the South American patriot, who was in England striving to unite William Pitt and Alexander Hamilton, or, in other words, the government of England and the United States, in an expedition to invade and wrest from Spain her American colonies.

This was to Hamilton a captivating scheme, as it was a few years later to Aaron Burr. But Hamilton, ardently as he cherished it, expressly stipulated that he could have nothing to do with it, "unless patronized by the government of this country." The country,

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he wrote in August, 1798, was not quite ready for the undertaking; "but we ripen fast." The plan, he thought, should be this: "A fleet of Great Britain, an army of the United States, a government for the liberated territory agreeable to both the co-operators." Mr. Pitt, it seems, was decided for the scheme. Miranda replied to Hamilton's August letter in October. "Your wishes are in some sort fulfilled," wrote the South-American; "since they have agreed here that no English troops are to be employed on shore, seeing that the auxiliary land forces should be American only, while the naval force shall be purely English. All difficulties have vanished, and we only await the fiat of your illustrious President to set out like a flash." To this point Hamilton had brought the mad scheme without the illustrious President knowing anything of it.

But even this was not the wildest nor the worst of Hamilton's misuse of the transient power which circumstances gave him in 1798. What shall be said of his attempt to fasten upon the United States the stupid and shameful repressive system of George III.? What of the Alien Laws, inspired by him, approved by him, passed by his adherents? The mere rumor of the intention to pass such laws sent shiploads of French and Irish exiles hurrying home and prevented worthy men from seeking needful refuge here. Kosciusko and Volney departed; Priestley was not deemed safe; noble Gallatin was menaced. By these Alien Laws, the wonder and opprobrium of American politics, servile copies of Pitt's servile originals, the President could order away "all such aliens as *he* should judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States"; and the alien who disobeyed the order was liable to three years' imprisonment. Other clauses and amendments placed the entire foreign population of the United States, and all who might in future seek their shores, under strictest surveillance; and, in case of war with France, every Frenchman not naturalized was to leave the country, or be forcibly put out of it.

But even this was not so monstrous as the Sedition Law, also borrowed from recent British legislation. Five years' imprisonment and five thousand dollars' fine for conspiring to oppose any measure passed by Congress, or for attempting or advising a riot or insurrection, whether "the advice or attempt should have the proposed effect or not." Imprisonment for two years and a fine of two thousand dollars for writing, speaking, or publishing "any false, scandalous, and malicious writing or writings against the government of the United States, or either house of the Congress of the United States, or the President of the United States, with intent to defame the said government, or either house of the said Congress, or the said President, or to bring them, or either of them, into contempt or disrepute; or to excite against them or either or any of them the hatred of the good people of the United States, or to stir up sedition within the United States, or to excite any unlawful combinations therein, for opposing or resisting any law of the United States." Is it not incredible? But I have open before me, at this moment, a ponderous law-book of seven hundred and twenty-one large pages, two thirds filled with "State Trials" under the Alien and Sedition Laws.

To these base imitations the Federalists added an originality that surpassed in refined absurdity anything devised by Pitt or executed by Castlereagh. A very worthy, benevolent physician, Dr. George Logan of Philadelphia, appalled at the prospect of two friendly nations being thus cruelly misled into a bloody war, scraped together a little money with much difficulty, and went to France to try and prevent, by purely moral means, by mere remonstrance and persuasion, a calamity so dire and so unnecessary. He discovered, by conversations with Talleyrand and others, and so reported, that there was nothing the French government so little desired as war

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with the United States. To parry this blow, the Hamiltonians passed what was called, in party parlance, the Logan Law: five thousand dollars' fine and three years' imprisonment to any future Logan, or any person who "should carry on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign government, or any officer or agent thereof, with an intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign government, or any officer or agent thereof, in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States." Hamilton was not going to be balked of his war and his Miranda project by any sentimental Quaker; least of all, one whom Jefferson had procured a safe-conduct, and provided with a certificate of citizenship! Dr. Logan won great honor by this worthy and useful attempt; and in 1810, after an honorable public career in Pennsylvania, he went to England to endeavor, by the same means, to prevent war between the United States and Great Britain.

From his lofty seat in the chair of the Senate Jefferson surveyed the momentary triumph of the reactionists, and prepared to frustrate their intentions. Not for a moment was he deceived concerning the real disposition of France. One of the first letters that he wrote after reading the despatches of the envoys contains these words: "You will perceive that they have been assailed by swindlers; whether with or without the participation of Talleyrand is not apparent. But that the Directory knew anything of it is neither proved nor probable." The lapse of seventy-five years has added little to our knowledge of that intrigue. "Assailed by swindlers," — that is about all we are sure of at this moment. In reckoning up the wrongs inflicted by France upon his country, he ruled out, therefore, all that mass of curious dialogue — thirty-six pages of cipher — between the envoys and the individuals whom Mr. Adams considerately named X, Y, Z, and who are at once named and explained to modern ears by the word Strikers. Hence, his position and that of his friends, Madison, Gallatin, Monroe, Giles, and the rest of the Republican forlorn hope: "The peace party will agree to all reasonable measures of internal defence, but oppose all external preparations." With regard to the Alien and Sedition Laws, he thought they were an experiment to ascertain whether the people would submit to measures distinctly contrary to the Constitution. If the experiment succeeded, the next thing would be a life Presidency; then, an hereditary Presidency; then, a Senate for life. "Nor," said he, October, 1798, "can I be confident of their failure, after the dupery of which our countrymen have shown themselves susceptible."

He soon, however, had new evidence of the truth of the words he had spoken to his Albemarle neighbors on returning from France in 1790: "The will of the majority, the natural law of every society, is the only sure guardian of the rights of man. Perhaps even this may sometimes err; but its errors are honest, solitary, and *short-lived*."

How he toiled and schemed to enlighten the public mind at this crisis, his letters of the time reveal, and the hatred of the enemies of freedom attest. He was the soul of the opposition. By long, able, earnest letters to leading public men in many States, he roused the dormant and restrained the impetuous. He induced good writers on the Republican side, Madison above all, to compose the right articles for the press. Madison, overpowered in Congress, and regarding the Constitution as set aside and no longer any restraint upon an arrogant and exulting majority, had retired to the Legislature of Virginia, as a general falls back to make a new stand in the fastnesses of his native, familiar hills. "Every man," wrote Jefferson to him in February, 1799, "must lay his purse and his pen under contribution. As to the former, it is possible I may be obliged to assume something for you. As to the latter, let me pray and beseech you to set apart a certain

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portion of every post day to write what may be proper for the public. Send it to me while here, and when I go away I will let you know to whom you may send, so that your name shall be sacredly secret. You can render such incalculable services in this way as to lessen the effect of our loss of your presence here." At the same time, Jefferson, acting on behalf of a club of choice spirits to which he belonged, endeavored to induce Madison to publish the notes taken by him of the debates in the Convention of 1787. The project failed. The work was, indeed, too voluminous, and yet all too brief, for the purpose of recalling the public mind to a sense of constitutional obligation. And what did the Hamiltons of the day care for the intentions of that convention? Every pen, however, that could be used with effect against the military faction, Jefferson sought out and stimulated; urging upon his friends the powerlessness of blackguard vituperation, if met by good sense and strong, clear, dignified reasoning.

He restrained as well as impelled. In the midst of the war fury of May, 1798, John Taylor of Caroline thought the time had come for Virginia and North Carolina to begin to think of setting up for themselves. No, said Jefferson; "if on a temporary superiority of one party, the other is to resort to a scission of the Union, no federal government can ever exist. If to rid ourselves of the present rule of Massachusetts and Connecticut, we break the Union, will the evil stop there? Suppose the New England States alone cut off, will our nature be changed? Are we not men still to the south of that, and with all the passions of men? Immediately we shall see a Pennsylvania and a Virginia party arise in the residuary confederacy, and the public mind will be distracted with the same party spirit. What a game, too, will the one party have in their hands, by eternally threatening the other that unless they do so and so they will join their Northern neighbors! If we reduce our Union to Virginia and North Carolina, immediately the conflict will be established between the representatives of these two States, and they will end by breaking into their simple units. Seeing, therefore, that an association of men who will not quarrel with one another is a thing which never yet existed, from the greatest confederacy of nations down to a town meeting or a vestry, seeing that we must have somebody to quarrel with, I had rather keep our New England associates for that purpose than to see our bickerings transferred to others."

No language can overstate the boiling fury of party passion then. Social intercourse between members of the two parties ceased, and old friends crossed the street to avoid saluting one another. Jefferson declined invitations to the usual gatherings of "society," and spent his leisure hours in the circle that met in the rooms of the Philosophical Society, ever longing for the end of the session and the sweet tranquillity of his home. "Here," he writes to his daughter Martha, in February, 1798, "your letters serve like gleams of light, to cheer a dreary scene; where envy, hatred, malice, revenge, and all the worst passions of men, are marshalled, to make one another as miserable as possible. I turn from this with pleasure, to contrast it with your fireside, where the single evening I passed at it was worth more than ages here." Again, in May: "For you to feel all the happiness of your quiet situation, you should know the rancorous passions which tear every breast here, even of the sex which should be a stranger to them. Politics and party hatreds destroy the happiness of every being here. They seem, like salamanders, to consider fire as their element." And again, in February, 1799: "Your letter was, as Ossian says, or would say, like the bright beams of the moon on the desolate heath. Environed here in scenes of constant torment, malice, and obloquy, worn down in a station where no effort

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to render service can avail anything, I feel not that existence is a blessing, but when something recalls my mind to my family or farm."

If a man so placid as Jefferson was moved so deeply, we cannot wonder at the frenzy of nervous and excitable spirits. President Adams seemed at times almost beside himself. Many readers remember the remarkable account given by him of scenes in the streets of Philadelphia, on what he calls "my fast day," May 9, 1798; "When Market Street was as full as men could stand by one another, and even before my door; when some of my domestics, in frenzy, determined to sacrifice their lives in my defence; when all were ready to make a desperate sally among the multitude, and others were with difficulty and danger dragged back by the others; when I myself judged it prudent and necessary to order chests of arms from the war office to be brought through by lanes and back doors; determined to defend my house at the expense of my life, and the lives of the few, very few, domestics and friends within it." This record was mere midsummer madness. On referring to the Philadelphia newspapers of the time, I read, in Claypoole, of May 11, 1798, that "the Fast was observed with a decency and solemnity never before exhibited on a similar occasion."

There was, indeed, a slight disturbance. For the warning of students, and, particularly, for the benefit of those who may hereafter investigate THE LAWS GOVERNING THE GENERATION OF FALSEHOOD, I will copy two newspaper accounts of Mr. Adams's terrible riot. Claypoole, May 11: "After the solemnities of the day were ended, towards evening, a number of butcher-boys made their appearance at the State House garden with French cockades in their hats. Some disturbance ensued, but, several of them being taken up and committed to jail, order was restored, and tranquillity reigned through the night." The following is from another Philadelphia paper, the Merchants' Daily Advertiser, May 10, 1798: "About six o'clock, information was received at the Mayor's office that a number of persons were marching about the city in a very disorderly manner, with French cockades in their hats. A short time after the Mayor, with the Secretary of State, the Attorney-General, and one of the aldermen, being at the Attorney-General's office, were informed that thirty or forty persons of the above description were close at hand; they accordingly went out to disperse them. Upon the appearance of the civil officers, the mob took out their cockades and dispersed. However, one fellow, more hardy than the rest, persisted in keeping in his cockade, and swore he would not leave the ground, in consequence of which he was committed to prison. Several of these persons, after they had been dispersed, are said to have assembled again in different parts of the city; but the spirited exertions of the citizens soon put an end to the business. The cavalry paraded through the city during the night, and a number of young men, who voluntarily offered themselves to the Mayor as guards to the military stores, mint, etc., were accepted and stationed at their posts under proper officers. At the time this paper went to press (three o'clock in the morning), we could not learn that any fresh attempt had been made to disturb the public tranquillity."

Mr. Adams might have spared himself such an alarm. He was riding then upon the topmost wave of popularity. The only trace of opposition to the war measures which I can discover in the press during that month, except in the Congressional debates, is a toast given at the annual banquet of the Tammany Society of New York: "May the Old Tories, and all who wish to engage the United States in a war with any nation, realize the felicity they anticipate by being placed in front of the first battle." This sentiment was honored by an extraordinary number of cheers; even "thirteen." Nevertheless, Mr. Adams was safe in his house.

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All men can be driven mad by outrage; but riot and violence are the natural and familiar resort of Old Tories. It is of the essence of Republicanism to prevail by arguments addressed to the conscience and understanding.

The conduct of the Republican leaders, in this year of supreme trial, was temperate, patriotic, and wise. They saw the Constitution of their country, even its most cherished and sacred provisions, those which made the United States an asylum to the *élite* of the nations, and those which secured to thought a free expression, — even those they saw trampled under foot. Their resort was to the reason and conscience of their fellow-citizens; they prepared to repeat the wise and humane tactics of the period preceding the Revolution, — eleven years of remonstrance and entreaty. In October, 1798, two Republicans, George Nicholas of Kentucky, and Wilson C. Nicholas of Virginia, met at Monticello, to consult their chief upon the situation. These brothers, like Madison, had retired from Congress to endeavor to make head in the legislatures of their States against the bold, blind, arrogant men who controlled the government. The result of their deliberations were the "Kentucky Resolutions," drafted by Jefferson, and the "Virginia Resolutions," drafted by Madison; by the passage of which the legislatures of those States declared that the Alien and Sedition Laws, being contrary to the plainest letter of the Constitution, were "altogether void and of no force." Jefferson's draft uttered only the simple and obvious truth, when it said that "these and successive acts of the same nature, unless arrested at the threshold, will *necessarily* drive these States into revolution and blood"; "for this Commonwealth is determined, as it doubts not its co-States are, to submit to undelegated, and consequently unlimited power, in no man or body of men on earth." The last of the Kentucky Resolutions provided for a Committee of Conference and Correspondence, who should have it in charge to exchange information and sentiment with the legislatures of other States.

One would have expected Hamilton to pause and reconsider his course upon reading such a weighty and cogent protest as this. He did not. His was the unteachable mind of a Scotch Jacobite. His response to the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798 is published at length in his works, in the form of his annual political programme for 1799, addressed to Jonathan Dayton, long the Speaker of the House, and then about to enter the Senate. Circumstances, he said, aided by the extraordinary exertions of "the friends of government," had, indeed, gained something for "the side of men of information and property"; but, after all, "public opinion has not been ameliorated," and "sentiments dangerous to social happiness have not been diminished." The Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions could be considered, he thought, "in no other light than as an attempt to change the government"; and it was "stated" that "the faction" in Virginia was preparing to follow up hostile words by hostile acts, and was actually gathering arms, stocking arsenals, and levying new taxes. In these circumstances, the "supporters of government," while preparing to meet force with force, should adopt "vigorous measures of counteraction," "surround the Constitution with more ramparts," and thus "disconcert its enemies."

He advised the following measures: 1. The division of each State into small judicial districts (Connecticut, for example, into four), with a federal judge in each, appointed by the President, for the trial of offenders against the general government. 2. The appointment by the President in each county of "conservators or justices of the peace, with only ministerial functions," and *paid by fees only*, in order to give efficacy to laws which the local magistrates were indisposed to execute. 3. The keeping up of the army and navy nearly on the scale adopted in view of war with

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France. 4. A military academy. 5. The establishment of government manufactories of every article needful for the supply of an army. 6. The prompt calling out of the militia by new laws, "to suppress unlawful combinations and insurrections." 7. "The subdivision of the great States ought to be a cardinal point in the federal policy"; and Congress ought to have, by constitutional amendment, the power to subdivide them, "on the application of any considerable portion of a State containing not less than a hundred thousand persons." 8. "Libels, if levelled against any officer whatsoever of the United States, shall be cognizable in the courts of the United States"; "they ought not to be left to the cold and reluctant protection of State courts." Finally: "But what avail laws which are not executed? Renegade aliens conduct more than one half of the most incendiary presses in the United States; and yet, in open contempt and defiance of the laws, they are permitted to continue their destructive labors. Why are they not sent away? Are laws of this kind passed merely to excite odium and remain a dead letter? Vigor in the executive is at least as necessary as in the legislative branch; if the President requires to be stimulated, those who can approach him ought to do it."

Here we have a complete apparatus of tyranny, such as a Jeffreys might have sketched for a Stuart. It justifies Jefferson's severest judgment concerning the spirit and tendency of this limited and unwise man; and it calls to mind that sentence hurled at Demosthenes by his rival in the presence of the people of Athens: "He who acts wickedly in private life cannot prove excellent in his public conduct." I do not know enough of the laws of our being to explain the truth, but a truth it *is*, that the paramour of a Reynolds was never yet capable of founding a safe system for the guidance of a nation. Immoral men may be gifted and amiable; but they are never wise.

And now it fell to the lot of honest John Adams, by doing the noblest action of his life, to reduce Alexander Hamilton to something like his natural proportions, while dispelling his silly dream of leading an American army to conquest in South America, and picking up a French island or two on the way. We all know Mr. Adams's boisterous foibles. But if all the other actions of his life had been unwise, this one act, now to be related, would entitle him to a high place among the worthies of America.

Upon the return of Elbridge Gerry from France, October 1, 1798, he found himself, in the circles naturally frequented by a person of his character and services, the most odious of men. At Cambridge, even his family had been subjected to outrage in his absence. Anonymous letters reached his young wife by "almost every post," attributing his prolonged stay in France to the cause, of all others, the most distressing to an honorable woman; and "on several occasions," as his biographer adds, "the morning sun shone upon a model of a guillotine, erected in the field before her window, smeared with blood, and having the effigy of a headless man." It was known that his house contained only women and children; but savage yells, and bonfires suddenly blazing under their windows disturbed and terrified them at night. After leaving his despatches with the Cabinet at Philadelphia, and visiting his home, Mr. Gerry drove out to Quincy, where, most fortunately, the President was passing his vacation, — far from a Cabinet devoted to Hamilton and determined upon war. In long conferences, renewed from day to day, Mr. Gerry proved to the perfect satisfaction of Mr. Adams that the government and people of France desired peace with the United States, and would respond cordially to a reopening of diplomatic relations. He showed to the President letters from Talleyrand, offering him, in the name of the Directory, a public reception; abandoning the demand for a loan and

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an apology for the President's speech; positively engaging to receive another American minister with all due respect; and declaring a willingness to enter into just commercial arrangements on the basis of conceding to the United States the neutrality they claimed. Mr. Gerry had something better to show the President than promises. At Havre, as he was about to sail, he had received a copy of an order of the Directory to the French officer in command of the West India fleet, to restrain the lawless spoliation of American commerce by French privateers. He told the President, too, that the French, dazzled and inflated beyond measure by Bonaparte's victories, had treated other nations with far greater insolence than they had the United States. The government had sent off from Paris thirteen foreign ambassadors, and even gone to the length of imprisoning one, and confining another to his house under guard.

Mr. Adams, instructed and convinced by Mr. Gerry, had the great and rare courage to act upon his conviction. Against the opinion of his cabinet, contrary to the cry and expectation of his party, to the infinite disgust and cutting disappointment of Hamilton, as well as to his own speedy downfall and immortal glory, he reopened diplomatic relations with France, which led to a peace that has lasted seventy-three years. It was his own act, and Elbridge Gerry alone shares with him the glory of it. Mr. Adams, in one of his public letters of a later day, tells the story of Mr. Gerry's appointment and success in a few lines: "I called the heads of departments together and proposed Mr. Gerry. All the five voices were unanimously against him. Such inveterate prejudice shocked me. I said nothing, but was determined not to be the slave of it. I knew the man infinitely better than all of them. He was nominated and approved, and finally saved the peace of the nation; for he alone discovered and furnished the evidence that X, Y, and Z were employed by Talleyrand; and he alone brought home the direct, formal, and official assurances upon which the subsequent commission proceeded, and peace was made." February 17, 1799, the President, to the equal astonishment of Federalists and Republicans, nominated William Vans Murray plenipotentiary to the French Republic.

Hamilton had a prompt and vast revenge; but it inured to the good of the country. The strange manner in which both the folly and the crimes of public men in the United States have issued in lasting public benefit, is an argument for Providence that sometimes staggers the stanchest unbeliever. Hamilton destroyed the Federalists, and Calhoun killed slavery! When the time came for choosing candidates for the Presidency, Hamilton was resolved to push John Adams from his seat, though in doing so he prostrated his own party. "For my individual part," he wrote to Theodore Sedgwick, "my mind is made up. I will never more be responsible for Adams, by my direct support, even though the consequence should be the election of Jefferson. If we must have an enemy at the head of the government, let it be one whom we can oppose, and for whom we are not responsible, who will not involve our party in the disgrace of his foolish and bad measures. Under Adams, as under Jefferson, the government will sink."

A bungling business he made of it; but he had his way. His first thought was to lure General Washington from the retreat he so much loved, needed, and deserved; but when the letter of Gouverneur Morris proposing this ungrateful scheme reached Mount Vernon, Washington lay cold in death. Then Hamilton brought once more into play that baleful ingenuity of his which had misled him so often. He attempted a manœuvre which every competent corporal knows to be necessarily fatal, — a change of front under the enemy's hottest fire. First, by secret manipulations of legislatures, and afterwards by an open, printed appeal,

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signed by his name, he endeavored to bring C. C. Pinckney, the Federalist candidate for the Vice-Presidency, into the Presidency over Mr. Adams. By thus rending his own party in twain, he made the victory easier to the Republicans; and perhaps it was he who made that victory theirs in 1800, instead of 1804.

Nor can we award him even the credit of submitting to the decision of the people, — which is one of the two vital conditions of a republic's existence, the other being a pure ballot-box. The election in New York went against him: i. e. the people elected a legislature pledged to choose Republican electors. He instantly wrote to Governor Jay, urging him to summon at once the *existing* legislature (whose time had still seven weeks to run), and get it to pass a law depriving the legislature of the power to elect electors, and devolving it upon the people by districts. This manœuvre would give the beaten Federalists a second chance. It would rob the Republicans of their victory. It would compel them to gird on their armor again, and descend a second time into the arena. It was losing the game, grabbing the stakes, and demanding another chance to win them, with points in favor of the grabber.

To a person unacquainted with Hamilton's peculiar character, this advice to the Governor seems simply base. But the error, like millions of other errors of our short-sighted race, was not half so much moral as mental. It was ignorance and incapacity rather than turpitude. He said to the Governor, in substance: I own that this measure is not regular, nor delicate, nor, in ordinary circumstances, even decent; but "scruples of delicacy and propriety ought not to hinder the taking of a *legal* and *constitutional* step to prevent an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics from getting possession of the helm of state." You don't know these Republicans, as I do, he continued. The party is "a composition, indeed, of very incongruous materials, but all tending to mischief; some of them to the overthrow of the government by stripping it of its due energies; others of them to a revolution, after the manner of Bonaparte. I speak from indubitable facts, not from conjectures and inferences." Now, my dear Sir, these people call to their aid "all the resources which vice can give"; can we then hope to succeed, we *virtuous*, if we confine ourselves "within all the ordinary forms of delicacy and decorum"? No, indeed. But, of course, we must "frankly avow" our object. You must tell the legislature that our purpose is to reverse the result of the late election, in order to prevent the general government from falling into hostile hands, and to save the "great cause of social order." To us, this long epistle to Mr. Jay reads more like mania than wickedness. This man had lived in New York twenty years without so much as learning the impossibility of its people being made to submit to an avowed outrage so gross! Governor Jay was at no loss to characterize the proposal aright. Instead of plunging the State into civil war by adopting the measure, he folded Hamilton's letter and put it away among his most private papers, bearing this indorsement: "*Proposing a measure for party purposes which I think it would not become me to adopt.*"

Mr. Jefferson's attitude during this intensest of all known political struggles is an interesting study. The simplicity of his political system was such, that he could give a complete statement of it in a few lines; and it was so sound, that the general government, from 1789 to 1873, has worked well so far as it has conformed to it, and worked ill as often as it has departed from it. Jefferson was so RIGHT that every honest, patriotic man who has since gone to Washington after having learned his rudiments from Jefferson, and has had strength enough to vote up to the height of his convictions, has made a respectable public career, no matter how ordinary his en-

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dowments; while every public man who has not accepted this simple clew to the labyrinth of public business, has made a career which time and events will condemn, though he may have had the talents of a Webster or a Clay.

This is the Jeffersonian system, in brief: "Let the general government be reduced to foreign concerns only, and let our affairs be disentangled from those of all other nations, except as to commerce, which the merchants will manage the better the more they are left free to manage for themselves, and our general government may be reduced to a very simple organization, and a very unexpensive one; a few plain duties to be performed by a few servants."

This was the basis. He explained himself more in detail to Elbridge Gerry, in January, 1799. He said he was in favor of fulfilling the Constitution in the sense in which it was originally interpreted by the men who drew it, and as it was accepted by the States upon their interpretation. He objected to everything which tended to monarchy, or which even gave the government a monarchical air and tone. He claimed for the States every power not *expressly* yielded by the Constitution to the general government. He demanded that the three great departments of the government, Congress, the Executive, and the Judiciary, should each keep to its sphere, neither of them encroaching upon any of the others. He desired a government rigorously frugal and simple, and the application of all possible savings to the discharge of the public debt. In peace, no standing army; and only just navy enough to protect our coasts and harbors from ravage and depredation. Free trade with all nations; political connection with none; little or no diplomatic establishment. Freedom of religion; perfect equality of sects before the law; freedom of the press; free criticism of government by everybody, whether just or unjust. Finally, in the great struggle which began with the dawn of human reason and will end only when reason is supreme in human affairs, namely, the struggle between Science and Superstition, he was on the side of Science. Personally, he was in favor of "encouraging the progress of science in all its branches"; and he was opposed to "overawing the human mind by stories of raw-head and bloody bones," which made it distrustful of itself, and disposed to follow blindly the lead of others. The first object of his heart, he said, was his own country,—not France, not England,—and the one no more than the other, except as one might be more or less friendly to us than the other. The depredations of France upon our commerce were indeed "atrocious," but he believed that a mission sincerely disposed to peace would obtain retribution and honorable settlement. These were his principles, but he indulged no antipathy to those who differed from him. "I know too well," said he, "the texture of the human mind and the slipperiness of the human reason, to consider differences of opinion otherwise than differences of form and feature. Integrity of views, more than their soundness, is the basis of esteem."

Such is a brief outline of his opinions, political and other, in view of the fact well known, that he would again be the candidate of his party for the Presidency in 1800.

The tranquil dignity of the candidate's demeanor was pleasing to witness. During 1798 and 1799 he devoted a great part of his time and strength to enlightening the public mind; employing for this purpose all that his party possessed of bright intelligence and practised ability. But when, in 1800, the contest lost the character of a conflict of ideas, and assumed that of a competition of persons, he ceased to write letters, withdrew to Monticello, and spent an unusually laborious summer in improving his nail factory, burning bricks for his house, and superintending his farms; rarely going farther from home than the next village; never too busy to keep up his meteorological records and look after

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the interests of the Philosophical Society.

Indeed, if we may judge from his letters, the more furiously the storm of politics raged about him, the more attentive he was to philosophy. It was in the very heat of the war frenzy of 1798 that he wrote his well-known letter to Mr. Nolan, asking information concerning those "large herds of horses in a wild state," which, he had been recently informed, were roaming "in the country west of the Mississippi." He entreated Mr. Nolan to be very particular and exact in detailing "the manners, habits, and laws of the horse's existence" in a state of nature. It was, also, during the very crisis of the French imbroglio, in February 1799, that he penned his curious letter about the steam-engine; in which he expressed a timid hope, that, perhaps, the steam-engine, as now improved by Watt, might be available for pumping water to the tops of houses for family use. Every family, he said, has a kitchen fire; small, indeed, but sufficient for the purpose. To these years seems to belong also his invention of the revolving chair, which the newspapers of that day used to style "Mr. Jefferson's whirligig chair," now a familiar object in all countries and most counting-rooms. The party papers of the time had their little joke even upon this innocent device; insisting that Mr. Jefferson invented it to facilitate his looking all ways at once.

James Parton.

MOODS OF THE RAIN.

I.

O MANY-TONÉD rain!
O myriad sweet voices of the rain!
How welcome is its delicate overture
At evening, when the glowing-moistur'd west
Seals all things with cool promise of night's rest!

At first it would allure
The earth to kinder mood,
With dainty flattering
Of soft, sweet pattering:
Faintly now you hear the tramp
Of the fine drops falling damp
On the dry, sun-seasoned ground
And the thirsty leaves around.
But anon, imbued
With a sudden, bounding access
Of passion, it relaxes
All timider persuasion,
And, with nor pretext nor occasion,
Its wooing redoubles;
And pounds the ground, and bubbles
In sputtering spray,
Flinging itself in a fury
Of flashing white away;

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Till the dusty road
Flings a perfume dank abroad,
And the grass, and the wide-hung trees,
The vines, the flowers in their beds,
The vivid corn that to the breeze
Rustles along the garden-rows,
Visibly lift their heads, —
And, as the shower wilder grows,
Upleap with answering kisses to the rain.

Next, the slow and pleasant murmur
Of its subsiding,
As the pulse of the storm beats firmer,
And the steady rain
Drops into a cadenced chiding.
Deep-breathing rain,
The sad and ghostly noise
Wherewith thou dost complain, —
Thy plaintive, spiritual voice,
Heard thus at close of day
Through vaults of twilight-gray, —
Doth vex me with sweet pain.
And still my soul is fain
To know the secret of that yearning
Which in thine utterance I hear returning.

Hush, O hush!
Break not the dreamy rush
Of the rain:
Touch not the marring doubt
Words bring, to the certainty
Of its soft refrain,
But let the flying fringes flout
Their gouts against the pane,
And the gurgling throat of the water-spout
Groan in the eaves amain.

The earth is wedded to the shower:
Darkness and awe gird round the bridal-hour!

II.

O many-toned rain!
It hath caught the strain
Of a wilder tune,
Ere the same night's noon,
When dreams and sleep forsake me,
And sudden dread doth wake me,
To hear the booming drums of Heaven beat
The long-roll to battle; when the knotted cloud,
With an echoing loud,
Bursts asunder
At the sudden resurrection of the thunder;

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And the fountains of the air,
Unsealed again, sweep, ruining, everywhere,
To wrap the world in a watery winding-sheet.

III.

O myriad sweet voices of the rain!
When the airy war doth wane,
And the storm to the east hath flown,
Cloaked close in the whirling wind,
There 's a voice still left behind
In each heavy-hearted tree,
Charged with tearful memory
Of the vanished rain.
The woodbine's leafy lashes wet
Drip with dews of fresh regret
For the lover that 's gone.

All else is still.
But the stars are listening;
And low o'er the wooded hill
Hangs, upon listless wing
Outspread, a shape of damp, blue cloud,
Watching, like a bird of evil
That knows no mercy nor reprieval,
The slow and silent death of the pallid moon.

IV.

But soon, returning duly,
Dawn whitens the wet hill-tops bluely.
To her vision pure and cold
The night's wild tale is told
On the glistening leaf, in the mid-road pool,
The garden mould turned dark and cool,
And the meadow's trampled acres.
But hark, how fresh the song of the wingéd music-makers!
For now the moanings bitter
Left by the rain make harmony
With the swallow's matin-twitter,
And the robin's note, like the wind's in a tree.

The infant morning breathes sweet breath,
And with it is blent
The wistful, wild, moist scent
Of the grass in the marsh which the sea nourisheth.
And behold!
The last reluctant drop of the storm,
Wrung from the roof, is smitten warm
And turned to gold;
For in its veins doth run
The very blood of the bold, unsullied sun.

G. P. Lathrop.

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THE THREE MARYS OF SHARPSVILLE.

THEY are all dead now, — as dead as their Scriptural namesakes, so that they may lawfully "become the prey of literature," and, without any glamour of romance, only with the safety of time and distance, be made to live in the memories of the few Sharpsville people who survive them.

Three unmarried Pollys they were, of different degrees of education and opportunity, but of the same social position, being that of "one that serves," and of very nearly the same age.

In the early part of the century, Relief, Return, and Pedy (the diminutive for Experience) were common names in the parlor, and both Polly and Sally played the harpsichord and rustled in paduasoys, but, presently ascending to the genteeler titles of Mary and Sarah, left their cast-off appellations to do homely duty in the kitchen; and thus it came to pass that our three Pollys suited their names to their employment of scrubbing, nursing, and the mending of old clothes and carpets. Some of our kind-hearted and condescending magnates liked to call them Mary Frank and Mary Dexter, but the more conservative among us confined themselves strictly to the proprieties, and never varied from them out of a weak sympathy. But, indeed, I think neither of our three Pollys cared at all for such nominal elevation, being self-sustained as only full-blooded New-Englanders can be. Perhaps they foresaw that the whirligig of time's revenges would some day bring Polly and Molly up again, and reduce Ellen and Angelina to the company of pots and pans.

Polly Frank had a story; a sorrowful one, of which I never heard many particulars, and those only years after my first guess. Poor thing! I suppose it was a comfort to her to whisper her sad secret to the ears of even a child, else why should she have told me once that she had a son, twenty years old; and when I said, "I did n't know you were married, Polly," why did she unnecessarily confuse my infant mind by saying she never had been?

She must once have been very handsome, for her face was of the Grecian ideal type, with a line running straight from the low forehead to the tip of the nose and following a short upper lip and round chin that Aspasia would have been proud of. So much of beauty was left that age could not wither; with a tall, commanding figure, that never stooped nor bent to living man or woman. Blue-eyed, fair-haired, and strong-limbed she was as the charioted Boadicea, or as a daughter of the New Hampshire hills was wont to be.

Had she a father? had she a mother? And why was she scrubbing in any back-kitchen in Sharpsville that happened to want her, when every one knew that she counted kindred with the bluest blood in W., and when she could n't wash a floor or cook a dinner without making enough classical allusions to astonish a sophomore?

"How came you to know Latin, Polly?"

"Studied it, child, of course. My father taught me, Dr. Frank; and Greek, too."

Then she would recite in what purported to be that tongue. We never thought of questioning the Greek or Latin then; but there came a day when doubt broke in upon us, and when we doubted everything, — I mean about her knowledge. That first day, so fatal to faith, I was reading in the kitchen, and looking up dutifully as usual, said, "Polly, where 's Crown Point? do you know?"

"Know! of course I know! Crown Point? why, it is off Cape Cod." She leaned on her mop-handle, as on a sceptre, while she asserted this, fixing her eyes gravely on me. If manner

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would have done it, the fortification would have been planted at Provincetown, and she doubtless thought it was, or else believed in herself as implicitly as Norna of the Fitful Head in her own prophecies. But, somehow, the assertion did n't fit in with Ticonderoga; and so, as I said, the whole fabric of faith came eventually to the ground. Do we remember when we first chipped the shells of childish belief, and shivered into the doubtful air? and how, having once changed doubt into conviction, we changed places also with our instructors, adopting even more than their infallibility and pomposity?

Whatever we might think of Polly's geography, or even Greek, we were heartily afraid of her knuckles in the nursery, and rather bore the ills of keeping our own faces clean, than have those hard hands at our windpipes. Then the wondrous tales by the kitchen fire at night! Even after we came to disbelieve one of the most frightful, we shuddered at the "black legs coming down chimney" as with the pleasant thrill from a theatrical catastrophe.

Polly had fallen from her high estate of maidenhood in W., and, as the custom was, had been discarded by all her large circle of unspotted relatives. Coming to Sharpsville, where she was both known and unknown, she had some peculiar advantages. People could afford to sympathize with her; and, being down, she feared no fall. She readily found employment, and lived and died among us, an honest, industrious woman, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, and a respected member at last, with three others, of the town's poorhouse.

To the poorhouse we all sent her *friendly contributions of green tea, loaf-sugar*, and such delicacies as are not provided by the selectmen; as also, from time to time, whatever garments she seemed likely to need. These she accepted with a lofty grace, quite her own, leaving us only humble that our offerings were not twice as many and better. Sometimes, in my mother's eagerness to bestow good gifts on Polly, she quite forgot the proprieties, as when she sent her, all too soon, my father's winter drawers; — so that, returning from church in the teeth of a northeast wind, the good man was moved by conflicting emotions to exclaim with even angry, bitter personality as he rubbed the chilled surfaces of his sacred legs, "I met Polly Frank, going to the Orthodox meeting, — *with my drawers on!*"

Whosesoever garments she had on, be sure she wore them royally, and gave her opinions to the day of her death in an ex cathedra style that beat the deacons hollow.

I should do wrong to say that she was "a professor." Sitting in the front pew, where the town's poor were paraded, in what seemed to me an indelicate and inconsiderate manner, Polly always stayed to the communion, quietly waiting for "the elements," which never came. The deacons would not bring them to her, as she had never given what was called "satisfactory evidence" of her fitness to sit at the Lord's table. They might have forgiven her for her much loving, as He did the other Mary, but they would n't do this without "a confession," as they called it, and this confession Polly would never make. Of her "misfortune" she would say nothing, literally nothing, at any time or to any person. Only she asserted with her grand air, "My skirts are clean"; from which oracular saying the deacons might have inferred much, if they had been less eager or curious, or more Christ-like.

So she soared about in Sharpsville, in an empyrean of her own, — which was well; for in a thinner air, how soon her poor, broken wings would have brought her, stained and humiliated, to the ground! And, after all, what was anybody in Sharpsville, that we should throw stones at her?

I guess that a keen sorrow to Polly Frank was that serpent-toothed one of her son's alienation. He never came near her in all her long life; and she never whispered, but to herself, his name. In those weary years, which

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could not be called repentant ones, had she not paid, pressed down and running over, in her hard, disgraced life, for the sin of her young, foolish days?

Then again, putting one's self in the place of the wanderer, the nameless son, with no fair chance in life, — for the world has a wholesome severity for the innocent consequence as for the guilty cause, — can we condemn him for his hardness? He was inexperienced in the slipperiness of sin, and the young, being so good, are also so cruel! God only, who sees and understands all, has long ago cleared away the cloud and brought the son to the mother's heart!

I take the second Polly on the same principle as, when a child, I swallowed my "pikery drops," — to be done with it, and get the bad taste out of my mouth.

Of course, people cannot all be good, and we need n't have expected it in Sharpsville. Nevertheless, there are reasons and reasons. And Polly Dexter, who was well-to-do, well enough connected, had no story, no mystery, no excuse, and was a "professor" besides in good church standing, had no business to be so heartily disliked and dreaded as she was, in every house where rents and holes made her advent necessary.

Polly Dexter was as mustard and vinegar to the feast; nay, rather like cayenne or horseradish; so sharp, so biting were all her sayings, so persistent her fault-finding, so faithful her transmission from house to house of every item of information unsuited to such travel!

For all that, Polly was as necessary to Sharpsville as the air she filled with her mischief-making; for who, in her absence, could or would undertake the accumulations of carpet-mending consequent on limited means and social ambitions? From six in the morning (for she preferred breakfasting with her customers) till nine at night, she made her needle and tongue fly, transforming, with godmotherly skill, rags into ball-dresses, and making darns at which the eleven thousand virgins would have hesitated. And then, the modest way in which she announced, after many years, that she must raise her price from twenty-five to thirty-three cents a day, because "wood has raised"! What was seven cents more or less, when put in competition with skill and patience like hers?

She had a dark, bony body, with coarse black hair tightly drawn back in a knot. So were her thin lips drawn from her teeth; and her black eyes, restless and roving, saw everything they should n't, and seemed like the child's description of Satan, "walking up and down, seeking how he might catch somebody."

Her arrival was the unwelcome signal for the portcullis of silence to descend before our lips; and the smallest among us, without understanding why, knew better than to talk before Polly Dexter. It was reserved for further experience to show us that it makes all the difference in the world to whom a thing is said, and that a remark as innocuous as a drop of fair water may fall on some minds poisonous as one of hemlock. Being instructed to "shut up," before Polly, we naturally associated her with the restraint of our position; but, indeed, she never said or did anything to make us like her. So, as I did n't and don't love her, it may be with a slightly acidulated sense of justice that I describe her, and feel a certain pleasure that, on a life like hers, bearing as it did only thorns and thistles, not the gauziest shadow of tender remembrance need be thrown; but that it should be left bare, — a reminder and a warning to carpet-menders and carpet-treaders as well. I mention the last, because it is a sad thought that the vices slip unawares into all floors, — scandal being harbored so frequently, even in parlors, as to have given rise in some quarters to the imputation of depravity in the general heart.

But judgment like this shows short-sightedness and narrow-mindedness. If such thinkers looked about in their own

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neighborhood, they would see numberless disprovers of so pitiful an accusation. They would see how a sincere and hearty interest shades off unintentionally into a curious and unwarrantable interference; how the kindest sympathy wanders into careless expressions and unfounded speculations; so that when the various yarns are woven together and colored by a skilful and malicious spirit, a picture is so embroidered as to shock every one, though the spinning of the separate threads it might not be easy to deny. In the shudder with which we look at the completed ideal of malice, we prove the lack of native depravity. But what can be said for the bad painter, the malicious embroiderer? And now, we come back to Polly again.

How are we to excuse a person who has not even fallen? one who is poor-spirited and mean by nature, and has not been so placed as to remedy, educate, and destroy bad qualities? For, perhaps, no good-natured friend told her of them. Only everybody "shut up" as well as they could when she was by; and, except in a general way, when informed that with many millions of the same species she was a sinner, how was she to know? She was rich. She owned three houses in Sharpsville. But she was snappish, scandalous, and mean. On the other hand, she gave her money to the church when she died. The church, at least, ought to tread lightly on her grave; and be sure the deacons always gave *her* "the elements."

In another world, must she not be somehow made over, with tentacular instincts which may dimly reach towards something higher, something unknown and undreamed of here? No doubt, in that future state which is to clear up all the mysterious injustice of this, the monkey-like malice lingering in the undeveloped humanity of Polly Dexter will have dropped away and given her an equal chance with her fellows. Till when, what is there left in life for such as she, but to be pitied, avoided, and — not to put too fine a point upon it — hated?

That last expression sounds, and indeed is, both sharp and hard. How do I know what she has resisted? How do I know but that, when she was quite young and her mental bones still soft and flexible, something happened to her, so harsh, so cruel, so bad every way, that the experience of it entered every fibre of her being, and made her the bitter Polly she was? Shutting my eyes, I see her up in her mother's house, on Sugar-Loaf Hill, lying pale and senseless as a corpse. She is on a settle in the kitchen, and her mother cannot, with all her efforts, "bring her to." The man in a brown, hemlock-dyed surtout, who pushed past me and ran down the path to where Smith waited in his wagon for me, while I did my errand, — who was he, and *why did he speed by Smith*, and tear along down the hill? If he had looked back, he might have seen one Fury at least, in the person of Mrs. Dexter, who followed him and stood at the door, holding her level hand before her eyes, and grinding her teeth. She did not see me for a minute, or hear my trembling application for Polly's services in behalf of a departing carpet; and when she did see and hear, she still looked so like an avenging ghost, that if I had been fifty instead of five, I must have suspected and unriddled the mystery.

And then, being only Polly, and having no more soothing or stimulating influences than rags of carpeting and broken trousers, she had, so to speak, no materials for improvement. My elegant friend, Agatha M., whose betrothed left her on the eve of marriage, had the stimulus of avenging friends and great social opportunity. She was fitted for Washington and for St. James. She bound her wounds with gold tissue, and wreathed her brows with rosebuds; and if a savor of bitterness could always be discerned through her graceful ways and æsthetic tastes, only the few beloved ones understood why such a drop should mingle in a cup so fair and foaming as hers.

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But Polly took her bitters every day and all day; and she had no opportunities, and no beauty. She might be said to have, in her expressive vernacular, "no nothing." And so Polly Dexter may have at least as good a chance as Burns gave to a worse spirit.

Like all New England villages fifty years ago, ours was full of original characters, sharply cut and definite in their manifestations. Even the mindless ones had their individual notions, which they carried out with vigor and dignity; like the half-witted Luna, who, being supplied daily by my mother from her own table, sent the following message to her benefactress: "If Miss P. is a *goin'* to send me my dinners every day, *I want 'em hot!*" Which was reasonable, divested of the conventionalities; and the rebuke was meekly accepted, with a corresponding reform.

All characteristics ran to seed in Sharpsville, the social pruning-knife of these days being unknown or disregarded; so that nothing could be more relishing than the curt phrases current among us which described individuals without naming them. We had every variety in our town, from the poor, generous Polly Frank, — who let in old Almy, gave up her own bed to her, while she herself slept on the floor, and, when I said, "Is n't old Almy dreadful, Polly?" answered tenderly, "She 's dreadful *poor*, dear!" — to the rich man who, lending a hammer to his neighbor to drive a nail, thriftily charged three cents for the use of it.

Polly Forest, my third and best, owned a farm, or rather a part of one, in Sharpsville Swamp; and might have lived at home, had she so chosen, or if she had been afflicted with that disease of false and foolish pride which brings so many girls, in our days, to bad lives. But being neither self-important nor self-conscious, her affectionate nature and religious faith led her to devote herself to the interest of her employers with an assiduity and faithfulness that even the Apostle Paul might have made an example of. Also, because she was self-reliant and independent, she despised putting herself forward, or out of her place, as she phrased it; and she kept that of a servant with a pertinacity only equalled by her modest dignity. At the same time she held herself as the dear friend of us all, and an unwearied correspondent when we were away from home; giving important particulars of the cat and fox, which she suspected might be forgotten in our parlor correspondence. Being a great reader, with also a pretty taste for verse-making, many were the pages of rhyme she sent us, always under the seal of secrecy, for she was far too modest to make any talk of what she was, or had learned. But in fact hers was

"A deedful life, — a silent voice."

My Polly the third had sorrows of her own, as well as Polly Frank, but not like hers. Indeed, I doubt if Cupid ever so much as brushed a feather of his wing against her red cheeks. They were those hard, unspoken sorrows, that admit no sympathy. An intemperate, lazy brother, and a mother, so proud, so unreasonable, and so reticent, that by no chance did a kindly or affectionate word ever escape her. To drunken Joe she addressed all her wordless kindnesses, insisting on Polly's outdoor services in his place. Insomuch that one day Polly came near being torn to pieces by the bull, and only escaped by climbing a small tree. Here, at the distance of a few feet from the roaring creature, tearing at the slight trunk with his horns and ploughing the ground with angry hoofs, did she await the threatened destruction, which, indeed, seemed inevitable. But for drunken Joe and a neighbor, who with much clubbing changed the bull's mind, where would have been my Polly? Polly always addressed her mother in the third person, as if she spoke to some potentate.

"Would ma'am like to have the door shut?" or, "Shall I get the water for ma'am?"

There was nothing to be afraid of,

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that I could see, in Mrs. Forest, who seemed only a pale, stiffish woman; but to her daughter she was an object of awful deference, and she obeyed every token of her will more like a slave than a child.

I think Mrs. Forest had no objection to Polly's "going out to live," for a year at a time, though she never said so; and Polly always formally asked ma'am's leave, when she came to us, though she was twenty-five or thirty years old.

There were no "base laws of servitude" between us. It was always a love-matter. It was understood that she was to have the highest wages given in town (four and sixpence a week, and time to mend her own clothes after nine o'clock at night); but she earned it well in a family of sixteen, and with children about in all directions, hindering as well as helping her.

Before the kings of Ireland overran this land, and before the Yankee tendency to patent inventions had been so stimulated by ignorance and stupidity that a pail of water cannot be drawn in a natural way from the well, our Polly used to go smiling into the garden, and gather eight or ten kinds of vegetables for dinner, preparing each for the table, and they had a sweet freshness and flavor found in no market produce now.

Her skilled eye detected the full corn in the ear by the look of the husk, and she knew by the swell of the pod when the peas were ready for boiling; she knew what squashes not to get, and where were the crispest cucumbers. Indeed, she had that native talent which induced cows to give down their milk, even without the promise of a silk gown; the wit to make hens lay and chickens live; and rising, like the virtuous woman in Proverbs, while it was yet night, her washing was hung in snowy lines, or ever her breakfast was eaten. Whatsoever her hands found to do, that did she with her might. She was so fond of flowers, and so patient with them in their shortcomings and their ever-needed pottings, that I think she must have a garden now somewhere in Paradise, and croons Methodist hymns over her flowers as she used to here, about

> "The Lord into his garden comes!
> The spices yield a rich perfume,
> The lilies grow and thrive,"

and so on; for I don't see how heaven is going to change one's tendencies unless one is made over; how a queen is to take up the role of a peasant, or a philosopher that of a stock-broker, merely by another place of residence.

My Polly! In that state or place where you are gone, do you find any one to minister to, to serve with loving diligence. with heart-full, unwearied tenderness, as you did here? There was a tie between you and those you loved closer than that of a maid to her mistress, and that tie may remain in another world. She whom you loved so much, and in whose arms you died, when she too went to the world of souls, must have found you, I think, waiting for her, with the same simple devotion as when you left her, to take up your old relation of unselfish love.

Like most country girls, Polly could drive a nail and split wood if necessary, which I fancy it often was at her home. She was a pretty good carpenter, and, besides tinkering the house on occasions, could give form to her own inventions with some skill. A board for scouring knives of her make, with sundry contrivances and conveniences, lasted in my kitchen until silvering them came into fashion.

The greatest treat we had as children was to go to Polly's farm between whiles to visit her. I remember vividly the queer, long, narrow passages to remote parts of the house, which defied all rules of architecture, and which led nowhere, with a captivating mystery. I was glad to find something that illustrated the "Romance of the Forest"; — doubly glad when I got only into the back kitchen and was relieved from the fear of seeing a skeleton. Mrs. Forest was generally to be found there untiringly scrubbing; and a smell, inhaled there, of milk and very clean pans and

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tubs, lingers in my memory to this day, as also the impression of the whole inside of the dwelling freshly whitewashed always, the boards as well as plastering. It was fearfully and wonderfully clean at the Forest farm.

Then, not having the dread of the bull before our eyes, having ascertained that he was tightly confined, we strolled off into the woods that skirt South Mountain, where we gathered the tender checkerberry-leaves, or, if early in the season, the rich berries themselves and the delicate May-flower. Afterwards, being refreshed by ma'am's hospitality of rye and Indian bread and cheese, we set off at dusk, on our two-mile homeward way, and Polly stood at "the delectable gate," as we called it, guarding us with her smiles, till the long road bent, and shut her away from our sight.

I know, my Polly, that the recording angel never set down against you the little whiffs of temper that made you sometimes even throw the chairs out of window, or the little injustices that made my brother Ralph hate you. To me you were always kind, gentle, and patient; but who pretended you were perfection? Only I would I could find a helper to my domestic infirmities one hundredth part as faithful, as clean and capable, faults all counted in; would there be any question of wages between us? Think of Polly "going to leave, because there is sickness in the family!" Think of Polly withdrawing from the storeroom portions of groceries, under some ethical delusion familiar to the Celtic imagination! Think of Polly at all in the same category with locks and keys, with modern notions of hire and service! The whole thing is as different as if we lived on another planet.

She was such a large part of my child-life, that it is difficult to look back without seeing her constantly. Now that she is gone, I naturally dwell only on her excellences; the more when I contrast her solid virtues with the flimsy ghosts of such that I see now in every kitchen, — her faithfulness that let nothing run to waste; her never-weary feet, that with angel-like persistence ascended and descended to minister to the wants of others; all her thoughtfulness, her sweetness, her patient energy!

C. A. H.

TWO WAYS.

I.

"THE spring returneth ever."
So sang the bluebird as he fluttered by,
So hummed the soft rain falling from the sky;
Up from the budding earth broke forth a cry,
"Welcome, O Spring!"
But, moving to and fro with steady pace,
She said, "It comes not back into my face.
Where is the tender bloom and youthful grace
That it should bring?
The spring returneth never."

"The spring returneth ever."
So sang the brooks as down the mountain-side
They ran to join the rivers brimming wide;
Full of new life the mighty ocean cried,
"Welcome, O Spring!"

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"But no; it is not true, O waves!" she said.
"Where are the hopes of youth, so long since fled,
Where are the loved ones gone unto the dead,
That it should bring?
The spring returneth never."

Thus she lamented ever;
And in her garden sloping towards the sea,
So full of birds' and blossoms' revelry,
She never turned from her own misery
To watch the spring;
She never even saw an opening flower,
She never even felt the balmy shower,
But all alone she wandered hour by hour,
And held the sting
Close to her heart forever.

II.

"The spring returneth ever."
So breathed arbutus peeping from the snow,
So thought the crocus in the garden row;
Convinced at last, the lilacs whispered low,
"It *is* the spring."
"Yes, yes, it is the spring, O buds of bloom!
It is the spring," she cried, "away with gloom!
Come forth, come forth, bride-rose, to meet the groom
Whom it will bring.
The spring returneth ever."

"The spring returneth ever."
"I know it, know it well, O land and sea!
All my dead life wakes up to ecstasy;
It is a full delight merely to be,
To breathe, in spring;
Though old my face, my heart again is young,
Though old the roots, bright flowers again have sprung,
And courage open wide the gates has flung
To meet the King
Who still returneth ever.

"Yes, hope returneth ever.
It is the coward's part to loiter sad
Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;
Even my dead are living and are glad
In some far spring!
Immortal am I, — mind, is there a choice?
Immortal am I, — heart, O heart, rejoice!
Immortal am I, — soul, lift up thy voice
With faith, and sing,
The spring returneth ever."

Constance F. Woolson.

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THE HARE AND MANY FOES.

THE horse, the bull, the sheep, and the calf, as we are told by Gay, in his instructive fable of The Hare and many Friends, all presented the cold shoulder to the poor hare who appealed to them for protection against a pack of hounds that came racing over the fallows upon her highly pungent foot-prints. They wished her well, each and all of them. Nothing could be more polite than the manner in which they expressed their regard for her; but as for rendering her any assistance, under the circumstances, none of them was in a position to do it. Each of the beasts had the goodness to refer her to the next one; meanwhile the hounds "viewed" her, and we are left to infer the tragical result.

The license of the fabulist is, of course, unlimited, else one might find cause to be dissatisfied with Gay for supposing that the hare could have any friends whatever, unless, indeed, when she becomes a domesticated and fireside companion. The life of the hare is one of perpetual worry and vigilance. The hand of every man is against her, the claw of every fierce beast and bird. The jaws of big lizards, the coils of constricting snakes, are ready for her in meadow and morass. She is, indeed, The Hare and many Foes, and as such let us give her some brief, but serious, consideration.

Lately, while inspecting the contents of a print-shop window, I saw a French colored lithograph entitled *La Chasse au Lièvre*, the stirring incident and energetic action of which presented with considerable vividness the ordinary relations between man and hare. The scene is a pleasant rural one, in such cultivated districts, one might suppose, as may lie in the vicinity of some great city. A hare, followed at a distance by a couple of hounds of some undescribed variety, is flashing along near the foreground, like a brown meteor with a silver tail. From a commanding position near by, a young man of fashionable appearance, in a tight red coat and red hunting-cap, is firing at the hare; while another gentlemanly *chasseur*, attired in bright blue, and looking as if he had accidentally fallen out of a fashion-plate, kneels in front of him, ready to open fire upon the game should the other miss his mark. To preclude any possibility of the hare saving herself by stratagem or flight, a lackey, all in red, with an enormous French horn coiled around his body, is running up with some reserve dogs in a leash, ready to be slipped at the game when all other means of bringing it to bay have failed. There are several figures of the agricultural sort in the background of the picture. Most of these are provided with pitchforks or other bucolic implements, so that it is easy to guess at the fate of poor puss should she take refuge among them. What may be lurking for her outside the picture it is, of course, impossible to say; but one can easily imagine several farm-dogs joining in the chase, a *gendarme* with drawn sabre, a portly priest on horseback with a loaded whip, and a vast number of other figures proper to French rural districts, all in full yell after one small, frightened beast, with long ears, exaggerated hind-legs, no tail to speak of, and an effluvium that guides infallibly on her footsteps all such animals as follow the chase by nose.

"English hares just received; jugged hare to-day," is an announcement often to be seen, in winter time, placarded in the windows of certain restaurants in New York, and sometimes, even, inserted by enterprising caterers as an advertisement in the daily papers. Some of these imported creatures are usually hung up by the heels on the door-posts of the tavern, to catch the eyes of the *gourmets*. Far from their

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native copses and the gorse-tufted moorlands on which, when leverets, they kicked their little heels in leporine glee, there they hang by the door, dead as the proverbial nails in it, to be gazed at by city men of large alimentary developments, who inspect them with hungry eyes, and even poke them with critical fingers to test their condition. Nearly all of these hares bear marks of wounds and worry upon their fur-clad bodies. Some are lacerated as by the teeth of dogs; others have evidently been raked with patent wire cartridges projected from what the correspondents of sporting papers call the "deadly tube"; while on the necks of some of them, evidences are to be seen of the deceptive snares with which lurking poachers entrap these persecuted animals.

Coursing the hare with greyhounds, which is a sport quite different from that of hunting it with harriers, is much practised in England and some other European countries, and is often conducted in a very scientific manner, and according to a code of rules. In some respects it may be compared with racing, as the dogs are pitted against each other for speed. These finely bred dogs are said to be of Asiatic origin, and the original stock from which they are derived is yet maintained in Persia and other countries of the East. I saw, not long since, in a menagerie, a brace of dogs called tiger-hounds from the East Indies, which were very much of the greyhound build, and seemed fitter for the chase of hares than for coping with savage beasts of prey. In England, high-bred greyhounds fetch very large prices; and their breeding is attended to with as much care as that of high-bred horses. Their training has been reduced to a science, and they take their daily exercise in body-clothes, just like racers. At the regular coursing meetings, — such as the Ashdown, for instance, — the sport is conducted with great formality and detail. The functionary in charge of the dogs is called a "slipper," and his duty is to let the dogs loose at the hare, from a leash. These slippers are regular professionals, and their advertisements that they are open for engagements are to be seen in the sporting papers. As carried on in the country at large, by private individuals and small clubs, coursing is a very inexpensive sport. Anybody who can afford to keep a brace of greyhounds, and pay for a game license, can enjoy it. Horses are by no means necessary to this kind of chase, which can be followed on foot, a course generally taking place within a limited area. When the hare-finder announces that he has marked a hare lying in a hedge, or in a furrow of some open field, the person in charge of the dogs — a brace being usually slipped at a time — walks up to the place indicated, the eager hounds straining upon the leash, with their eyes almost starting from the sockets, knowing well that the hare is near by in close ambush, and may start up at any moment. Puss does not generally start until the dogs are close upon her, and I have more than once seen a slipper touch the hare with a stick before she would move. Then she is off like a streak of lightning; the dogs are slipped, and, bounding with serpentine grace, away they go after her, each doing his best to give her the first turn, these turns being credited to the score of the dogs, respectively. She does not usually run far before she is forced to double, the dogs being often so close upon her as almost to touch her with their noses. Doubling is the hare's game, for she can turn almost on her own length, while the dogs frequently lose several strides before they can get well round, thus giving her a fresh chance. In this way a course is often decided without leaving the field in which the hare was found. A strong hare, though, with a good start, will make her way straight across country for a considerable distance, taking all the ditches, brooks, and walls in her course in gallant style. On this account, the judge at regular coursing-matches on which money is laid must always be well mounted, so as to keep near the course

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and watch all its turns and incidents. I have seen a hare pop between the rails of a five-barred gate and then double suddenly back, while the greyhounds went sailing clear over gate, and hare and all dashing furiously on for some distance before they discovered that they had been outwitted. On such occasions as this, — which is called "unsighting," or "blinking," — the dogs stand still and gaze about them with a very sheepish, puzzled air. Greyhounds have no sense of smell, never putting their noses to the ground to recover the trail of a lost hare. Hence it is that the most destructive offshoot of the breed is that having a cross of the terrier, or other keen-scented dog. It is called a "lurcher," and is the favorite companion and aid of English poachers, seldom allowing a hare to escape. There are greyhounds that can run down a hare "single-handed"; but this mode of coursing is not looked upon with much favor, the tact of the dogs in aiding each other to turn the hare being the very essence of the sport. When a greyhound catches a hare, he often pitches it up to a distance of several feet, and will sometimes catch it in his mouth as it comes down again. I have seen a hare so exhausted after a long course as to squat down just as the dogs were upon her, the dogs also dropping from sheer want of wind, and the breath from their nostrils blowing up the fur of poor puss, as she lay panting just at the tips of their sharp noses.

For centuries the greyhound has been an accessory of English field-sports. In the thirteenth century greyhounds were accepted by King John instead of money, in payment of fines and forfeitures due to the crown, and for renewal of grants. One fine, paid to this monarch in 1203, specifies "five hundred marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of greyhounds."

Greyhounds are often snappish with strangers, and can be very savage when roused. There is record of one that had killed a hare, and then lay down exhausted. Two men came by and tried to steal the hare, but the dog took it up, and ran until he met his master, at whose feet he laid it. Then he attacked the men with great fury, but was so weak that he fell down, and was recovered only by bleeding and assiduous care.

In the year 1794, at Finchingfield, in Essex, a brace of greyhounds dashed at a hare from opposite directions, ran against one another, and were killed upon the spot.

Near Dover, some time about the beginning of the present century, a greyhound was slipped at a hare having some local celebrity as a good one to run. The hare, being closely pressed, made for the cliff, just on the brink of which she was caught by the dog. Both of them went over, and were dashed to pieces.

Gervase Markham, a quaint old writer about field-sports, gives the following versified description of a perfect greyhound: —

> "If you wish to have a good tike,
> Of which there are few like,
> He must be headed like a Snake,
> Neckt like a Drake,
> Backt like a Beame,
> Sided like a Breame,
> Tailed like a Batt,
> And footed like a Cat."

The wretched, shivering, little fancy dog called an Italian greyhound is but a degenerate offshoot from the original stock, if, indeed, it is to be traced to the genuine greyhound at all. The hare has nothing to fear from this drawing-room pet. A dog of this kind was seen to turn and run from a hare, which was coming along a lane full tilt, and which he took for some ferocious animal bearing down upon him with hostile intent.

Hares are said to give the best runs in the month of March, when they are in first-rate wind and condition. Hence the old saying, "Mad as a March hare."

The "pomp and circumstance" of the numerous packs of harriers maintained in the British Islands for the pursuit, exclusively, of hares are only second to those of fox-hunting estab-

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lishments. That there is a great degree of importance attached to these hunts is evidenced by the fact that, lately, Windsor and its environs were thrown into a state of ferment by the announcement that the Prince of Wales had "intimated his intention of discontinuing to keep the splendid pack of royal harriers which have, for years, afforded sport to the residents and agriculturists of the Windsor district, as well as to the illustrious visitors who have from time to time been the guests of her Majesty at Windsor Castle." A public meeting was thereupon convened at Windsor, to take steps for continuing the pack of harriers "by hook or by crook."

Hounds of what kind soever, though, are the least of the foes against which the ever-vigilant hare has to be on her guard. She may blink the greyhounds in the course, may beat the harriers in the long run; but still she has to scud the gauntlet of the fierce carnivorous creatures that prowl along the hedges or hover overhead.

Mr. Thompson, a keen observer of the habits and actions of wild animals, relates the following incident in the Magazine of Zoölogy and Botany.

"A golden eagle was seen by Mr. Adams, lately gamekeeper at Glencairn, in pursuit of a hare. The poor animal took refuge under every bush that presented itself, and as often as she did, the eagle approached the bush so near as apparently to beat the top of it with its wings, and thereby forced the hare to leave her place of refuge. In this way she was eventually driven to open ground, which did not long avail, as the eagle soon came up with her and bore her off."

In Thomas Shadwell's play of The True Widow, Prigg sings,

"Then have at the hare,
Let old puss beware,"—

a snatch of song that reminds one how the hare has always been a by-word for something to be tossed and tortured and worried out of shape by all whose path it may happen to cross. The lyrical effusions in celebration of the victories of dogs and horsemen over hares are very numerous. Sweet rural scenes are usually conjured up by the writers of these hunting ditties, but they never seem to give a thought to the protracted agonies of the small, harmless creature by whose wretched fate their theme is inspired. Says one of them, out of a thousand: —

"Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puss flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue,
Behold where she flies o'er the wide-spreading plain,
While the loud op'ning pack pursues her amain.

"At length puss is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman 's the signal for death;
No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
To hunting, all pleasure and pastime must yield."

Of all the savage animals that prey upon the hare, none can compare in cruel voracity with the ordinary wild-cat of European mountains and forests; and in this country the lynx is one of the most relentless and sanguinary persecutors of the American hare in all its varieties. In the winter time, when the snow lies heavy in the swamps, bending down the cedar saplings until they look, in the mystic twilight of the morass, like crouching ghosts shrouded in white cerements, the track of the lynx is often to be seen where the snow is beaten by the coming and going of the numerous hares that frequent these gloomy retreats. Oftentimes the hunter comes upon a spot where the trampling in the snow, the blood-marks upon it, and the tufts of clotted fur lying about, indicate that the lynx has been there, and has been glutting himself upon the small venison of the place.

When pressed by hounds, the common European hare will frequently take the water, and swim boldly across rivers of considerable width. More nearly approaching the water *rodentia*, however, is the marsh-hare found in the maritime districts of the Southern States. This hare is common in the marshy grounds near the "reserves," or large ponds which, in the Carolinas and elsewhere, are dammed up for the irrigation of the rice-fields. Here they paddle and flounder about in the mud,

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much after the fashion of muskrats, frequently falling a prey to the large snakes, alligators, and other voracious reptiles with which such localities abound. The marsh-hare is less fleet of foot than most of its congeners. Indeed, it is so unable to save itself by running, that the negroes catch it by setting fire to the weeds, and knocking it on the head when it tries to escape. It has the power of spreading its toes, which are nearly destitute of hair, and this enables it to swim with great facility, so that it may often be seen sporting about in the ponds for recreation, like the beaver or any other water animal. When danger threatens, it eludes pursuit by plunging up to its neck among the water-lilies and rank marsh weeds. Audubon kept one of these hares, which was caught when full grown. It soon became familiar, and would take food from the hand. Succulent vegetables, such as turnip and cabbage leaves, were very acceptable to it, but to these it preferred bread. It used to take frequent baths in water provided for it, and would show great uneasiness when the trough was removed. A species much resembling this one is the swamp-hare, also occurring in the Southern States, and which, when hunted, takes to the water. The footfalls of this kind of hare are very heavy, so that they have often been taken for those of a deer or other large animal.

The hare most frequently to be met with in this country is that called by naturalists the Northern hare, which, like the *lepus variabilis*, or Alpine hare of Europe, turns white gradually as winter approaches, resuming its brownish-gray coat at the return of spring. Like all the rest of its persecuted family, it has foes innumerable. The jer-falcon, the red-tailed hawk, and other such rapacious pirates of the air, swoop down upon it by day, while at night it is the favorite quarry of the great horned owls and other evil birds of darkness; that sail silently through the witching glades of the swamp on their downy wings. The lynx pounces upon it from its ambush in the low-branched hemlock. By day and by night the wily fox is ever on the watch for it. All the marten-cats are its foes; and even that little, sooty, serpentine water-weasel, the mink, is not wholly clear from the suspicion of proclivity for the blood and vitals of the hare. The habit of drumming upon the ground with its feet — a process by which the common rabbit gives warning to its companions when any sudden alarm has driven it to seek its burrow — is very conspicuous with this hare, whose rubadub can often be heard in the stillness of the woods. There lately appeared in the streets of New York a wandering Italian minstrel, who availed himself of this well-known habit of the hare tribes by affixing to the top of his barrel-organ a sort of drum or tambourine, which was beaten by a stuffed hare, or rabbit, having drumsticks attached to its fore-paws, which were put in motion by an automatic arrangement inside the machine. Among the foes of this and other kinds of hare is the dreaded rattlesnake. Bosc, the traveller, mentions that he took a common American hare from the stomach of a rattlesnake killed by him; and bloated snakes of various other kinds have frequently been killed by hunters, who, on examination, found full-grown hares within them. But man, after all, is the worst foe against which these hares have to pit their accurate senses. During the winter season tons of them are sent up by rail to the great cities, from all quarters. About Christmas-time the beams and door-posts of the city markets are festooned with them. Most of them are caught by netting, and in traps and snares. In Canada, when the snow lies deep on the ground, vast numbers of them are captured by the latter device. In the wooded hills to the north of Quebec, I have often followed paths that grew narrower and narrower as I went on. Little brush fences were built along the sides of these for some distance, and at the end of each of these wedge-shaped decoys a snare

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was always set, which not unfrequently contained a dead hare.

One of the finest of the *leporidæ* is the *rekalek*, or polar hare, which is about twenty-six inches in length, and sometimes weighs as much as eleven or twelve pounds. This hare, which, like the one last mentioned, turns white in winter, is common in the wild, inhospitable ravines of Labrador, finding its subsistence among the moss-covered granite rocks, and in the scrubby thickets of juniper, pine, and poplar that clothe the flanks of the Wotchish Mountains of that region. As this fine hare lies stretched under the lee of some lichen-covered rock, sheltered from the wreaths of driving snow, it is often pounced upon by the golden eagle or the swift jer-falcon, while at night it becomes the prey of the great snowy owl common to these savage wilds. Several years ago the districts lying along the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, far away below Quebec, were visited one hard winter by vast numbers of ptarmigans, or white grouse, supposed to have been driven thither from Labrador by the severity of the season. They were followed by numbers of snowy owls, which not only killed quantities of them, but made great havoc among the hares of the country, which the *habitans* look upon as their own proper game. The berries of the Alpine arbutus, the bark of dwarf willows, and the various mosses that abound mostly in sterile regions, enable the polar hare to sustain life during the long, dreary winters of Labrador and Newfoundland. Among its other foes is that malignant pest the moose-fly, from which this species of hare is said to suffer greatly during the summer.

At Walla-Walla, in Oregon, the Indians make much sport with the hares proper to that region, especially the species known as Townsend's Rocky Mountain hare, and a small kind called the wormwood hare. Sometimes crowds of the Indians assemble and beat the thickets in pursuit of these hares, driving them towards spaces enclosed with nets fastened to the ground with stakes, where they are caught and knocked on the head with clubs. They are also killed with bows and arrows. The wormwood hare, on account of the celerity with which it bounds from one bush of wormwood to another, presents a mark very difficult to hit, and the young Indians are very proud of their skill in piercing it with their arrows while it is on the jump.

As a comparison for cowardice, the hare has, from all time, been made use of by the poets. In this way Shakespeare often refers to it. "A very dishonest paltry boy, and more coward than the hare," says Sir Toby Belch in the play. Again, we have "the fearful, flying hare," "coward hares," and "hare hearts." *Lepus timidus* is the name given by naturalists to the English hare, although the adjective appears to apply equally well to all the known species. Albertus Magnus says of the hare, that, although a timid creature, it has a large heart, but that its blood and heart are both cold, on which account it goes forth to feed at night only. And so Goldsmith illustrates the approach of nightfall with,

"What time the timid hare limps forth to feed."

That a hare will sometimes act in self-defence, when its liberty is in danger, or its life, I can aver from experience. When I was a very small boy, an honest fellow presented me with a leveret caught by him while following his legitimate occupation as a hedger and ditcher. Delighted with the soft, big-eyed little creature, I was bearing it in triumph away, when it bit one of my thumbs nearly through, — the diversion thus created being so much more in its favor than in mine that it made its escape into some unexplored jungle of garden vegetables, and got clear away.

As for the flesh of the hare, it has long held a high place among the delicacies prepared by gastronomic artists for the gratification of the human palate. By the ancient Romans it was held in high favor. Horace makes frequent mention of it. He knew the

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best bits of a hare as well as ever did Brillat-Savarin, or Soyer of the magic soup-ladle, or Blot of the knife-and-fork crusade against the barbarism of pork-and-beans. Describing the *menu* of a niggardly Roman snob, he tells us, among other things, of hares' shoulders, which are tough, served up without the loins, which are tender:

"Et leporum avulsos, ut multo suavius, armos,
Quam si cum lumbis quis edit . . . ."

just as a shoddy Crœsus of our own time might put off his guests with a blade-bone of mutton, when a saddle could be had in the nearest market.

Regarding jugged hare, already adverted to in this paper, it suggests to thoughtful minds the question, Why, of all creatures that run, fly, crawl, or swim, should the hare be the only one subjected to the mysterious process of the jug? Of jugged sucking-pig nobody ever yet heard. Terrapin does not naturally waddle to jug, neither does canvas-back duck; so that one is forced to the conclusion that the dainty jug was reserved for the hare as one more incentive to the capture of that harassed creature, whether by the snare of the poacher or the greyhounds of the man of sport.

In olden times the hare must have been much sought after, owing to the many strange influences and medicinal virtues that were attributed to its flesh and other portions of its anatomy. Recurring once more to Albertus Magnus, that worthy old person tells us that though the use of hare's flesh as an article of diet causes the blood to thicken and is promotive of atrabilious secretions, yet that the head of the animal, calcined, and reduced to powder, is a specific for various maladies.

The tooth of a hare, says the same writer, is a cure for toothache, if laid upon the part affected. He also instructs us that the dried liver of a hare is good for epilepsy; and that its gall, mingled with white honey, is an excellent remedy for *albugo*, or defluxion of the eyes. Even the lungs of a hare, he says, laid upon aching eyes, will alleviate pain; while pounded and converted into an unguent, they are sovereign for anointing the feet.

In our own times the foot of the hare, from its velvety texture, is used by hatters for imparting a gloss to their choicest productions, and by theatrical performers for conveying to their cheeks the auroral touches considered indispensable to a brilliant appearance before the foot-lights.

Cowper may be mentioned as one of the few human beings on record who have ever evinced a practical and sincere friendship for the hare. When in ill health, he amused himself by taming three of these creatures, a very interesting account of which he contributed to the Gentleman's Magazine. His hares displayed a curious sense of perception; on one occasion, for instance, detecting a new patch that had been sewn upon a carpet. Whenever a cat insulted one of them, he would retaliate by drumming violently upon its back with his fore-feet. Each of them manifested distinct individuality of character, which was developed and fostered, probably, by domestication and familiarity with the social arrangements of man.

The following memorandum was found among Cowper's papers, after his death: —

"This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain."

Puss was the last of Cowper's three hares; and marvellous, indeed, is his record, and forever enshrined be his memory, as the exceptional hare that lived happily all his years, and met his death without violence at last.

Charles Dawson Shanley.

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A SURMISE.

OUR mortal day breaks from the great unseen,
Whither once more it darkly vanisheth;
Two shadowy goals, with faltering steps between, —
O, tell me, which is life, and which is death?

Nor is this but an idle questioning;
For every step must cross some dark surprise,
Since life and death are what the moments bring,
And we would know them through their strange disguise.

Joys we shall have that blossomed in the shade,
And griefs that out of sweetest dreams awoke;
Doubts that grow clear, and certainties that fade;
A weary crown, a light and easy yoke.

Wrongs we shall see made servants of the right;
The noblest victories won by those that fail;
Great hearts that triumph, falling in the fight;
Death hand to hand with life, behind the veil!

Thus evermore we must our pathway thread,
'Mid lights that beckon, shadows that dismay;
Till the bewildered heart, so strangely led,
Wonders if life or death shall win the day,

As one might wonder, waking from a swoon,
And seeing the far horizon half alight, —
Is it the morning broadening to the noon?
Or is it evening sinking into night?

Or as one standing on the silent shore
If it be ebb or flow can scarcely guess;
Whether the lesser flowing to the more,
Or but the greater lapsing to the less.

O shrouded mystery! the baffled soul,
Long coasting round thy solemn boundaries,
Divines the rounded brightness of the whole,
That first must wane upon these mortal skies.

The tide, when it lays bare the lonely strand,
But lifts more high the great mid-deeps of sea:
Does death work life? Does losing fill the hand?
Does darkness feed the light that is to be?

O, then it is no longer life and death,
But life and life, in ever-circling light!
Then ebb and flow of fortune or of breath
Are equal tides that lift us to our height!

Louisa Bushnell.

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DANISH SOCIETY AND ITS REVIVAL.

A RIDGE of hills and the sea on both sides, — that is Denmark. Both the peninsula and the islands are modelled after the same plan; but although this plan is very simple, it involves an infinite variety of landscapes, from the sweet, almost voluptuous idyl in the wood, under the midsummer suns, to scenes of the wildest horror, when the roaring surges, towering over the sandbars, break the large, strongly-built ship like a toy, and scatter her remnants on the strand, or when the hurricane catches the sand from the banks and hurls its terrible hail-storm over the country, often burying many acres of land, many years' labor, many men's hopes, under a drift which no sun will ever melt. Partly from actual experience, but mainly through the works of their poets and painters, the Danes themselves have acquired a very keen sense of the true though often latent character of their land. They recognize at once the place where the great calamity lurks beneath the sun-gilt, serenely rolling waves, or the place where the charming idyl sleeps among the snow-covered trees. But the foreigner who travels through the country will hardly see more than the general simple and uniform configuration of the land, — the ridge of hills with the sea on both sides.

The hills are low. The highest "mountain" in Denmark, "The Mountain of Heaven," is only four hundred and eighty feet high, and it swells so gently that I doubt whether the farmer from the Catskills would notice the difference between its ascent and descent. The ridges all run from north to south. Towards the east the hills slope downward, undulating in gentle but often characteristic curves, and the land is studded all over with rich woods treading so near to the sea that with one more step they would dip their feet in the waves. Towards the west the hills are almost steep, leaving a broad margin of flat land between their walls and the sea. Near the hills the land is tillable, even fertile. Farther away it is heath, interspersed with swamps and meadows. Along the sea runs a strip of salt-marsh or a wall of sand-banks, without trees, with only a few dwarfish and sickly shrubs here and there in the swamp. The two poplars watching the place where the road through the heath makes a sudden turn, they are not trees; they are only a sort of resurrected broomsticks, and would look odious but for their modesty. The willows which guard the little orchard and garden behind the farm-house are trees; but they are strangers here. Generally they are low and stunted, and even when they rise into the air with some thrift and vigor, they all bend their crowns towards the east. Every bough, every twig stretches eastward, and the branches which have to face the west drop their withered leaves in the beginning of July. For here reigns the west wind.

Only one wind blows in Denmark, — the west wind. When the others try, it is a calm. The west wind blows during three hundred days of the year, and it always blows a gale. When the other winds come, they come either as weak breezes bringing rain, or as short blasts bringing frost. The west wind is the ruler of the air, and there is something kingly in him, not because he wrecks a hundred ships every year, not because he makes the trees bow under his sceptre, not because he can send, on a hot summer day, a sudden mist which makes one shiver with cold — O no! in spite of this, there is something truly magnificent and generous in the Danish west wind. It does not sweep whistling over the ground as if it were pressed through a steam-pipe. It does not nip the skin as if it were filled with ice-needles. It

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blows with a volume immense like that of the ocean from which it comes. It bursts into the air with full, round notes like those of an organ. It pounces down upon the earth in broad furrows, frisking and frolicking like a swarm of children let loose over a merry gambol.

The country-people of Denmark consist of three different classes, — the nobility, the peasantry, and the *tiers état*, which with a sneer for both the aristocracy and the peasants, calls itself the educated people. I will speak first of the nobility, not so much from deference as because there is so very little to say about this class.

The Danish nobility is rich in proportion to the general standard of wealth in the country. An income of twenty thousand dollars a year is not rare among them, and some have more than two hundred thousand. But they have no influence, or at least very little. They are not highly gifted by nature, and they are not well trained by education. Furthermore, they have no political or social privileges. There is no difference between the legal position of the nobleman and that of the peasant, except that in some cases the nobleman's estate is inherited by his eldest son; while otherwise, when a man dies in Denmark his property is disposed of so that one half falls to his wife, and the other half is divided in equal parts among his children. The chief reason, however, why the Danish nobility stands somewhat isolated, without partaking in the social development proportionately to the wealth of the class, is historical. The old, genuine Danish nobility formed a powerful and enormously wealthy aristocracy. But by a singular mistake of the other classes, and by some secret intrigues of the court, this aristocracy, which contained the germ of true popular freedom, was crushed in the year 1660, when Denmark was made an absolute monarchy; that is to say, when the government was made a completely arbitrary despotism. In the year 1661 no clock in Copenhagen dared to strike until the court clock had struck; and this little trait, communicated with much humor by Lord Molesworth, shows with sufficient clearness how matters stood. The noblemen retired to their mansions in the country, where they lived in a corner of their splendid palaces; for the king often imposed such heavy taxes on their property — the taxation, like everything else, being perfectly arbitrary — that they sometimes had to give up their estates, leaving the king sole master. Meanwhile the king, who still feared the old nobility in its sullen and impoverished retirement, built up a new nobility consisting mostly of German vagabonds, whom he ennobled, installed in military and civil offices, and provided for in a very high-handed manner. He assumed the right to dispose of the hand of every heiress in the kingdom; and in that way the new nobility, little by little, crept into the estates of the old that died away. But this new nobility, which was simply a court aristocracy, had no other relation to the people than a reciprocal hatred. Only two or three persons out of the whole swarm have acquired an honest name in Danish history; the rest are mercifully forgotten,—forgotten together with the court where they danced and drank and flirted and gambled. When, in 1848, the Danish people became a free people, and every citizen was called upon to partake equally in the government, the nobility suddenly sank into miserable insignificance. The whole artificial structure of the society which alone gave the noblemen any influence broke down. Their privileges were lost; their rank was gone; and, to make their misery complete, there was no longer any court. The king, Frederick VII., had married a milliner, who was too famous before her marriage ever to become the centre of an elegant circle; and it must be said to the praise of the ladies of the Danish nobility, they were visited, but they were not found at home. During the twenty years, however, which fol-

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lowed, a change apparently took place in the position of the nobility. In their elegant retirement, the noblemen seemed to give up the German idea of a court paradise, and began to imitate the English aristocracy. They began to take the lead in many local affairs of importance, especially in agriculture. They introduced machinery and all modern improvements in the cultivation of their estates; they instituted races, and horse and cattle shows, at which prizes were given for the best specimens of domestic animals; and in these and many other new ways channels seem to open up for a beneficial influence from the noblemen upon the other classes.

To the second class, the educated people, Denmark is indebted for its free constitution and for the first endeavors towards making this constitution work successfully in practical life. They now form the kernel of the people. They have the influence. All great ideas originated with them, and were by them introduced in actual life. The ideas and manners of this class are the ideas and manners of the Danish people.

As this class comprises families many of which have an income of only one or two thousand dollars a year, while some have an income of more than ten thousand a year, there is a great difference between the social circumstances in which the members of this class live. Three different stages may be noticed. In the first stage a family eats with silver forks, and has a piano. It would be very hard in Denmark for a family to attain the position of belonging to the society of educated people, if it ate with iron forks and had no piano; that is to say, if it could not afford to give its life a certain appearance of elegance, or if its life lacked some important element of a liberal education, for instance, music. An educated Dane will eat pork and beans twice a day all the year round, and think himself very well fed, if he eats it with a silver fork; but if he is compelled to eat his meat with an iron fork, he will weep over his forlorn condition. A Danish family, when utterly reduced by some misfortune, will look on with comparative indifference while the chairs and tables go to the auction-room; but when the piano is shut up and carried down stairs, a darkness will overcloud the room as if the sun were eclipsed, and a terror will seize upon the heart as in the days of the plague, when all the birds dropped dead to the earth and the woods at once grew silent. In the second stage, carpets make their appearance, and the family keeps a close carriage. Carpets are in Denmark not so generally used nor so highly appreciated as in England and America. A family, of course, finds its rooms cosier and more pleasant when in the fall the carpets are spread over the floors; yet in the spring, when the deep gray tinge of the sky brightens into light blue, when the sunshine grows warm, and the west wind blows balmily, every member of the family, from the grandmamma to the children, is glad to get rid of the dusty carpets; and, indeed, the bare wooden floor, often a costly mosaic, or tastefully painted, and always washed in the morning with cold water, gives the room, through the hot summer days, a very agreeable freshness and airiness. A close carriage, on the contrary, is highly appreciated, and the delight given by such an increase of a family's comfort is almost ludicrous. For a whole year every visitor is invited to go down to the stable and see "our new landau," and the best argument for a new dress is, "You would not have me sit in the new landau with this old thing!" In the third stage, the chandelier is hung from the ceiling, and the footman keeps guard in the anteroom. The ladies of the house cannot be seen until after three o'clock, and the master has a title, which, the more barbarous it sounds, the better it is. Some of these titles are composed of one German, one French, and one Danish word; and when a man has such a lictor to bear axe and rods before his name, and ten thousand dollars a year to

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finish up the procession, he feels very happy. A title is a good thing; it acts upon the mind like a good conscience. When a man is *Geheime-états-raad*, he may say to himself that he cannot be so very bad. But these differences of social circumstances, however great they may be, are in the most pleasant manner thrown into the background, if not wholly forgotten, on account of the community of education, of ideas, interests, and manners; and it is quite common to find a family which never gives a dinner-party and never treats its guests with anything more than a cup of tea living in great intimacy and on a perfectly equal footing with a family whose footmen at every supper serve dainty dishes on silver plates. The community of education is always and everywhere a power stronger than old habits, stronger than in-grown prejudices, stronger even than incidental antipathies, but I doubt whether there is another place in the world where it exercises so noble and so lovely an influence as in the country life of Denmark.

Community of education must not be understood, however, to mean that all the members of the class are actually possessed of the same kind or of the same degree of education. This is not the case. Here, for instance, is a man who can neither read nor write. Thirty years ago he was a peasant-lad of somewhat disagreeable manners. He was a talker, and his success in business was so extraordinary that people were a little slow in putting confidence in him. He bought geese, lambs, calves, pigs, and fat cattle of the neighboring peasants, and transported them to Copenhagen, where he sold them. He gave a fair price, however, and paid promptly. He was always true to his word, even when it was sometimes a little rash; and people soon understood that he was a great convenience to them. The farmer, who formerly had some trouble in finding a buyer for his lambs and calves just when he wanted, could now send for the pig-broker, as they called him, and get money at any time. Little by little people began to like and respect the man. He was money to them. Many a peasant who formerly raised only twelve geese a year and ate them all himself, now raised, without any greater outlay of money, a hundred geese, and laid away, every fall, a snug little sum of money. It was evident that cattle-feeding and raising of lambs and calves and pigs increased, nay, doubled, in every county to which the pig-broker extended his business; and soon he was looked upon half as a blessing and half as a wonder, — the more so, as he, who could neither read nor write, and did a business of more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, was never known to make a mistake. In the mean time, the man himself grew silent, overburdened as he was with his enormous business, and the richer he grew the more modest he became. But he delighted in hearing "learned people" talk. He felt the pleasure of intercourse with educated people, and longed for it. The first door he knocked at was the clergyman's of the parish, and it so happened that the parson was a man of very refined manners, of strong literary sympathies, and the centre of the high-life of the whole neighborhood; yet he soon understood that the seat where the pig-broker sat was not empty, though the man who occupied it was very silent. The calm, gray eyes, always thoughtful, always attentive, often told more and better in a conversation than several gossiping mouths; and people of true and genuine education soon felt that, in spite of all differences, there was, in a social respect, an essential and noble sympathy between them and him. The pig-broker was received among the educated people; and if the difference between the members of this class is very great with regard to the degree of their education, it is still greater with regard to its quality. The Danes are by nature very apt to confine themselves to a specialty, and this national trait is, of course, most apparent among the educated portion of the people. I know one farmer who has a passion for

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dramatic literature. The dunghill and the stage! the combination is certainly a little singular. His library consists of over twenty thousand volumes, and gives a fair representation of what mankind has produced in this line. It contains a great number of Indian dramas, written in Sanskrit on palm-leaves, and I suppose it contains, also, a fine edition of those English plays which bear the late Mr. Robinson's name on their title-pages. It is unique in its kind, and its owner is unique too. He is a diamond edition of his own library, and talks drama always and everywhere, even on the dunghill. I know another farmer who has a passion for antiquities. In his hall great cases with glass doors stand along the walls, and a complete collection of all the stone weapons and utensils which the ancient Scandinavians used before they learned to work metals is arranged systematically on shelves, each article being provided with a label telling where the specimen was found, what it was originally used for, how it was probably made, etc. The great label to the whole collection is the farmer himself. Ask him how he enjoyed himself in Copenhagen, or how he likes his new coat, the answer will invariably end on some one of the shelves. A third has a passion for roses. He will travel many miles to see a new kind, and he will become feverish if he cannot come into possession of it, as he becomes feverish when he cannot ingraft his passion upon other people. But he generally succeeds. The whole county in which he lives has become famous for its roses. It is called the land of the roses, and the farmer tells with a certain complacency that in June he can smell the smoke of his hearth when eight miles distant. A fourth has a passion for meerschaum pipes, and falls in love with every pipe of uncommon size or form. A fifth has a passion for politics; a sixth, for mesmerism; and so on. But if any one would infer from this difference, both in the degree and in the quality of the education of the members, that there was no real community of education in the class, he would be much mistaken. In a society to which money opens the door, it is by no means necessary, in order to be admitted, that a man shall really own a certain amount of money; it is enough if he can only spend it. And in a society to which a certain education has the key, it is by no means necessary, in order to be admitted, that a man should actually possess this education; it is enough if he only respects it. In the class of the Danish nation called the educated people there are certain general ideas regarding the moral, intellectual, and social acquirements which make an educated man; and every one who understands these ideas and respects them is admitted into the society of the class, — which is certainly proper, as he has truly attained the first and most essential element of the education. Of course, as it is best to do what is good and only second best to leave undone what is bad, so it is best to be an educated man; but it is next to the best to have that veneration for education which guards one from giving offence.

What, then, is the Danish idea of an educated man? I will try to draw the outlines of this idea, considered, however, only from a social point of view. One condition is that the man shall be able to express his opinions, even when the conversation assumes the character of a passionate debate, in such a manner as does not hurt anybody's feelings or make the conversation disagreeable by personal excitement. It is an intellectual duty to form opinions in perfect harmony with our individuality on all subjects which concern us; and it is a moral duty to adhere to those opinions, to defend them to the utmost of our ability, to assert them with the whole strength of our personality. But in fulfilling this duty there may sometimes be shown an indifference to authority and politeness which in Denmark is never mistaken for true independence of opinions, and conviction

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of character. It is simply considered as stupidity and roughness, and he who has once or twice displayed this sort of independence will hardly have occasion to do it the third time. Another condition is that the man shall be able to make certain differences in his behavior towards other persons; that he shall be able, so to speak, to shade his manners into perfect harmony with the circumstances. It is demanded of a man of consummate education that he shall have a different shade of manners for the prime-minister of the country and the tax-gatherer of the village, for the head of the Danish Church and the schoolmaster of Asmindrup, for H. C. Andersen and the printer's boy who brings the proofs of his tales. Perfect education enables a man to value correctly each number in the long scale, from the eminent merits which confer great benefit on a whole nation to the drowsy drudgery which plods along towards its bread and butter; and it ought also to enable him to show this valuation honestly and gracefully. There is a levelling and equalizing plainness of manners which in Denmark is never mistaken for true manhood, but is simply considered and treated as impertinent arrogance. Persons before whose eyes all differences vanish into insignificance are, in good company in Denmark, always surrounded and generally checked by a very significant silence. A third condition is that the man shall possess a certain amount of knowledge; that is to say, that his consciousness shall be widened so far beyond the spot of existence which denotes his own personal life, that on all sides it meets the infinite. Among educated people some have an eminently wide mental horizon, others a comparatively narrow one; but it is always a token of perfect education when the consciousness at no point is pained or dulled by the barriers which ignorance and self-conceit raise around it. As the sailor feels at home on the vast plains of the ocean, and understands the changing expression in the face of the sea long before the passenger detects any change at all, the educated man must feel at home in the vast realms of human civilization, and understand whither the main streams come and whence they are going. Or, to go a little into details, according to the Danish idea of an educated man, he must have in his mind a picture of life in the ancient republics, under the feudalism of the Middle Ages, and in the democracy of modern times; and this picture must, in some of its details, be painted in full, giving clear and well-defined notions of the tendencies, religious or moral, scientific or artistic, political or social, which have been acting in different periods, or are acting in the present. Or, to go still more into details, a girl who had never heard the names of Socrates and Columbus; who had no idea of the difference between a picture of the Italian school and one of the Dutch school; who thought that Romeo and Juliet and The School for Scandal were written in France, or by the same author, or in the same century; who believed that Goethe wrote the libretto of the opera which Gounod composed, — would give pain in a Danish company, and nobody would know what to do with her. It is always supposed that the great peaks of civilization must have been visible to her from the hearth of her home, and it is always expected that she has been taught to look at them and to love them.

Where this ideal of education is generally acknowledged and striven for, life among educated people cannot fail to have both richness and sweetness. And these it has in Denmark. When on a winter evening the lamp is lit, and the ladies of the house gather round the table, one mending stockings and another mending laces, one reading the newest book and another making artificial flowers, one embroidering a smoking-cap for her brother and another making him six new shirts, the scene has a peculiar charm, like that of a breeze sweeping over a rose-bush, or that of a note struck on a well-tempered instrument. Although the same per-

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sons find each other at the same place every evening through many years, there is no monotony in their intercourse. Their intellects are conversant with a multitude of different interests, their minds stored with a multitude of different ideas. Even the smallest incident awakens a long train of new and interesting associations. The conversation is carried on with an almost French volubility of tongue; and although neither Shakespeare nor Goethe is named or thought of during the whole evening, yet they seem not to be absent. Even the slightest remarks have, like summer clouds at sunset, a golden tinge, which shows that the person has been touched and is attracted by ideas far beyond the actual reach of his own personal life. Once or twice a week this uniformity may be enlivened by the presence of company, for the Danes are exceedingly fond of social intercourse. The hall-doors are thrown open and many lamps are lit. The diamond edition opens and tells how the play, which some of the company are going to give next week at an amateur performance for the benefit of a poor widow, originated on the sunny plains of Castile as a great romantic drama, brilliant, luxurious, and overwhelming to a Northern imagination; how it then wandered through every town in France, until, worn out and torn to pieces, it arrived at Paris, where some rags of it were dressed up as a burlesque; how this burlesque set out on a journey through Germany, where it was patched over with sentimentality, until, at last, the Danish Mr. Robertson laid hold of it, and redressed it after his own taste. The great label explains that his collection gives ample evidence of the manner in which Scandinavia was peopled by the Gothic immigration. The parson advances another theory. Maps are unfolded, peculiarities of dialects searched, other documents examined, weighed pro and contra and the explanation of the great label is found to be correct. The pig-broker, who seems to be a great friend of the young ladies, is seated among a cluster of beauties, and gives a half-humorous, half-awkward description of the latest fashion in the metropolis, — a woolsack on the back of the neck, and a half-pint pitcher on the top of the skull, which description never fails to excite immense laughter. The supper is served by the young ladies, even in families where footmen are in attendance, and it is served through all the rooms. A napkin, a plate, a fork, and a glass are passed to each person wherever he happens to stand or sit, and so are the dishes, the dessert, the wine, and the punch. After supper there is singing, a little dancing, and a little smoking, until the carriages drive up before the door, and the whole company, amid preparations for the long drive through the frosty night, breaks up in the most amusing confusion. When they are wrapped up in their furs and shawls, the husband does not know his wife, and the mother can hardly recognize her children. The general cry of "Good night, come soon and see us!" is every moment pierced by the still louder cry after Lise and Peter; and while Peter is sure that he has conducted Lise safely to the carriage, Lise is strolling about through all the rooms in search of Peter.

During the summer people do not visit each other much at their homes. They meet in the groves, where large and elegant pavilions are built for the purpose. Here the supper is served under boughs hung with colored lamps, while a tolerably good orchestra is playing. In places, however, where no pavilion has been built, the scene is always more pleasant and more romantic. Where the forest opens on the sea, a great fire is made close by the strand, — a huge beacon, whose long flames leap high in the air, painting the waves with gold and the trees with bronze, and sending up towards the sky a column of gilded smoke. Here the families spread their suppers around the beacon, with the waves for orchestra and the sky for a pavilion, and soon the whole air rings with songs and laughter.

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This ideal of education and these manners of life, which, as above mentioned, have here been sketched from a social point of view only, are open to much criticism, as the Danes themselves know very well. During the last thirty years changes have taken place, both in the position of the Danes as a nation and in their organization as a state, which demand corresponding changes in their ideal of education. During the last generation the German people, with Prussia and Austria at its head, has pounced upon them twice, and bloody wars have ensued. The true cause of these wars was the necessity that the German princes should supply a temporary vent for the democratic fermentation in the German people; but the reasons given publicly were so subtle that foreign diplomatists hardly understood them, and so insignificant that foreign nations could hardly be expected to take any great interest in them. From these wars the Danes learned that, in order to vindicate themselves as a nation, they must be prepared to transform their whole land at any minute from a home into a camping-ground, and that, for many years to come, every man must sleep with his weapons under his pillow, — an idea which was very foreign to the ruling education. During the same time they became a free people, andthis also led them to understand that their ideal of education was, in many respects, incomplete, and its realization, in some points, absolutely wrong. The more frequent and more intimate intercourse between the different classes of the people, especially between the peasantry and the educated class, which the free constitution brought about, made it natural that this class should exercise a great influence on the peasants. But this influence proved to be bad. That which the peasants needed was not possessed by the educated class, and what they took from it was its faults, not to say its vices. The first peasants who, under the freer constitution, entered into public life generally made a very unfavorable, even offensive impression. They were stubborn, overbearing, and seemingly insensible to arguments. They were radical as far as their egotism reached, but beyond that they were very aristocratic. They irritated by their behavior, and when the irritation subsided they were laughed at. It is stupidity, was generally said. But it was not stupidity. It was half imitation, half revenge. The educated people had not succeeded in moulding their own manners to the circumstances. They had started from a wrong basis. They were submissive to those above them, and arrogant to those beneath them; and the peasant, who now addressed them in an overbearing, almost slighting manner, simply imitated them; while at the same time he probably vented an old ill-feeling. It was evident to a close observer that that by which the peasant gave offence was just that which he had learned from the educated class; and it could be said with truth that the peasants held before the eyes of the educated class a mirror in which its vices, its faults, and its failures were mimicked in the most hideous manner.

It was for several years a serious question how to educate the peasants. They were a drowsy, sluggish race, and utterly unintelligent. "We will have rain to-morrow," the peasant would say, "the sun sets big and red." This might be all right; but if you had tried to explain to him that the sun looked bigger and redder than usual because it was seen through a dense mist, and that it was this mist which would probably gather into a cloud and give rain the next day, he would merely have looked at you with the void glance of a dog, not knowing whether you were trying to fool him or whether you really explained the mystery. Nevertheless, he gave ample evidence that he was not dull by nature, he only lacked education. He was stupid as he trudged along behind the plough; but he often showed himself a shrewd observer both of natural phenomena and of human character, and in the small business he had to transact he always exhibited con-

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siderable tact. Many of the greatest Danish merchants of this century were either peasants or the descendants by one generation from peasant stock. The pig-broker is by no means the only one among them who has shown a high degree of mercantile talent. In all sorts of exercise and games they were awkward and clumsy, and singularly afraid of trying anything new; yet they make excellent soldiers, quick in their movements, undaunted, cool, and resolute before the mouths of the cannon. They were phlegmatic almost to stupidity, nothing seemed to make any vivid impression upon them; and yet they had a very strong sympathy for animals, and for old and sick persons. I knew one who whipped his wife — literally whipped her — at least once a week; but when she was ill, he nursed her with a patience and kindness not to be surpassed; and when she fell very sick, and he was told that she must die, the cold sweat sprang from his forehead, and with many tears he asked her if there were anything he could do for her before they were separated, "for I have loved thee truly all my life through." The worst, however, was that they had no sense of honor and no self-control. When a man stole, they gave him a nickname, — for instance, Theft-Lars; and they called him so, not only when they spoke about him, but also when they addressed him, and he was none the worse for that. Nevertheless, even in these respects it seemed as if the world, and not nature, had made them so. As a rule, they were very honest, and, when trusted, perfectly reliable. Only when a vice — for instance, drunkenness — took hold of them, they were lost. They did not drink till they were tipsy, but they drank till they were dead. A peasant once made a bet that he could waltz for twenty-four hours, and it was necessary to send for the police in order to prevent him from waltzing into his grave; and peasants often made the bet of drinking twenty-four "snapses" in twenty-four seconds, standing on one leg. There was generally a wildness and impetuosity in their faults and vices which showed that there was a latent energy concealed behind their drowsiness. The important question was, how to awaken this energy and direct it into a proper channel. It was generally hoped that life, under a free constitution, in connection with a better school-education, would do this work. But both failed utterly. A compendium of Danish history, of the geography of Europe, and of some of the most striking features of the history and philosophy of nature were introduced into the schools. But, generally, the schoolmasters did not understand how to work with the new materials, and even where they did, even where seed was actually sown and planted, there came forth no fruit. How the free constitution influenced the peasants I have hinted. It seemed at the start merely to let loose what every man wished to see tied up as securely as possible. The situation grew worse instead of better. Efforts were made to influence them through their homes, but without success. A peasant's home in Denmark, twenty years ago, was very poor. His house consisted of four thatched buildings, united in a square, enclosing "the farmer's gold-mine," where the hogs dug out the treasures, and which made neither the most wholesome nor the most agreeable neighborhood. Behind the house was a garden with one or two fruit-trees, which grew wild, and one or two flowers, which nobody saw until he had trodden upon them. The dwelling itself consisted of three rooms, — the kitchen, the room, and the farther-room. The last was very seldom used; it was furnished with at least one feather-bed, sometimes three or four, which could be reached only by help of a ladder, and were hung with immense blue cotton curtains, which made each bed a separate room. Under the windows stood immense chests with brass handles, and between the windows were two or three seats. That was all. In "the room" the parents and children, and servants of both sexes lived,

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together with the poultry, the sick lamb, and the pet pig. In this room one generation ate, drank, and amused itself, while another was born, and a third died; and, to make the picture more impressive, I will add that the window-sashes were nailed to the frames, so that the windows could never be opened. In this home the peasant rested after the day's drudgery, and with this home his amusements corresponded. A burial was one of his best pleasures. When a man died the whole neighborhood gathered together in the house of mourning early in the morning on the day of the burial, men and women eating, drinking, and feasting round the corpse: I have seen them play cards on the top of the coffin! Of course, it was not difficult for the clergy to make such roughnesses vanish; but though in the course of a few years the male servants were moved to a room in another building, though a separate sleeping-room was built for the parents, though the floor was laid with wood instead of clay, and though the windows were sometimes opened, yet the change which took place in the peasant's home-life was really only a change from roughness to vanity. The prospect was sad, nay, it was even dangerous; for the peasantry formed the most numerous class of the people, and, consequently, within a short time they would constitute the majority in the legislation.

Then came the revival, — that astonishing change which, in less than a year, made the slow, sullen peasant-lad a quick, enterprising man, communicative, eager to learn, and acting from the most liberal and generous impulses; that powerful change which within two or three generations will make the peasantry the kernel of the Danish people, and will alter the whole ideal of education by placing it on a much broader basis; that blessed change which will produce the future of Denmark, if any future she has, by showing to the world — what the world at present is somewhat liable to forget — that small nations may have a right to live because civilization may find offices for them which the great nations are unable to fill. That final perfection which art has never attained since the days of Greece, whence did it come? It came from the uniformity of the public which art addressed, from the happy circumstance that, in the Greek societies, all citizens stood on the same basis of education, with no other difference than that of degree and specialty. It was the popular unity in all essential ideas upon which life was based which gave their art its wonderful ripeness and consistency. In societies where there are forced together such discrepancies as the monk torturing himself in his cell and the knight gluttonizing in his hall, art will never reach far beyond the sickly affectation of a coterie. And not only art, but science and business, and every sphere in which human life develops, demand a certain uniformity among the different classes in society. But at present this uniformity is attainable by small nations only; and for this reason I hope that the Danes still have a future before them.

This revolution, or rather revival, is due to one man, Nicolas Frederik Severin Grundtvig. He was a bishop, and was about ninety years old when he died, a few months ago; but although drooping, with a feeble gait and weak eyes, he still rendered the impression of a mighty personality, even upon strangers who could not see the halo which his grand life and many men's hopes have set round his head. His life was one continual battle; but not so much against external adversaries; for, although every second line in his writings is polemical, his polemics are not especially noteworthy. His genius had no power of destruction. The ground on which he built was cleared and prepared by History herself, not by him. But he had to struggle against the impetuosity and turbulence of his own mind. As early as 1805 he wrote out and published the ideas of popular education which, half a century after, when put in practice, brought a new bloom upon

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the country. But on their first appearance these ideas were very little heeded, not only because the soil was not yet prepared for them, but also because they were obscure in themselves. And so were all his ideas when they first appeared. His obscurity is not that which characterizes Tauler and Jacob Böhme. They retreated into obscurity, into the obscurity of the infinite; their minds found rest in the romantic twilight of a pious mysticism; he struggled out from obscurity, from the obscurity of a passionate, effervescent mind, towards the simple clearness of practical life, and he succeeded. His old age was an unclouded, majestic sunset. In the earlier days of his life the variety of his gifts seems to have distracted and impeded him not a little, though later on this many-sidedness proved to be the very condition for fulfilling the mission which was given him. He was a great linguist, a scholar not only in Latin and Greek, but also in Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon. His edition of Bjoeoulf's Drapa has made his name celebrated among English scholars. He is a great historian. In spite of a number of whimsical ideas which they propound, his two great works, — the Myths of the North, and the World's Chronicle — rank among the first in Danish literature on account of the broad and elevated views they contain. His judgments of characters and tendencies and his prophecies as to the practical consequences of certain incidents, were very much laughed at when his World's Chronicle first appeared; but they proved true. He was a great poet. He wrote a grand drama giving a picture of the struggle between Christianity and the Scandinavian heathenism. It was written at that period when Goethe's Faust and Tieck's dramas had loosened and almost dissolved the dramatic form. It lacks unity and concentration; but it has one quality in common with the greatest poetry, — it grows upon the reader, and becomes more and more interesting after every perusal. Besides this drama, he wrote a great number of ballads and hymns; and, as a poet, he is best known to his countrymen by these minor poems. They are very different in character, though they are equally excellent. His ballads breathe a passionate patriotism, and in some of them, for instance, in one called Niels Ebbeson, in which he mastered the Danish language as seldom had a language been mastered before, the passion is heightened to an almost overwhelming degree of excitement. His hymns, on the contrary, give the sweetest expressions of a mind's repose, of a soul's rest in faith and hope; and they show that, through the long and hard struggle of his life, one thing, at least, was always settled and sure.

It was, however, neither as a linguist, nor as an historian, nor as a poet that Grundtvig became the reformer of the Danish civilization. It was as a theologian and as a clergyman. Of course it could not be otherwise; no power but religion can straighten a soul distorted by vicious passions; no power but religion can awaken a soul dulled by thraldom. The rule is the same for nations as for individuals. Nothing but religion can save a nation when bad habits and bad passions have brought it to ruin; nothing but religion can lift a nation when it begins to sink by its dead weight to the bottom of civilization. Good schools and a free constitution are great influences in the life of a people, if they work on a foundation of religious feeling; if not, they are null and void. They can make a man swell, but they cannot make him grow.

In Denmark two different forms or conceptions of Christianity — the rational and the speculative — followed one after the other in this century, both originating from a similar movement in the German philosophy, and both equally barren and useless in practical life. They both agree in considering the Bible, not only as the *regula fidei*, but as the only source of true Christian knowledge; but while the former interprets the contents of the Bible till it

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becomes consonant with human reason, the latter mythifies the contents of the modern consciousness till it becomes consonant with the Bible. But in both cases religious life is made an intellectual process entirely indifferent to the wants of the volition, — a discussion between science and revelation entirely indifferent to the demands of practical life. What did the peasant care whether reason found a natural explanation of the miracles of Christ, or whether a higher speculation saw fit to dispense with the laws of nature? He slept, and was about to lose his soul in the heavy dreams of his sleep. Then came Grundtvig. His first thesis is that the Bible is a book like all other books, — infinitely better because it teaches us how to save our souls, but still a book only, which, like all other books, demands to be read in and with a certain spirit, in order to be understood. His second thesis is that the way into Christianity is, consequently, not through the Bible, which demands that you shall be a Christian before you can read it, but through baptism. In baptism you make a contract with God; you promise to believe in the creed in which you are baptized, and to act up to your faith; and God promises that he will save your soul for the kingdom of his glory if you redeem your words. I cannot here undertake either to explain to the reader the great consequences involved in these theses, or to give any idea of the immense learning, linguistical, historical, and philosophical, which Grundtvig and his disciples have brought to bear on the argumentation of them. But I hope that one thing is evident, namely, that Christianity by these theses is transformed from an intellectual process into an act of the will, from a discussion into actual life; and this transformation was all that was needed. Its effects were wonderful.

During his long life Grundtvig made a great number of disciples. Indeed, to make disciples able to propagate and develop his ideas was the proper work of his own personal life. Many of these were theologians, and rose, little by little, to the highest dignities in the Danish Church and at the Danish University. Others occupied very different positions in society. The queen and the old maids in the hospital where he was chaplain, some merchants, some noblemen, some peasants, and a considerable number of mechanics gathered every Sunday in his church. In spite of their very different social circumstances and very different education, all these people looked very much alike. A strong hue of religion and as strong a hue of nationalism characterized their every word and action. They danced, went to the theatres, played cards, drank wine, and enjoyed life as freely as other people; but the manner in which they did all these things was new. They carried religion with them everywhere, not in the form of a prayer-book, but in the form of a certain innocence and frankness which ennobled the amusement, and which was heightened in effect by the unflinching indignation with which they assailed all frivolity. In their speech and writing; they laid much stress on the purity of the language. Words of genuine Danish stock, which had been supplanted by foreign importation and were now living only in the dialects of the peasantry, were drawn forth, and often gave their utterances a peculiar pith and raciness. Even the most quiet and unpretentious among them were very different from other people; and as a great mental agility and great eagerness for practical enterprise characterized most of them, it was no wonder that they very soon made a sensation. It was thought, however, that the movement would be confined within comparatively narrow limits and soon die away; and thus it excited a general surprise, when all at once the party arose and took the lead in nearly every field of civilization.

Most wonderful and most beneficial was the effect on the peasantry. Winter schools were established, where the young peasants, male and female, spent

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the winters, when there was very little to do at home on the farm. Here they learned to love their Bible and their hymn-book; their native tongue, its verses and its tales; their fatherland, its liberty and its history; and here they learned why a big and red sun indicates rain, what to do to get animals and trees to grow, how to live in order to live long and in good health. It is impossible to tell in detail what they learn and how they learn it; for there is no system either as to the materials or as to the method of instruction. This, indeed, is the invariable objection of all old fogies in Denmark against these schools, — that they have no system. But the objection is utterly unfounded. Men work either by inspiration or by system. When the inspiration is used up, the system must follow; but as long as the former is still alive, there is no need of the latter. And inspired these young teachers are who, with a full heart and two empty hands, go out in the country, hire a farther-room in a farm, and open the school. Their deeds speak for them.

It was an evening in July when I came home, after the absence of nearly a year. The village in which I was born is situated on the west side of the hills, and as I drew near the broad plain lay basking in the warm sunset. On the top of the hills the church stood, all in one blaze of splendor. The panes of the large windows in the steeple caught the beams of the setting sun, and reflected them as if a new sun was lit within the choir. Half an hour later, when the sun sank deeper, the panes of the farmhouses were illumined, and a golden belt seemed to gird the hills. On Sunday, at this hour, the peasants, male and female, used to gather around the village pond, amusing themselves as best they could. But generally the chief amusement was the arrival of the cake-pedler with his basket; for while he sold cakes to the women, he sold spiced rum and other "sweet drinks" to the men; and in the evening the place around the pond often rang with indecent talk, with brawls and uproar. The sun sank below the horizon just as I reached my birthplace. The night was perfectly still, and the great bell in the steeple lifted up its solemn booming, telling over hill and valley that night was come. There were many people assembled at the pond, but there was no noise. They stood in groups under the old willow-trees, and when the last boom of the bell died away in the night, they all burst out in a beautiful hymn. I stopped amazed. When the hymn was over, they shook hands, and bade each other "good by," and family after family walked away, each towards its home. For a little while some children's laughter was heard, then the echo of some footsteps afar off, then the shutting of a window, and then nothing. I walked over to the pond. There were seats around the old willow-trunks, and the seats were painted. The pond was set with cut stones, and behind it was erected a shooting-gallery. I was still more surprised. What did it mean? Was there to be a feast? No, the change was not for the sake of one day. The houses were whitewashed. The doors hung straight on their hinges. Trees were planted behind every house, and a smell of roses floated in the air. I sat down and looked around, dimly feeling that this change foreshadowed the future of my fatherland.

Clemens Petersen.

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BY THE SHORE OF THE RIVER.

THROUGH the gray willows the bleak winds are raving
Here on the shore, with its drift-wood and sands:
Over the river the lilies are waving,
Bathed in the sunshine of Orient lands:
Over the river, the wide, dark river
Spring-time and summer are blooming forever.

Here, all alone on the rocks, I am sitting,
Sitting, and waiting, — my comrades all gone, —
Shadows of mystery drearily flitting
Over the surf with its sorrowful moan,
Over the river, the strange, cold river.
Ah! must I wait for the Boatman forever?

Wife and children and friends were around me,
Labor and rest were as wings to my soul;
Honor and love were the laurels that crowned me;
Little I recked how the dark waters roll. —
But the deep river, the gray, misty river,
All that I lived for has taken forever!

Silently came a black boat o'er the billows;
Stealthily grated the keel on the sand;
Rustling footsteps were heard through the willows;
There the dark Boatman stood, waving his hand,
Whisp'ring, "I come, o'er the shadowy river;
She who is dearest must leave thee forever."

Suns that were brightest and skies that were bluest
Darkened and paled in the message he bore.
Year after year went the fondest, the truest,
Following that beckoning hand to the shore,
Down to the river, the cold, grim river,
Over whose waters they vanished forever.

Yet not in visions of grief have I wandered:
Still have I toiled, though my ardors have flown.
Labor is manhood; and life is but squandered
Dreaming vague dreams of the future alone.
Yet from the tides of the mystical river
Voices of spirits are whispering ever.

Lonely and old, in the dusk I am waiting,
Till the dark Boatman, with soft, muffled oar,
Glides o'er the waves, and I hear the keel grating,
See the dim, beckoning hand on the shore,
Wafting me over the welcoming river
To gardens and homes that are shining forever!

Christopher P. Cranch.

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A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

XIII.

ORDEAL.

THEY had not planned to go anywhere that day; but after church they found themselves with the loveliest afternoon of all their stay at Quebec to be passed somehow, and it was a pity to pass it indoors, the colonel said at their early dinner. They canvassed the attractions of the different drives out of town, and they decided upon that to Lorette. The Ellisons had already been there, but Mr. Arbuton had not, and it was from a dim motive of politeness towards him that Mrs. Ellison chose the excursion; though this did not prevent her wondering aloud afterward, from time to time, why she had chosen it. He was restless and absent, and answered at random when points of the debate were referred to him, but he eagerly assented to the conclusion, and was in haste to set out.

The road to Lorette is through St. John's Gate, down into the outlying meadows and rye-fields, where, crossing and recrossing the swift St. Charles, it finally rises at Lorette above the level of the citadel. It is a lonelier road than that to Montmorenci, and the scattering cottages upon it have not the well-to-do prettiness, the operatic repair of stone-built Beauport. But they are charming, nevertheless, and the people seem to be remoter from modern influences. Peasant-girls, in purple gowns and broad straw hats, and not the fashions of the year before last, now and then appeared to our acquaintance; near one ancient cottage an old man in the true habitant's red woollen cap with a long fall leaned over the bars of his gate and smoked a short pipe.

By and by they came to Jeune-Lorette, an almost ideally pretty hamlet, bordering the road on either hand with galleried and balconied little houses, from which the people bowed to them as they passed, and piously enclosing in its midst the village church and churchyard. They soon after reached Lorette itself, which they might easily have known for an Indian town by its unkempt air, and the irregular attitudes in which the shabby cabins lounged along the lanes that wandered through it, even if the Ellisons had not known it already, or if they had not been welcomed by a pomp of Indian boys and girls of all shades of darkness. The girls had bead-wrought moccasins and work-bags to sell, and the boys bore bows and arrows, and burst into loud cries of "Shoot! shoot! grand shoot! Put-up-pennies! shoot-the-pennies! Grand shoot!" When they recognized the colonel, as they did after the party had dismounted in front of the church, they renewed these cries with greater vehemence.

"Now, Richard," implored his wife, "you 're *not* going to let those little pests go through all that shooting performance again?"

"I must. It is expected of me whenever I come to Lorette; and I would never be the man to neglect an ancient observance of this kind." The colonel stuck a copper into the hard sand as he spoke, and a small storm of arrows hurtled around it. Presently it flew into the air, and a fair-faced, blue-eyed boy picked it up: he won most of the succeeding coins.

"There 's an aborigine of pure blood," remarked the colonel; "his ancestors came from Normandy two hundred years ago. That 's the reason he uses the bow so much better than these coffee-colored impostors."

They went into the chapel, which stands on the site of the ancient church burnt not long ago. It is small, and it is bare and rude inside, with only the commonest ornamentation about the altar, on one side of which was the

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painted wooden statue of a nun, on the other that of a priest, — slight enough commemoration of those who had suffered so much for the hopeless race that lingers and wastes at Lorette in incurable squalor and wildness. They are Christians after their fashion, this poor remnant of the mighty Huron nation converted by the Jesuits and crushed by the Iroquois in the far-western wilderness; but whatever they are at heart, they are still savage in countenance, and these boys had faces of wolves and foxes. They followed their visitors into the church, where there was only an old woman praying to a picture, beneath which hung a votive hand and foot, and a few young Huron suppliants with very sleek hair, whose wandering devotions seemed directed now at the strangers, and now at the wooden effigy of the House of St. Ann borne by two gilt angels above the high-altar. There was no service, and the visitors soon quitted the chapel amid the clamors of the boys outside. Some young girls, in the dress of our period, were promenading up and down the road with their arms about each other and their eyes alert for the effect upon spectators.

From one of the village lanes came swaggering towards the visitors a figure of aggressive fashion, — a very buckish young fellow, with a heavy black mustache and black eyes, who wore a jaunty round hat, blue checked trousers, a white vest, and a morning-coat of blue diagonals, buttoned across his breast; in his hand he swung a light cane.

"That is the son of the chief, Paul Picot," whispered the driver.

"Excuse me," said the colonel, instantly; and the young gentleman nodded. "Can you tell me if we could see the chief to-day?"

"O yes!" answered the notary in English, "my father is chief. You can see him"; and passed on with a somewhat supercilious air.

The colonel, in his first hours at Quebec, had bought at a bazaar of Indian wares the photograph of an Indian warrior in a splendor of factitious savage panoply. It was called "The Last of the Hurons," and the colonel now avenged himself for the curtness of M. Picot by styling him "The Next to the Last of the Hurons."

"Well," said Fanny, who had a wife's willingness to see her husband occasionally snubbed, "I don't know why you asked him. I 'm sure nobody wants to see that old chief and his wretched bead trumpery again."

"My dear," answered the colonel, "wherever Americans go, they like to be presented at court. Mr. Arbuton, here, I 've no doubt has been introduced to the crowned heads of the Old World, and longs to pay his respects to the sovereign of Lorette. Besides, I always call upon the reigning prince when I come to Lorette. The coldness of the heir-apparent shall not repel me."

The colonel led the way up the principal lane of the village. Some of the cabins were ineffectually whitewashed, but none of them were so uncleanly within as the outside prophesied. At the doors and windows sat women and young girls working moccasins; here and there stood a well-fed mother of a family with an infant Huron in her arms. They all showed the traces of white blood, as did the little ones who trooped after the strangers and demanded charity as clamorously as so many Italians; only a few faces were of a clear-dark, as if stained by walnut-juice, and it was plain that the Hurons were fading if not dying out. They responded with a queer mixture of French liveliness and savage stolidity to the colonel's jocose advances. Great, lean dogs lounged about the thresholds: they and the women and children were alone visible; there were no men. None of the houses were fenced, save the chief's; this stood behind a neat grass-plot, across which, at the moment our travellers came up, two youngish women were trailing in long morning-gowns and eye-glasses. The chief's house was a handsome cottage, papered and carpeted, with a huge stove in the parlor, where also stood a table ex-

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posing the bead trumpery of Mrs. Ellison's scorn. A full-bodied elderly man with quick, black eyes and a tranquil dark face stood near it; he wore a half-military coat with brass buttons, and was the chief Picot. At sight of the colonel he smiled slightly and gave his hand in welcome. Then he sold such of his wares as the colonel wanted, rather discouraging than inviting purchase. He talked, upon some urgency, of his people, who, he said, numbered three hundred, and were a few of them farmers, but were mostly hunters, and, in the service of the officers of the garrison, spent the winter in the chase. He spoke fair English, but reluctantly, and he seemed glad to have his guests go, who were, indeed, all willing enough to leave him.

Mr. Arbuton especially was willing, for he had been longing to find himself alone with Kitty, of which he saw no hope while the idling about the village lasted.

The colonel bought an insane watch-pocket for *une dolleur* from a pretty little girl as they returned through the village; but he forbade the boys any more archery at his expense, with "Pas de grand shoot, *now*, mes enfans! — Friends," he added to his own party, "we have the Falls of Lorette and the better part of the afternoon still before us; how shall we employ them?"

Mrs. Ellison and Kitty did not know, and Mr. Arbuton did not know, as they sauntered down past the chapel, to the stone mill that feeds its industry from the beauty of the fall. The cascade, with two or three successive leaps above the road, plunges headlong down a steep, crescent-shaped slope, and hides its foamy whiteness in the dark-foliaged ravine below. It is a wonder of graceful motion, of iridescent lights and delicious shadows; a shape of loveliness that seems instinct with a conscious life. Its beauty, like that of all natural marvels on our continent, is on a generous scale; and now the spectators, after viewing it from the mill, passed, for a different prospect of it, to the other shore, and there the colonel and Fanny wandered a little farther down the glen, leaving Kitty with Mr. Arbuton. The affair between them was in such a puzzling phase that there was as much reason for as against this; nobody could do anything, not even openly recognize it. Besides, it was somehow very interesting to Kitty to be there alone with him, and she thought that if all were well, and he and she were really engaged, the sense of recent betrothal could be nowhere else half so sweet as in that wild and lovely place. She began to imagine a bliss so divine that it would have been strange if she had not begun to desire it; and it was with a half-reluctant, half-acquiescent thrill that she suffered him to touch upon what was first in both their minds.

"I thought you had agreed not to talk of that again for the present," she feebly protested.

"No; I was not forbidden to tell you I loved you; I only consented to wait for my answer; but now I shall break my promise. I cannot wait. I think the conditions you make dishonor me," said Mr. Arbuton, with an impetuosity that fascinated her.

"O, how can you say such a thing as that?" she asked, liking him for his resentment of conditions that he found humiliating, while her heart leaped remorseful to her lips for having imposed them. "You know very well why I wanted to delay; and you know that — that — if — I had done anything to wound you, I never could forgive myself."

"But you doubted me, all the same," he rejoined.

"Did I? I thought it was myself that I doubted." She was stricken with sudden misgiving as to what had seemed so well; her words tended rapidly she could not tell whither.

"But why do you doubt yourself?"

"I — I don't know."

"No," he said bitterly, "for it's really me that you doubt. I can't understand what you have seen in me that makes you believe anything could change me towards you," he added

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with a kind of humbleness that touched her. "I could have borne to think that I was not worthy of you."

"Not worthy of me! I never dreamed of such a thing."

"But to have you suspect me of such meanness —"

"O Mr. Arbuton!"

— "As you hinted yesterday, is a disgrace that I ought not to bear. I have thought of it all night; and I must have my answer now, whatever it is."

She did not speak; for every word that she had uttered had only served to close escape behind her. She did not know what to do; she looked up at him for help. He said, with an accent of meekness pathetic from him, "Why must you still doubt me?"

"I don't," she scarcely more than breathed.

"Then you are mine, now, without waiting, and forever!" he cried; and caught her to him in a swift embrace.

She only said, "Oh!" in a tone of gentle reproach, yet clung to him a helpless moment as for rescue from himself. She looked at him in blank pallor, striving to realize the tender violence in which his pulses wildly exulted; then a burning flush dyed her face, and tears came into her eyes. "O, I hope you 'll never be sorry," she said; and then, "Do let us go," for she had no distinct desire save for movement, for escape from that place.

Her heart had been surprised, she hardly knew how; but at his kiss a novel tenderness had leaped to life in it. She suffered him to put her hand upon his arm, and then she began to feel a strange pride in his being tall and handsome, and hers. But she kept thinking as they walked, "I hope he 'll never be sorry," and she said it again, half in jest. He pressed her hand against his heart, and met her look with one of protest and reassurance, that presently melted into something sweeter yet. He said, "What beautiful eyes you have. I noticed the long lashes when I saw you on the Saguenay boat, and I could n't get away from them."

"O please don't speak of that dreadful time!" cried Kitty.

"No? Why not?"

"O because! I think it was such a bold kind of accident my taking your arm by mistake; and the whole next day has always been a perfect horror to me."

He looked at her in questioning amaze.

"I think I was very pert with you all day, — and I don't think I 'm pert naturally, — taking you up about the landscape, and twitting you about the Saguenay scenery and legends, you know. But I thought you were trying to put me down, — you are rather down-putting at times, — and I admired you, and I could n't bear it."

"Oh!" said Mr. Arbuton. He dimly recollected, as if it had been in some former state of existence, that there were things he had not approved in Kitty that day, but now he met her penitence with a smile and another pressure of the hand. "Well then," he said, "if you don't like to recall that time, let 's go back of it to the day I met you on Goat Island Bridge at Niagara."

"O, did you see *me* there? I thought you did n't; but *I* saw *you*. You had on a blue cravat," she answered; and he returned, with as much the air of coherency as if really continuing the same train of thought, "You won't think it necessary to visit Boston, now, I suppose," and he smiled triumphantly upon her. "I fancy that I have now a better right to introduce you there than your South End friends."

Kitty smiled, too. "I 'm willing to wait. But don't you think you ought to see Eriecreek before you promise too solemnly? I can't allow that there 's anything serious till you 've seen me at home."

They had been going, for no reason that they knew, back to the country inn near which you purchase admittance to a certain view of the falls, and now they sat down on the piazza, somewhat apart from other people who were there, as Mr. Arbuton said, "O,

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I shall visit Eriecreek, soon enough. But I shall not come to put myself or you to the proof. I don't ask to see you at home before claiming you forever."

Kitty murmured, "Ah! you are more generous than I was."

"I doubt it."

"O yes, you are. But I wonder if you 'll be able to find Eriecreek."

"Is it on the map?"

"It 's on the county map; and so is Uncle Jack's lot on it, and a picture of his house, for that matter. They 'll all be standing on the piazza — something like this one — when you come up. You 'll know Uncle Jack by his big gray beard, and his bushy eyebrows, and his boots which he won't have blacked, and his Leghorn hat which we can't get him to change. The girls will be there with him, — Virginia all red and heated with having got supper for you, and Rachel with the family mending in her hand, — and they 'll both come running down the walk to welcome you. How will you like it?"

Mr. Arbuton suspected the gross caricature of this picture, and smiled securely at it. "I shall like it well enough," he said, "if you run down with them. Where shall you be?"

"I forgot. I shall be up stairs in my room, peeping through the window-blinds, to see how you take it. Then I shall come down, and receive you with dignity in the parlor, but after supper you 'll have to excuse me while I help with the dishes. Uncle Jack will talk to you. He 'll talk to you about Boston. He 's much fonder of Boston than you are, even." And here Kitty broke off with a laugh, thinking what a very different Boston her Uncle Jack's was from Mr. Arbuton's, and maliciously diverted with what she conceived of their mutual bewilderment in trying to get some common stand-point. He had risen from his chair, and was now standing a few paces from her, looking toward the fall, as if by looking he might delay the coming of the colonel and Fanny.

She checked her merriment a moment to take note of two ladies who were coming up the path towards the porch where she was sitting. Mr. Arbuton did not see them. The ladies mounted the steps, and turned slowly and languidly to survey the company. But at sight of Mr. Arbuton, one of them advanced directly toward him with exclamations of surprise and pleasure, and he, with a stupefied face and a mechanical movement, turned to meet her.

She was a lady of more than middle age, dressed with certain personal audacities of color and shape rather than overdressed, and she thrust forward, in expression of her amazement, a very small hand, wonderfully well gloved; her manner was full of the anxiety of a woman who had fought hard for a high place in society, and yet suggested a latent hatred of people who, in yielding to her, had made success bitter and humiliating.

Her companion was a young and very handsome girl, exquisitely dressed, and just so far within the fashion as to show her already a mistress of style. But it was not the vivid New York stylishness. A peculiar restraint of line, an effect of lady-like concession to the ruling mode, a temperance of ornament, marked the whole array, and stamped it with the unmistakable character of Boston. Her clear tints of lip and cheek and eye were incomparable; her blond hair gave weight to the poise of her delicate head by its rich and decent masses. She had a look of independent innocence, an angelic expression of extremely nice young fellow blending with a subtle maidenly charm. She indicated her surprise at seeing Mr. Arbuton by pressing the point of her sun-umbrella somewhat nervously upon the floor, and blushing a very little. Then she gave him her hand with friendly frankness, and smiled dazzlingly upon him, while the elder hailed him with effusive assertion of familiar acquaintance, heaping him with greetings and flatteries and cries of pleasure.

"O dear!" sighed Kitty, "these are

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old friends of his; and will I have to know them? Perhaps it 's best to begin at once, though," she thought.

But he made no movement toward her where she sat. The ladies began to walk up and down, and he with them. As they passed her, he did not seem to see her.

The ladies said they were waiting for their carriage, which they had left at a certain point when they went to look at the fall, and had ordered to take them up at the inn. They talked about people and things that Kitty had never heard of.

"Have you seen the Trailings since you left Newport?" asked the elder woman.

"No," said Mr. Arbuton.

"Perhaps you 'll be surprised then — or perhaps you won't — to hear that we parted with them on the top of Mount Washington, Thursday. And the Mayflowers are at the Glen House. The mountains are horribly full. But what are you to do? Now the Continent" — she spoke as if the English Channel divided it from us — "is so common, you can't run over there any more."

Whenever they walked towards Kitty, this woman, whose quick eye had detected Mr. Arbuton at her side as she came up to the inn, bent upon the young girl's face a stare of insolent curiosity, yet with a front of such impassive coldness that to another she might not have seemed aware of her presence. Kitty shuddered at the thought of being made acquainted with her; then she remembered, "Why, how stupid I am! Of course a gentleman can't introduce ladies; and the only thing for him to do is to excuse himself to them as soon as he can without rudeness, and come back to me." But none the less she felt helpless and deserted. Though ordinarily so brave, she was so beaten down by that look, that for a glance of not unkindly interest that the young lady gave her she was abjectly grateful. She admired her, and fancied that she could easily be friends with such a girl as that, if they met fairly. She wondered that she should be there with that other, not knowing that society cannot really make distinctions between fine and coarse, and could not have given her a reason for their association.

Still the three walked up and down before Kitty, and still she made his peace with herself, thinking, "He is embarrassed; he can't come to me at once; but he will, of course."

The elder of his companions talked on in her loud voice of this thing and that, of her summer, and of the people she had met, and of their places and yachts and horses, and all the splendors of their keeping, — talk which Kitty's aching sense sometimes caught by fragments, and sometimes in full. The lady used a slang of deprecation and apology for having come to such a queer resort as Quebec, and raised her brows when Mr. Arbuton reluctantly owned how long he had been there.

"Ah, ah!" she said briskly, bringing the group to a standstill, while she spoke, "one does n't stay in a slow Canadian city a whole month for love of the *place*. Come, Mr. Arbuton, is she English or French?"

Kitty's heart beat thickly, and she whispered to herself, "O, now! — now surely he *must* do something."

"Or perhaps," continued his tormentor, "she 's some fair fellow-wanderer in these Canadian wilds, — some pretty companion of voyage."

Mr. Arbuton gave a kind of start at this, like one thrilled for an instant with a sublime impulse. He cast a quick, stealthy look at Kitty, and then as suddenly withdrew his glance. What had happened to her who was usually dressed so prettily? Alas! true to her resolution, Kitty had again refused Fanny's dresses that morning, and had faithfully put on her own travelling-suit, — the suit which Rachel had made her, and which had seemed so very well at Eriecreek that they had called Uncle Jack in to admire it when it was tried on. Now she knew that it looked countrified, and its unstylishness struck in upon her, and made her

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feel countrified in soul. "Yes," she owned, as she met Mr. Arbuton's glance, "I 'm nothing but an awkward milkmaid beside that young lady." This was unjust to herself; but truly it was never in her present figure that he had intended to show her to his world, which he had been sincere enough in contemning for her sake while away from it. Confronted with good society in these ladies, its delegates, he doubtless felt, as never before, the vastness of his self-sacrifice, the difficulty of his enterprise, and it would not have been so strange if just then she should have appeared to him through the hard, cold vision of the best people instead of that which love had illumined. She saw whatever purpose toward herself was in his eyes flicker and die out as they fell from hers. Then she sat alone while they three walked up and down, up and down, and the skirts of the ladies brushed her garments in passing.

"O, where can Dick and Fanny be?" she silently bemoaned herself, "and why don't they come and save me from these dreadful people?"

She sat in a stony quiet while they talked on, she thought, forever. Their voices sounded in her ears like voices heard in a dream, their laughter had a nightmare cruelty. Yet she was resolved to be just to Mr. Arbuton; she was determined not meanly to condemn him; she confessed to herself, with a glimmer of her wonted humor, that her dress must be an ordeal of peculiar anguish to him, and she half blamed herself for her conscientiousness in wearing it. If she had conceived of any such chance as this, she would perhaps, she thought, have worn Fanny's grenadine.

She glanced again at the group which was now receding from her. "Ah!" the elder of the ladies said, again halting the others midway of the piazza's length, "there 's the carriage at last! But what is that stupid animal stopping for? O, I suppose he did n't understand, and expects to take us up at the bridge! Provoking! But it 's no use; we may as well go to him at once; it 's plain he is n't coming to us. Mr. Arbuton, will you see us on board?"

"Who — I? Yes, certainly," he answered absently, and for the second time he cast a furtive look at Kitty, who had half started to her feet in expectation of his coming to her before he went, — a look of appeal, or deprecation, or reassurance, as she chose to interpret it, but, after all, a look only.

She sank back in blank rejection of his look, and so remained motionless as he led the way from the porch with a quick and anxious step. Since those people came he had not openly recognized her presence, and now he had left her without a word. She could not believe what she could not but divine, and she was powerless to stir as the three moved down the road towards the carriage. Then she felt the tears spring to her eyes; she flung down her veil, and, swept on by a storm of grief and pride and pain, she hurried, ran, towards the grounds about the falls. She thrust aside the boy who took money at the gate. "I have no money," she said fiercely; "I 'm going to look for my friends; they 're in here."

But Dick and Fanny were not to be seen. Instead, as she fluttered wildly about in search of them, she beheld Mr. Arbuton, who had missed her on his return to the inn, coming with a frightened face to look for her. She had hoped somehow never to see him again in the world; but since it was to be, she stood still and waited his approach in a strange composure; while he drew nearer, thinking how yesterday he had silenced her prophetic doubt of him: "I have one answer to all this; I love you." Her faltering words, verified so fatally soon, recalled themselves to him with intolerable accusation. And what should he say now? If possibly, — if by some miracle, — she might not have seen what he feared she must! One glance that he dared give her taught him better; and while she waited for him to speak,

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he could not lure any of the phrases, of which the air seemed full, to serve him.

"I wonder you came back to me," she said after an eternal moment.

"Came back?" he echoed, vacantly.

"You seemed to have forgotten my existence!"

Of course the whole wrong, if any wrong had been done to her, was tacit, and much might be said to prove that she felt needlessly aggrieved, and that he could not have acted otherwise than as he did; she herself had owned that it must be an embarrassing position to him.

"Why, what have I done?" he began, "what makes you think .... For heaven's sake listen to me!" he cried; and then, while she turned a mute, attentive face to him, he stood silent as before, like one who has lost his thought, and strives to recall what he was going to say. "What sense,— what use," he resumed at last, as if continuing the course of some previous argument, "would there have been in making a display of our acquaintance before them? I did not suppose at first that they saw us together." .... But here he broke off, and, indeed, his explanation had but a mean effect when put into words. "I did not expect them to stay. I thought they would go away every moment; and then at last it was too late to manage the affair without seeming to force it." This was better; and he paused again for some sign of acquiescence from Kitty, and caught her eye fixed on his face in what seemed contemptuous wonder. His own eyes fell, and ran uneasily over her dress before he lifted them and began once more, as if freshly inspired: "I could have wished you to be known to my friends with every advantage on your side," and this had such a magnanimous sound that he took courage; "and you ought to have had faith enough in me to believe that I never could have meant you a slight. If you had known more of the world,— if your social experience had been greater you would have seen .... Oh!" he cried, desperately. "Is there nothing that you have to say to me?"

"No," said Kitty, simply, but with a languid quiet, and shrinking from speech as from an added pang, "you have been telling me that you were ashamed of me in this dress before those people. But I knew that already. What do you want me to say?"

"If you give me time, I can make everything clear to you."

"But now you don't deny it."

"Deny what? I —"

But here the whole fabric of Mr. Arbuton's defence toppled to the ground. He was a man of scrupulous truth, not accustomed to deceive himself or others. He had been ashamed of her, he could not deny it, not to keep the love that now seemed dearer to him than life. He saw it with paralyzing clearness; and, as an inexorable fact that confounded quite as much as it dismayed him, he perceived that throughout that ignoble scene she had been the gentle person and he the vulgar one. How could it have happened with a man like him! As he looked back upon it, he seemed to have been only the helpless sport of a sinister chance.

But now he must act; it could not go so, it was too horrible a thing to let stand confessed. A hundred protests thronged to his lips, but he refused utterance to them all as worse even than silence; and so, still meaning to speak, he could not speak. He could only stand and wait, while it wrung his heart to see her trembling, grieving lips.

His own aspect was so lamentable that she half pitied him, half respected him for his truth's sake. "You were right; I think it won't be necessary for me to go to Boston," she said with a dim smile. "Good by. It 's all been a dreadful, dreadful mistake."

It was like him, even in that humiliation, not to have thought of losing her, not to have dreamed but that he could somehow repair his error, and she would yet willingly be his. "O no, no, no," he cried, starting forward, "don't

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say that! It can't be, it must n't be! You are angry now, but I know you 'll see it differently. Don't be so quick with me, with yourself. I will do anything, say anything, you like."

The tears stood in her eyes; but they were cruel drops. "You can't say anything that would n't make it worse. You can't undo what 's been done, and that 's only a little part of what could n't be undone. The best way is for us to part; it 's the only way."

"No, there are all the ways in the world besides! Wait — think! — I implore you not to be so — precipitate."

The unfortunate word incensed her the more; it intimated that she was ignorantly throwing too much away. "I 'm not rash now, but I was very rash half an hour ago. I shall not change my mind again. O," she cried, giving way, "it is n't what you 've done, but what you *are* and what *I* am, that 's the great trouble. I could easily forgive what 's happened,— if you asked it; but I could n't alter both our whole lives, or make myself over again, and you could n't change yourself. Perhaps you would try, and I know that I would, but it would be a wretched failure and disappointment as long as we lived. I 've learnt a great deal since I first saw those people." And in truth he felt as if the young girl whom he had been meaning to lift to a higher level than her own at his side had somehow suddenly grown beyond him, and his heart sank. "It 's foolish to try to argue such a thing, but it 's true; and you must let me go."

"I *can't* let you go," he said, in such a way that she longed at least to part kindly with him.

"You can make it hard for me," she answered, "but the end will be the same."

"I won't make it hard for you, then," he returned, after a pause, in which he grew paler, and she stood with a wan face plucking the red leaves from a low bough that stretched itself towards her.

He turned and walked away some steps; then he came suddenly back. "I wish to express my regret," he began formally, and with his old air of doing what was required of him as a gentleman, "that I should have unintentionally done anything to wound —"

"O, better not speak of *that*," interrupted Kitty with bitterness, "it 's all over now." And the final tinge of superiority in his manner made her give him a little stab of dismissal. "Good by. I see my cousins coming."

She stood and watched him walk away, the sunlight playing on his figure through the mantling leaves, till he passed out of the grove.

The cataract roared with a sevenfold tumult in her ears, and danced before her eyes. All things swam together, as in her blurred sight her cousins came wavering towards her.

"Where is Mr. Arbuton?" asked Mrs. Ellison.

Kitty threw her arms about the neck of that foolish woman, whose loving heart she could not doubt, and clung sobbing to her. "Gone," she said; and Mrs. Ellison, wise for once, asked no more.

She had the whole story that evening, without asking; and whilst she raged, she approved of Kitty, and covered her with praises and condolences.

"Why, of course, Fanny, I did n't care for *knowing* those people. What should I want to know them for? But what hurt me was that he should so postpone me to them, and ignore me before them, and leave me without a word, then, when I ought to have been everything in the world to him and first of all. I believe things came to me while I sat there, as they do to drowning people, all at once, and I saw the whole affair more distinctly than ever I did. We were too far apart in what we had been and what we believed in and respected, ever to grow really together. And if he gave me the highest position in the world, I should have only that. He never could like the people who had been good to me, and whom I loved so dearly, and he only could like me as far as he could estrange me from them.

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If he could coolly put me aside *now*, how would it be afterwards with the rest, and with me too? That's what flashed through me, and I don't believe that getting splendidly married is as good as being true to the love that came long before, and honestly living your own life out, without fear or trembling, whatever it is. So perhaps," said Kitty, with a fresh burst of tears, "you need n't condole with me so much, Fanny. Perhaps if you had seen him, you would have thought he was the one to be pitied. *I* pitied him, though he *was* so cruel. When he first turned to meet them, you 'd have thought he was a man sentenced to death, or under some dreadful spell or other; and while he was walking up and down, listening to that horrible, comical old woman, — the young lady did n't talk much, — and trying to make straight answers to her, and to look as if I did n't exist, it was the most ridiculous thing in the world."

"How queer you are, Kitty!"

"Yes; but you need n't think I did n't feel it. I seemed to be like two persons sitting there, one in agony, and one just coolly watching it. But O," she broke out again while Fanny held her closer in her arms, "how could he have done it, how could he have acted so towards me! and just after I had begun to think him so generous and noble! It seems too dreadful to be true." And with this Kitty kissed her cousin, and they had a little cry together over the trust so done to death; and Kitty dried her eyes, and bade Fanny a brave good-night, and went off to weep again, upon her pillow.

But before that, she called Fanny to her door, and, with a smile faintly breaking through the trouble of her face, she asked, "How do you suppose he got back? I never thought of it before."

"*Oh!*" cried Mrs. Ellison with profound disgust, "I hope he had to *walk* back. But I 'm afraid there were only too many chances for him to ride. I dare say he could get a calash at the hotel there."

Kitty had not spoken a word of reproach to Fanny for her part in promoting this hapless affair; and when the latter, returning to her own room, found the colonel there, she told him the story, and then began to discern that she was not without credit for Kitty's fortunate escape, as she called it.

"Yes," said the colonel, "under exactly similar circumstances she 'll know just what to expect another time, if that 's any comfort."

"It 's a *great* comfort," retorted Mrs. Ellison; "you can't find out what the world is, too soon, I can tell you; and if I had n't manœuvred a little to bring them together, Kitty might have gone off with some lingering fancy for him; and think what a misfortune that would have been!"

"Horrible."

"And now, she 'll not have a single regret for him."

"I should think not," said the colonel; and he spoke in a tone of such dejection that it went to his wife's heart more than any reproach of Kitty's could have done. "You 're all right, and nobody blames you, Fanny; but if *you* think it 's well for such a girl as Kitty to find out that a man who has had the best that the world can give, and has really some fine qualities of his own, can be such a poor devil, after all, then *I* don't. She may be the wiser for it, but you know she won't be the happier."

"O *don't*, Dick, don't speak seriously! It 's so dreadful from *you*. If you feel so about it, why don't you do something?"

"O yes, there 's a fine opening. We know, because we know ever so much more, how the case really is; but the way it seems to stand is, that Kitty could n't bear to have him show civility to his friends, and ran away, and then would n't give him a chance to explain. Besides, what could I do under any circumstances?"

"Well, Dick, of course you 're right, and I wish I could see things as clearly as you do. But I really believe Kitty 's glad to be out of it."

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"What?" thundered the colonel.

"I think Kitty 's secretly relieved to have it all over. But you need n't *stun* me."

"You *do?*" The colonel paused as if to gain force enough for a reply. But after waiting, nothing whatever came to him, and he wound up his watch.

"To be sure," added Mrs. Ellison, thoughtfully, after a pause, "she 's giving up a great deal; and she 'll probably never have such another chance as long as she lives."

"I hope she won't," said the colonel.

"O, you need n't pretend that a high position and the social advantages he could have given her are to be despised."

"No, you heartless worldling; and neither are peace of mind, and self-respect, and whole feelings, and your little joke."

"O, you — you sickly sentimentalist!"

"That 's what they used to call us in the good old abolition days," laughed the colonel; and the two being quite alone, they made their peace with a kiss, and were as happy for the moment as if they had thereby assuaged Kitty's grief and mortification.

"Besides, Fanny," continued the colonel, "though I 'm not much on religion, I believe these things are ordered."

"Don't be blasphemous, Colonel Ellison!" cried his wife, who represented the church, if not religion, in her family. "As if Providence had anything to do with love-affairs!"

"Well, I won't; but I will say that if Kitty turned her back on Mr. Arbuton and the social advantages he could give her, it 's a sign she was n't fit for them. And, poor thing, if she does n't know how much she 's lost, why, she has the less to grieve over. If she thinks she could n't be happy with a husband who would keep her snubbed and frightened after he lifted her from her lowly sphere, and would tremble whenever she met any of his own sort, of course it may be a sad mistake, but it can't be helped. She must go back to Eriecreek, and try to worry along without him. Perhaps she 'll work out her destiny some other way."

XIV.

Afterwards.

Mrs. Ellison had Kitty's whole story, and so has the reader, but for a little thing that happened next day, and which is perhaps scarcely worthy of being set down.

Mr. Arbuton's valise was sent for at night from the Hotel St. Louis, and they did not see him again. When Kitty woke next morning, a fine, cold rain was falling upon the drooping hollyhocks in the Ursulines' Garden, which seemed stricken through every leaf and flower with sudden autumn. All the forenoon the garden-paths remained empty, but under the porch by the poplars sat the slender nun and the stout nun side by side, and held each other's hands. They did not move, they did not appear to speak.

The fine, cold rain was still falling as Kitty and Fanny drove down Mountain Street toward the Railway Station, whither Dick and the baggage had preceded them; for they were going away from Quebec. Midway, their carriage was stopped by a mass of ascending vehicles, and their driver drew rein till the press was over. At the same time Kitty saw advancing up the sidewalk a figure grotesquely resembling Mr. Arbuton. It was he, but shorter, and smaller, and meaner. Then it was not he, but only a light overcoat like his covering a very common little man about whom it hung loosely, — a burlesque of Mr. Arbuton's self-respectful overcoat, or the garment itself in a state of miserable yet comical collapse.

"What is that ridiculous little wretch staring at you for, Kitty?" asked Fanny.

"I don't know," answered Kitty, absently.

The man was now smiling and gest-

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uring violently. Kitty remembered having seen him before, and then recognized the cooper who had released Mr. Arbuton from the dog in the Sault au Matelot, and to whom he had given his lacerated overcoat.

The little creature awkwardly unbuttoned the garment, and took from the breast-pocket a few letters, which he handed to Kitty, talking eagerly in French all the time.

"What *is* he doing, Kitty?"

"What is he saying, Fanny?"

"Something about a ferocious dog that was going to spring upon you, and the young gentleman being brave as a lion, and rushing forward, and saving your life." Mrs. Ellison was not a woman to let her translation lack color, even though the original wanted it.

"Make him tell it again."

When the man had done so, "Yes," sighed Kitty, "it all happened that day of the Montgomery expedition; but I never knew, before, of what he had done for me. Fanny," she cried, with a great sob, "may be I am the one who has been cruel! But what happened yesterday makes his having saved my life seem such a very little matter."

"Nothing at all!" answered Fanny, "less than nothing!" But her heart failed her.

The little cooper had bowed himself away and was climbing the hill, Mr. Arbuton's coat-skirts striking his heels as he walked.

"What letters are those?" asked Fanny.

"O, old letters to Mr. Arbuton, which he found in the pocket. I suppose he thought I would give them to him."

"But how are you going to do it?"

"I ought to send them to him," answered Kitty. Then, after a silence that lasted till they reached the boat, she handed the letters to Fanny: "Dick may send them," she said.

W. D. Howells.

THE MISSING LEAF.

BY chance, in the dusty old library foraging,
Seeking some food for my fancy, I drew
From its shelf a stout volume, entitled The Origin
And End of Creation (a sort of review
Of the Works of the Lord, by a confident critic).
"Now here should be something," I said, "that's worth saving,—
Profound, philosophical, learned, analytic,"—
Just what my insatiable soul had been craving.

I bore the rich prize to a nook by the window,
And revelled straightway in the lore of the ages,—
Chinese, Persian, Roman, Greek, Hebrew, and Hindoo,
With modern research to its ultimate stages:
All which, to what followed, was but the musician's
Light touches to see if his strings were in tune, a verse
Used by the wizard to conjure his visions:
Then opened the writer's grand scheme of the universe.

He held the round world in his hand like a watch,
With the sun and the stars for the chain and the seal;

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Showed the cases of gold and of crystal, the notch
  Where the thing was wound up, pivot, main-spring, and wheel,
And — in short, you 'd have fancied, his knowledge was such,
  He could take it to pieces and put it together,
And set it agoing again with a touch
  Of just the right oil from his erudite feather!

I read and read on, by divine curiosity
  Fired, in pursuit of one still missing page,
One leaf, to redeem this portentous verbosity,
  Then — Well, I just flung down the book in a rage;
Through the window, out into the garden I sprung,
  Put screens of red roses and jasmines between us,
And cooled my hot brow and my anger among
  The dear little illiterate pinks and verbenas.

The martins that flew to their summer-house door,
  The voluble finches their little ones feeding,
The snail with his pack on his back, taught me more
  Than all the pedantic sad stuff I 'd been reading.
The river moved by without ripple or swirl,
  The world in its bosom, a wondrous illusion!
And even the slow kitchen smoke's upward curl
  Hinted beauties beyond my great author's solution.

A spider was weaving his net by the stream;
  And in the thin gossamer's light agitation
I saw my philosopher flaunting his scheme
  Before the vast, mystical web of creation!
I watched the still swan on the water afloat,
  The sisterly birches bowed over the glass,
Their white limbs reflected, the boys in their boat,
  The colts on the bank, fetlock-deep in the grass;

I heard, over hay-fields and clover-lots wafted,
  The lowing of kine; and so cool was the kiss
Of the breeze on my temples, — the air, as I quaffed it,
  So sweet to my sense, — that mere breathing was bliss!
And I cried, "Who can say how this life has its being;
  How landscape and sky with delight overfill me;
Why sound should enchant; how these eyes have their seeing;
  How passion and rapture enkindle and thrill me?

"I prize the least pebble your science can bring,
  Or whispering shell, from the shore of life's ocean;
No word the true prophet or poet may sing,
  But deep in my heart stirs responsive emotion:
Yet who can tell aught of this afternoon glory,
  This light and this ether, this wave and this clover?

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Not a syllable lisped, of the marvellous story,
In all your nine hundred dull pages and over!

"What moulds to my likeness these limbs and these features,
This tangible form to the form hid within it?
Bright robe renewed daily and nightly by Nature's
Invisible spindles, that ceaselessly spin it,
Marble-firm fibre and milky-fine filament:
The pulse's soft shuttle mysteriously weaving
From dust and corruption a living habiliment:
Oldest of miracles, still past believing!

"And you — did you fancy that you could infold it,
And label it, fast in your tissue of fallacies?
While firm in the grasp of your reason you hold it,
It flies, it defies your most subtile analysis!
There 's something that will not be measured and weighed
And brought to the test of your last sublimation;
And this is the little mistake that you made,
That you left it quite out of your grand calculation.

"Though other than bigots have deemed, the Creator
Is not the blind physical force you believe him;
Not less, O, be sure, but unspeakably greater,
Than creeds have proclaimed, or than sages conceive him!
This sky-enclosed world was all built by his law;
Yet only from perfect foreknowledge and plan
The crystalline marvel arose without flaw,
And life through all forms circled upward to man.

"Though in their beginning all things be one essence,
Through all, over all, flows the formative Soul;
In each particle thrills the Divine Omnipresence,
As gravity binds and embraces the whole.
Of nothing comes nothing: springs rise not above
Their source in the far-hidden heart of the mountains:
Whence then have descended the Wisdom and Love
That in man leap to light in intelligent fountains?"

•

So, bathed in the sunset, I stood by the stream,
With a heart full of joy and devout adoration,
Enwrapped in my mystery, dreaming my dream,
Till my soul seemed dissolved in the Soul of Creation.
I looked, and saw wonder on wonder without,
And, looking within, beheld wonder on wonder,
And trembled between, like the swan floating out,
With one sky arched above and one sky imaged under!

J. T. Trowbridge.

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THE SUMMER'S JOURNEY OF A NATURALIST.

I. FROM MASSACHUSETTS BAY TO THE DELAWARE.

FOR many years I had looked towards the Alleghanies with great longing. There, rather than anywhere else, we may find the key to the history of our continent. There the leaves of the great stone book, which are sealed upon the plain, are upturned and opened, so that we may read that wonderful record of the first stages of the life of sea and land. The student of mountains finds there an almost unexplored field; for though that chain, in its great stretch from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, offers better opportunities for the study of those dislocating forces which have broken the earth's crust than are found in any other country, our students have given it little attention. Guyot has measured its height and described its general features, Leslie has studied its topography, and J. D. Rogers has used its evidence to support a remarkable theory of mountain building; but naturalists have not begun to anatomize these mountains, or to seek in their grand and simple outlines the general truths which may be sought in vain among the confused details of the Alps or the Himalayas. But it is not alone the interest of a naturalist or of the mere seeker for the picturesque which may well make the Alleghanies attractive ground for the traveller; he who looks with interest upon the future of the many different peoples who have settled this country will find there opportunities for the study of the most interesting questions. He will find in these mountains, with the permanence of character which mountains seem to infuse into their inhabitants, representatives of all the stocks which have been planted in our country. In the northernmost end, in the Notre Dame Mountains, dwells the purest blood of the Catholic French, who have given to its peaks the name of their patroness and the guide in their wanderings. Then come the Puritan people, a world apart, in all that makes life, from their northern neighbors. Then, in different but equal contrast, the Dutch of the Catskills and the Hudson, the great valley which separates two sections of this great chain as diverse as their peoples. South of them are the Quakers and Germans of Pennsylvania. Farther yet we come upon the pure English of Virginia; and in North Carolina the traveller may see the Gaelic blood of Scotland in more southern conditions than it has found on any other part of our continent. It is said, indeed, that you may still find Gaelic-speaking folk in the western counties of that State. Thus a journey of a thousand miles or so, through a region as picturesque as any part of Europe, though it may want the grandeur of Alps or Pyrenees, may give us as varied surroundings as any that could be found in a journey of equal length in the Old World.

But the reader must not think it possible to see all this in the common way of going. Students seeking to explore must be free to move in any direction the moment may require. There was but one way open: a journey must be made by the highway, and those who went upon it must be free to vary their course as the exigency of the time demanded. The party for whom the plans were to be made included over a dozen persons, — nine students, the writer and his family, and two servant-men. Any one who knows the character of our country inns could foresee that such a party, with the appetites which life in the open air gives, would soon be "tavern out." It was by no means pleasant to look forward to the chances of bed and board which might easily eclipse all the other satisfactions of

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the journey. It was therefore determined that our holiday should begin with a declaration of independence of the most perfect kind. We would live in tents, cook by our own fireside, and be as free as Crusoe. As our journey was to last nearly three months, this perfect freedom required a great deal of preparation. Although the men of the party expected to trust much to their legs, it was not thought prudent to have less transportation than would suffice to put the whole party on wheels and carry their necessary luggage. This required a travelling-carriage for the family, a luggage-wagon for the heavier camp-fixtures, and three lighter vehicles, such as chance and the least money brought to hand, for the younger men. Many a youth thinks, because he has walked his thirty miles or done five-and-twenty for three days on a stretch, that he can make his twenty miles as the average of a month's journey; but it is far safer as a boast than an experiment. If you walk for pleasure and for profit (other than pecuniary), don't do over ten miles a day. Otherwise your soul goes to your shoes, and you have not nervous force enough left to be keenly appreciative of that which passes around you.*

As we had to provide for our own table, it was necessary to have a cook who could do his work by an open fire. It would seem as if a nation just out of camps should abound in cooks who had learned this primitive art. But though a throng as varied as Falstaff's legion came in answer to an advertisement, — decayed gentlemen, ruffianly-looking foreigners of mixed nationality, broken-down actors, and sickly Irish boys, — not one could prove that he had ever cooked except through the medium of hot iron. It was necessary to send to Virginia for one of the race of cooks who have never unlearned the good old ways of getting fire to food. There are not many prizes in the domestic lottery in the way of cooks, yet we had good reason to be content with our lot. George —— was as worthy a fellow as ever turned a flapjack, and he fed our ravenous appetites with the most exemplary patience.

We started from Cambridge on the morning of the 22d of June. Once in our wagons and in motion, after the chafing work of final preparation, there came a sensation like that of a schoolboy when he climbs the hill which has hitherto bounded his little world. That lovely way which leads from Cambridge straight west through Waltham, now that it was the hither end of a thousand miles, seemed strangely unlike itself. Everything had something of the freshness of our own feelings. An hour's going took us past the homelike part of our road, over the six miles or so where the city shades away by interrupted grades into the country. There never seems to have been in the New-Englander that fancy for burying himself in the depths of the forest which we see in the old frontiersmen of Virginia and Kentucky. The spirit of Boone and Kenton, for whom the deep forest had an attraction as strong as that which drew the satyrs to their recesses, is not shown among this people. They have been far more social than the Virginia branch of the English stock. Every road has its strip of inhabited land beside it, and it is rare to see a house four hundred feet from the way.

The country is very beautiful; it lacks grand outlines, but it abounds in detail. The glacial period, that great night-time from which our world has

* For our shelter we carried four tents; the two largest nine feet by twelve, with the side-walls four feet high. One of these was provided with a floor of oil-cloth and a bright red woollen carpet, which served to give a look of warmth on many a rainy night and chilling mountain morning. Our beds were upon a simple plan which has proved useful on several journeys. A piece of sail-cloth three feet and a half wide is folded and sewed on the edges so as to make holes, through which stout turned rods of ash one and a half inches thick can be passed. This forms the bottom and sides of the bed. Two bits of plank a foot wide and three feet three inches long, with two holes near one border of each, three feet apart, form the head and foot. As separate pieces these pack readily, and weigh only about twenty pounds or less. When put together, they make a bed as soft as a hammock and as snug as a cradle.

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just awakened, though it did much to shear the great hills of their height, built of their ruins a surface wrought into a thousand varied forms. The mounds of gravel which make up the fields, the vast boulders, some bearing trees upon their tops, even the picturesque stone-walls, by far the most eye-satisfying things in this landscape, are due to that time. The stones which have been heaped in those walls, not so much to make boundaries as to give access to the soil, were once angular fragments, which, bedded in the mile-deep ice, have, in the chances of their long journey, been worn against each other until they have a sort of faceted roundness. Over the fences, when the orderly spirit of the owner is not too great, there grows a wealth of vines, which, with the mosses and lichens, make them the loveliest border to the way. At noon, being some nine miles on our road, we found a halting-place under some noble elms, where we could look away over the marshes of the Sudbury River and beyond to the sharp crests of Monadnock and Wachusett. The valley is broad and the river more winding than is usual with New England streams, which have something of the directness which marks all the other natural and acquired features of the land.

Our afternoon travel was through a rather monotonous country, relieved by its beautiful woods, and with pleasant distant views. We have left behind the mixed races of the city neighborhoods; all the people seem of the old New England stock, though the new look of the houses and farms makes the country seem as if it had not been settled more than a hundred years. It is interesting to notice how little curiosity is shown by the country people concerning the queer caravan we are taking over their roads; small boys are interested to determine the kind of *show*, and are somewhat puzzled by the answers; but the grown-up people scrupulously take no notice of us. We stopped at a country store to buy some chains to strengthen the baggage-wagon. We were more of a spectacle, doubtless, than had been seen there in a half-year, yet the little knot of loiterers did not come to the door, no one "guessed" or "calculated" anything about us, at least in an audible way.

In Framingham, through which our road carried us late in the afternoon, we found the first of the manufacturing villages we were to encounter. There is a painful contrast between the aspect of the country people and those one sees on the streets of a mill village late in the afternoon. The country people are sturdy-looking in their way; rather lean, not showing the effect of much good food, but free from marks of drunkenness; well to do in every way. The factory hands look like another race, and, so far as a glance would tell, much inferior in bodily condition to the countryman. A bad climate is generally worse for indoor life than for the open-air occupations. We have much to fear for the future of a race whose parentage has felt the unhappy influences of our manufactories.

After passing Framingham we began to seek a camp-ground. The conditions of a good camp are not easily found; there must be open ground for the tents, wood and water for the cook, and poles for the tents. A native of Massachusetts, who had spent half his life in tents, thought it absurd to try to find camp-grounds in this country, "where all the land was in door-yards." But we did not search far before we found a pleasant wood where there was no fence to bar us out; and after some small mishaps we gathered round our first camp-fire. Though only a few hundred feet away from some scattered houses, we were troubled by no visitors. A few people passed on the wood-road, by the side of which we had camped, but they scarcely gave us a glance. In the morning the good woman on whose land our tents were pitched gathered courage to put a few questions, and hoped we might some day come that way again.

As we get away from the coast the

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people and the face of the land both show some change. Nearly every village has drawn to it a mixture of outlandish people, and so has lost its native look; but the people who bear the native stamp are sturdier than those seen on our yesterday's journey. Except under the shadow of the manufactories, there is no sign of growth since we got away from the stimulus of the city. But there are no abandoned houses, not a trace of poverty, save where some family from Ireland have planted themselves in a once neat home and are making havoc with its proprieties. We can perceive the effects of one such household over a radius of a quarter of a mile. Such stuff will try the digestion of our New England civilization; if we can assimilate it, there is no fear of the Chinese proving fatal to the body politic. It would cheer the longest-faced Malthusian to see the scarcity of children in this country. One is at times tempted to think that the people must, like Topsy, be "born grown up." Something must be attributed to the school laws, which, enforced by the truant officers, keep all except the toddling infants off the streets during school-hours. But there are the children in arms to be accounted for. In two days we have not seen a child in its mother's arms.

A part of our day's journey was over an old stage-road; its once broad way was contracted at times by the invasion of the stronger plants from the roadside, until the wheel-tracks and the narrow paths of the horses are all that remain perfectly clear of vegetation. Here one has the perfection of travelling, — an excellent roadway, dustless and nearly noiseless, and a country wild enough to satisfy the mind wearied of too much civilization. Yet there is something sad about the look of the land. One never sees an acre gained from the forest; around the pasture-lands there is often a belt where the wood marks its gain upon the cultured tract. It is questionable whether more than one third of Massachusetts was ever at one time cleared from its forests. If things go as they are now going, there will be much less than that within the century. One industry seems to be flourishing: cattle-raising is on the gain; the few new roofs one sees are evidently for cow-sheds, and the large milk-cans by the roadside are manifestly awaiting the cheese-factory wagon. The farmers, who have evidently ceased to look to their annual crops for a support, seem to have more heart in this last work than in any other. The fact seems to be that the soil of this country has much run down by half-culture. The stones decay slowly, and cannot, like the limestone soils of Kentucky or Virginia, give new material as fast as the old is worn away by culture. Each year of the two centuries of culture has brought a certain waste, until the capital of the farmer has been consumed. It would seem as if the cheap device of the Western farmer, clearing more land, might be resorted to; but clearing land here is no easy work. When the soil is stripped of the forest, the work is but begun; there are the stones which must be buried or piled in broad fence-walls before the thin soil is reached. When this is done the clearing has cost from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre, — four or five times as much as the rich prairie soil would cost. There is one good symptom about the agriculture here: there are now and then signs that the country capitalists are taking to farming as an occupation of leisure. Such men can make new experiments without risking everything on the result of the trial, as the farmer who farms for a livelihood must do. Moreover, the man of the land may think better of his occupation when he finds that it is looked upon with favor by his richer neighbors. There are signs of the revival of the English love of land for land's sake, which has done more to keep up English agriculture than all the profit of the work. If we can only get the calculating Yankee to feel that a thousand acres pays at least three per cent interest in dignity and the imperceptible but weighty emoluments of social

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life, he will get it and value it; until then he prefers a larger profit from a shoe factory. Nothing shows better the tangential force with which the Pilgrims flew away from the old English orbit, than the absence of all desire for land and tenants; that feeling, so strong in the old stock, has been utterly absent during the two centuries of the past.

Our second camp was near Worcester, at the west end of the bridge over Long Pond. Next day we struck away from the railway into the high country in which lie the towns of Barre and New Braintree. The rise of some hundred feet above Worcester led us into a region where the old stock was purer than before. The foreign tide which sweeps into New England follows the great routes of travel and gathers on the lowlands. It is rare to find it more than four hundred feet above the sea. On this, the highest part of Massachusetts east of the Berkshire Hills, we find the people what their climate, institutions, and forefathers made them. The result is good; better, perhaps, than can be found in any equally isolated people in the world. There is a manifest improvement in the average physical condition since we passed the centre of the State, and this notwithstanding the fact that for a century the population has been drained of its youth and vigor to feed the great West. The fact that the best and the most vigorous have been selected, and the feeble left to breed, must be always kept in mind if we would get a true measure of the natural results of the influences of this region, mental, moral, and physical. The drain of people to other regions is more evident here than before; though the fields have been kept under culture, from time to time one sees deserted houses, — four or five, I should think, during the day.

Our camp was made in a pelting rainstorm, in a large pine wood of second growth, where the ground was covered with moss; digging this away, we managed to get a solid basis of dry earth, and, as our tents only leaked at one or two points, we were quite comfortable. Having got through a severe easterly storm, we felt quite sure of our equipments, and willing to look all the risks of the journey in the face. The early morning found us in the valley of Ware, near a charming stream which heads in the high land between the Connecticut and the Nashua, and falls with picturesque rapidity into the Connecticut. The many mills, with their clustered villages about them, and a new railway, gave a look of active life such as we had not seen in seventy miles. The Yankee has a remarkable appreciation of water-power; he follows the streams from the time they begin to be trout-brooks to the sea, seizing every chance to plant a mill, and get, by overshot, undershot, or turbine, a share of the solar force embodied in the stream.

Our route carried us by a shorter way than the river course to the Connecticut Valley. We came into that lovely region at Belchertown which, though separated from the river by a local uplift of trap rocks, is still in the great valley itself. The descent from the sterile uplands, its eastern boundary, into this valley, lovelier than the Hudson though not so grand, affords a wonderful contrast, reminding one of the transition from the rugged highlands of the Alps to the fertile plain of Switzerland. Our road lay through Northampton, and a *détour* of a few miles enabled us to visit Amherst College. Surely there is no school in the world so admirably placed as to the teaching power of an exquisite scenery; far enough within the valley to secure the fertility and shelter which it gives, yet sufficiently above it to obtain ample views up and down and over the broad and far-reaching vale. The college itself is one of the most satisfactory of our American institutions. Without pretending to do more than it is in the power of any institution which has neither the growth of centuries nor the strength of a kingdom for its support, it does thoroughly well the work required by the future of most of our

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American youth. The buildings are generally simple and in good taste, and the village of Amherst is in happy accord with the college to which it owes its growth; a few broad, but unpretending streets, happily free from the stupid "blocks" which degrade with civic pretence the look of many of our American villages, well-individualized dwellings, half a dozen churches, two of them really charming bits of modern Gothic, and all free from undue ostentation, make up the town.*

We left the broad terrace on which Amherst stands, and went down into the wide grain-fields which border the Connecticut River. The valley is as charming in its near as in its distant aspect. The annual floods, which spread the muddy waters of the river far and wide over the grain and tobacco fields along its banks, give an extraordinary richness to the soil, the more remarkable from the sterility of the bordering hills. To these floods we owe also the absence of fences and houses on a large part of the bottom land, — a charming feature, as the foreground of the view loses the choppiness so common to an American landscape. Over the mile-wide fields to the southward rises the rugged wall of Mount Holyoke, only a thousand feet high, but springing with such suddenness from the plain that the eye accepts it as a mountain. A gap, evidently the work of the river, though we do not see the stream, separates the serrated ridge from the more uniform outline of Mount Tom, which continues the line of hills to some twelve miles away in more massive curves. To the northward we have some noble trap-hills such as diversify the valley of the Rhine from Bingen to Cologne. There they would each have some tottering masonry to top them, — robber castles or ruined windmills alike serving to hang some romance upon; in default of these we may admire the stately trees which crown them, and are, in their way, a nobler capping than the crumbling den of any mediæval toll-gatherer. The town of Northampton, which lies about six miles from Amherst and through which our road lay, rises over the level plain in a very stately fashion. The lofty hill in the centre of the town — where there should be either a church or a castle, according to the Old World precedents which we instinctively apply to this wonderfully European scene — is topped by a rather fine-looking building, once the famous Round Hill School, and now a water-cure. Northampton is a singularly well-balanced town. A little trade, a little manufacturing, a good deal of resident capital, agricultural interests, — all combine to support a charming little city. It is a good place for one to get an impression of the population of the valley, as there has been less influx of foreign population than in most New England towns of this size. The people look more stalwart than those we have been passing among for the last few days. Except for the difference in hue, one might often mistake persons here for English people of the most *beefy* sort. The women, especially, look in better

* One thing the proudest university of Europe might well envy Amherst; it is the collection of fossil footprints which fills the lower story of one of the largest halls of the college. As it is by far the most remarkable collection of any kind in America, one of the noteworthy geological monuments of the world, it deserves more than passing notice. At a mid-stage in the history of life on our earth, when land-life had just come out of the sombre clothing of the carboniferous time, the Connecticut Valley was already a broad trough, as it is now; but it was then filled by an arm of the sea up which the tides swept, and poured over the broad, marshy flats on either side. The museum contains a hundred or more slabs of this marsh-mud made up of the sand washed from the ancient hills, which still send their tribute to the valley, cemented with iron grains; and from these we see that, in that distant time, this valley had a strange peopling. Gigantic creatures, sharing the characters of reptile and bird, stalked along its shores, some with forelegs which were brought, from time to time, to the ground, as are those of a kangaroo; others with the free biped stride of the ostrich, though with a stretch which a man can hardly make in a bound, and a depth of imprint which seems to show a weight of many hundreds of pounds. Among these giants, which seem to have been as numerous as cranes in a Southern swamp, ran a host of lesser creatures, more birdlike than the others, down to forms as tiny as our sparrows. Some slabs are trodden into shapelessness by these prints; and they seem to point to thousands on thousands of the creatures who made them. All this stone is from little quarries, which altogether do not represent much more than an acre of area in the valley.

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condition than I have ever seen them in New England.

Down the Connecticut Valley there have naturally flowed, from their homes near its source, large numbers of Canadian French. In all the factories and among the *navvies* on the railway there are many of these people to be found. Those who believe that the infertility of the French people in France has anything to do with the race should look at the history of our American French. There are reasons for believing that, from the few thousand colonists who settled the region about the river and gulf of St. Lawrence during the seventeenth and the early part of the eighteenth centuries, there has sprung a population of not less than a million and a half of souls. This increase has been more rapid than that of the English dwellers in the same region, and the fecundity of the stock at the present time is probably greater than that of any other branch of the Aryan race. Of this people over half a million souls are now within the United States, and each year there is a great movement over the border line which separates their country from our own. Should they keep their marvellously rapid rate of increase, they will be to this State the great source of supply for laboring classes during the century to come. It may seem like a strange, but I am sure that it is not an improbable, result, that the old English blood of the tillers of New England soil should be washed out by that of a French colony. The conditions all favor it: the attitudes of the two nations in Europe are reversed, the French are to the north of the English here; the so-called "Anglo-Saxon" is losing that breeding power which has for so long been one of his most distinguishing physical characteristics, while the Frenchman has gained what his race once wanted, this same power of multiplying. It is not a pleasant thing for any one who has seen the wonderful influence of New England in this country, to think of its yeoman class being swept away by any other stock in the world; but there can be no doubt that it would be better to have this branch of the Celtic people than the other, which has threatened to overwhelm us for so long, — better the French than the Irish. Though exposed to more change in climate and conditions than any other of the American colonies, these Frenchmen have changed less than any other of our stocks, — a reason to hope a good future for them. The Acadian is a true French peasant, his speech a little changed but nothing more; in size, manner, habits, and propensities, he is wonderfully near to his origin. Mingled with the Yankee population, the Canadians become a frugal, industrious, even hard-working people, somewhat given to drink and rather immoral, but with none of that shiftlessness which belongs to the Irishman of the same grade. Our hostler is a "Kanuck" of the Canada region. He is a little fellow, but very vigorous, energetic, plausible, able to make his way with his tongue to much advantage, careful of his money, and anxious to get it. With a name which might once have been noble, and a person which looks gentlemanly with the slightest aid of dress, he is still only a good specimen of the peasant-folk of his race.

From our quiet camp, on a pleasant glade within a deep wood a few miles west of Northampton, we began our climb up the slopes which lead into the Berkshire Hills, — the Massachusetts section of the great Appalachian chain. We mount from the valley by the easy stages of a road which leads up a pretty brook where the well-husbanded water turns a few mills; and every mile or two gives us a little village which seems to have made something out of the brook, for there is on every hand evidence of comfort and even of wealth. As we get some ten miles away from Northampton, the road rises faster, the branches of the stream no longer give enough water to turn the smallest wheels, and so are left to themselves.

The road grows steeper, the soil

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more sterile, as we ascend the mountain. Our afternoon journey was through the most barren part of the country we had yet seen. It is evident that we have left old New England behind. There is a great deal of the frontier look of the far West, but not such as the best blood of New England makes. The school-houses begin to be poor, the farm-houses meaner, and the barns smaller than before. Very often the people remind me of those in Western Pennsylvania, or other regions far away from New England influences. There must be less of the Puritan leaven here than elsewhere in Massachusetts. But though there be little to tempt the settler or to keep the youth on the land, nature is very beautiful. The woods are fine, and varied in their admixture of deciduous and evergreen trees, as nearly all Massachusetts woods are, but richer in their detail than any I have ever seen. Ever since we passed Framingham, the ferns have been increasing in numbers and luxuriance; but as we ascend these steep hillsides to a thousand feet or more above the sea, they become a wonderful element of beauty; not a brook tumbles down the rocky hillside, but it is festooned with ferns and bordered or cased in mosses. Every dark dell is carpeted with them, and in the swampy places they are brave enough to face the sun in full luxuriance. Here we get the kalmias in abundance; after passing Worcester we begin to find stragglers, evidently the outposts of some great field where they abound; now the paths are bordered by their exquisite bells, richer and richer as we climb higher, until they surpass in floral effect anything I have ever seen. In the Alps the flowers are incomparably more varied than in our American mountains; but when our kalmias, rhododendrons, or asters are in their prime, what can equal them? There is such a rush of water from these hills, that I am tempted to believe that we must underestimate the inches of rain-fall here, as we have done in most parts of our Alleghany chain. Every hill seems to have its brook, with water which is far better than in any mountain region I have traversed. What there may have been in the way of mineral material soluble in water has long since been washed away; each spring is equal to the others in purity.

Our sixth camp was made with some difficulty. So steep were all the slopes by the roadsides, that it took much pushing and pulling of our wagons to get far enough away to find seclusion. It was a lovely place, however; a brook, whose source was far up the steep mountain-side, came leaping out of the darkness of the wood which clung to the slope, lingered a moment on the terrace where we had ensconced ourselves, and then went clamoring down the glen. There was abundant shade, with the dryness which is found in the densest of those mountain woods. The morning brought with it a freshness which of itself was sign enough that we were well above the sea. For some hours the next day our road still lay upward, until at Peru we found ourselves at the highest point on the old highway between Boston and the great Western country. A more modern road-maker would have carried his road a little roundabout, to have saved half a thousand feet of height. This way was laid, however, at the time when the Puritans put more directness into their works, when they attacked a hill with something of the spirit with which they assaulted less substantial oppositions. One would like to think that it was the noble view which brought them so far against gravitation. There is no great mountain effect, for one is too much surrounded with country of the same level; but the long ridges with their processional pines, the deep valleys with their glancing streams seen through the limpid upland air, made a picture that was very beautiful.

Once over the mountain summit, the down grades enabled us to travel rapidly towards New York. A few hours carried us to Pittsfield, far more New

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Englandish in its look than the villages we had passed during the day; exquisitely placed where the broad valley of the Housatonic is overlooked by the hills of the east and west members of the Berkshire Range. Out of the town our road led by way of a pretty brook up to a pass through the Canaan Range. The rock is the ancient Stockbridge limestone, the oldest work of life upon this continent. But all traces of its builders have disappeared. It is now a very crystalline rock, with no fossils, looking sometimes as white as statuary marble. While we are upon it we have soft outlines and a richer soil than usual; but it sucks the water into its caves in such a fashion that we look long without finding a camp.

When we left the limestone we climbed the steeper rocks beyond, and found ourselves on the border line of Massachusetts and in sight of the valley of the Hudson. The view was enchanting; past the rugged foreground of the barren hill-tops, the eye ranged over the broad valley of the Hudson. We were high enough to look down into several lesser valleys, tributaries of the great stream, and to see in the distance the lower mountain-chains which run parallel to the ridges we have been crossing, and in the farther distance the bordering hills beyond the river. Our camp-ground was on the skirts of one of the Shaker villages, in a wood which belonged to the community. The Elders, a little alarmed at this Gentile invasion, mustered in force, but, good, gentle men, were appeased with a kindly word, and welcomed us to the inexpensive hospitality we sought. Our camp-ground was on the hithermost side of their settlements, we were told; and our morning's travel soon brought us into the country where these people had taken up all the land with their communities. The soil is very fertile indeed; the Shakers show the skill of the old monks in planting themselves in the most fruitful regions. Our hosts were only an outpost of the greater communities some miles farther east. Their home was a simple farmhouse and buildings, with one or two frigid-looking barracks for the required isolation of the sexes, and a bigger barn to house their good harvests. In time they hoped to grow as rich as the mother colony; and to this aggrandizement of their "family," as the old souls called it, they will toil out their declining years with all the devotion that the conscious founder of a great house could feel. The country we have journeyed through has been cleanly and neat, but here we have order as an inevitable law. The first Shaker settlement we visited seemed like a deserted village; all the men and most of the women were away at their work. One good woman was left, however, who took us over the grounds. She was greatly interested in the child of our party, and showed, in her way, how impossible it is, even with forty years of this life, to change the woman's instincts. To me the great barn was the most interesting of their economies; it was a wonder of convenience, and more novel than any other thing I have seen here, — a circular stone building, one hundred and fifty feet across and forty feet to the eaves, with a cone roof and a central lantern; a driveway from the hillside led to a huge door, through which the loaded hay-wagons could drive to a staging which carried the roadway quite around the inside of the building. A dozen wagons could unload at once, heaping their burdens into the vast central space. Beneath the roadway were stalls for beasts, who in the long winter were to empty the great central garner. At this season it was empty, and its vast space, lighted by the central lantern and fretted with its cobwebbed beams, was very imposing, — a sort of agricultural Pantheon.

As we come to the principal village, we are struck by the evident wealth of the people; it looks the best-built village I have ever seen. The houses have one and all the look of extreme economy, not a penny being devoted to ornament, but every need of stability consulted.

As we needed another horse for

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some of our party who had found that twenty miles a day afoot was more than a man was made for, it was thought better to trust to the proverbial fairness of these people than take the risk of buying at any chance by the roadside. A boy — something of a phenomenon here, where life has no provision for boys — who was ploughing by the roadside, said that the "boss" of his family had one to sell. It was the only horse I ever saw over ten years of age, by the seller's reckoning; and his faults were given equal show with his virtues. The boss sent word that we could take or leave the horse, as we pleased, at the price fixed. Searching behind the scenes for this person, I found a silent man with a face of strong lines, but of fixed, almost fiercely stolid, expression. The bargaining, which brought but few low-toned words from him, did not in the least interrupt his work of finishing a withe-bottomed chair; his eyes followed his hands, and not his words. I doubt whether he saw me at all, or whether the matter, germane as it was to his life-work, broke the loneliness which seemed to surround him as it might some ascetic of old. At the communal store there was a buxom, pretty woman, who seemed as much in the world as the sour-faced boss was out of it. One may go a day's journey without finding a brighter picture than this happy woman, seemingly busy with a thousand things, and without one trace of care. She showed us the sleeping-rooms of the "sisters," which were miracles of neatness and taste, with a little less of a lived-in look than would be desirable if they are to pass as specimens of the actual quarters of the women; sold us with skill all and more than we wanted from the store; found time to see that we had bought the horse from Elder *So-and-so's* family; told us which foot he was lame in, how it befell, and other minutiæ. All the folk I have seen are evidently of American birth, and few carry the stamp of much intelligence. Their physical condition seems excellent; temperance has left its mark everywhere.

Another sudden transition as we enter New York; a great change, and that for the worse, from all we have left behind. We come at once upon a people of a different origin; the growth is no longer from the Puritan seed, which seemed to have sprouted anew in the hard-faced folk we have just left. German, Dutch, and Irish faces are mingled on the streets, and their names entangled — O's, Vons, and Vans — together on the signs of the villages. The bar-rooms appear, and when not in sight are well advertised by the blear eyes and red noses carried by about one in five of the adult men. The sacred door-yard with its paling, propylæ to the domestic temple, has begun to go. The crowded dwellings jostle each other on the street line. The homes are less orderly, though, in a rougher way, as good as those in Yankee land. Strong faces there are, — broad Hollandish people, big-bellied and churlish; handsome when young, but generally looking a bit too animal-like when grown. The women are also stronger-looking than in New England, but less refined; children seem more plentiful. One sees the Dutch or German blood in nearly half the people; but the Dutch cleanliness, if it had been invented when our American offshoot left the parent bulb, has not survived here. The want of homogeneity makes a painful impression after one has travelled through New England, where, despite the much-talked-of expulsion of the original stock, the impression made upon the traveller's eye is singularly homogeneous.

Our road carried us through Albany, whence our way was over a series of bad country-roads towards the Scoharie Valley. As we ascend the table-land at the base of the Helderberg Mountains, we get broader and broader views over the Hudson Valley; it is so wide that it seems more like a plain bordered by mountains than the excavation of the river which flows through it.

The population of the country west

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of Albany is well-to-do until we leave the fertile section; but the general American aversion to poor land is shown as soon as we get into the more sterile region on the flanks of the Helderbergs. Our nooning, the first day's journey beyond Albany, was in a mean village where there was scarcely a trace of culture, and not a little of what came as close to squalor as could well be. There were no less than twenty men who seemed to have nothing better to do than to support the bar-room by constant application of their bodies to its walls, and its contents to their stomachs. Fortunately for us, the attention which our unwilling delay in the town aroused was divided by the diverting spectacle of an old farmer trying to hive a swarm of bees. The bees were gathered upon a branch of a pear-tree which overhung the road some ten feet from the ground, in a writhing, unhappy mass, as is their custom. The old fellow, his head wrapped in an apron, was beating a tin pan and shouting inanely. From time to time an ungyved prance showed that one of the offended communists had put a little young blood into the would-be appropriator of their labor. The loafers of the town bawled brave advice from a safe distance, abounded in *post factum* wisdom, and shouted their satisfaction every time the old fellow showed that he was bit. As we slipped away from the town a louder shout announced that either success or failure had ended the affair. As we got beyond the poor land on the northernmost spurs of the Helderbergs, and began to enter upon the fertile fields of the Mohawk Valley, we came upon more comfort and decency. The grain fields widen and deepen as we go on, and the richness of their hue is something wonderful. Poultry, so rare and dear in Massachusetts, is now becoming plenty; and all along the palings in front of the farms hang long rows of tin or earthen milk-vessels getting that mysterious something sunshine is supposed to give. Our cook's labors in search of the wherewithal for a meal are lightened, and it looks as if we shall have a good dinner for the Fourth of July that comes to-morrow.

Our long and hot day's journey ended by the side of a lovely little lake, where, on a high bank covered with pines, through the branches of which we looked down upon the placid waters, and over upon a woodland bathed in the sunset, we found grateful repose. A universal bath — for even the horses were made to swim, and the wagons were washed — fitted us all to enjoy our evening meal and our sleep on the fragrant pine straw.

We left our camp-ground early, in order to make way for a picnic that was to occupy the same ground, and took our course towards the Scoharie Valley. Our pace was slower, for we were now on ground where every step was a revelation concerning the life of the early time when the lands were building beneath the sea; nearly every step rested upon some fossil which was one round of the great ladder of life.

All the country was pouring towards the town of Scoharie. There was nothing in the town itself, — a rather pretty village on one long street, — but the people were happy with the small sensation to be got from the slightest accidents of an unwonted crowd. Here we found the cabinet of an old gentleman who for a long lifetime had been gathering together the fossils of this country. His treasures were in an old shop beneath generations of dust, heaped in a disorder as great as that of the original deposition. The heap had overflowed the shop and had filled the sheds of the rear and was piled in cairns in the yard. He was a cheery person, with a bevy of children around him, — a dozen little girls, who, in their holiday clothes, played hide-and-seek among his stacks of stones.

Scoharie Creek has a lovely valley, amazingly fertile; it is also very picturesque. The settlers are the descendants of Hollanders and Germans, with a sprinkling of Americans. I have never seen a healthier-looking population. As we travelled on we passed, in

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the afternoon, the village of Middleburg. Here was a throng of many thousands waiting for a procession of maskers on horseback; sidewalks, fences, windows, and house-tops were packed with people. There could not have been fewer than four thousand children in a crowd of five thousand or so. The sturdy look of the little ones, and the handsome, buxom women, make one sure that, whatever the fate of our race elsewhere, there is no loss of power here. Shortly came the maskers, thirty or so on horseback, tricked out in fantastic disguises; they rode down the street amid hootings and peltings. Our road was the same, so we, taken by most as a part of the show, shared in the carnival pranks. All night long tipsy revellers went roistering down the road beside which we camped, their whiskey hardly dampened by the pelting rain. The next day our camp was besieged by those who took us for gypsies; there came lovers, hand in hand, to have their fortunes told, who would not be undeceived, taking our refusals as mere pretexts for a larger charge than usual for the vaticination. It is the end of our undisturbed life. In Massachusetts every one took pains not to see us; many a man who would, I dare say, have given a pretty thing to know what our queer caravan meant, fixed his eyes very resolutely before him, and looked only from their corners. Here we are beset by curiosity. Yet with all drawbacks, our journey was pleasanter than before. As the valley narrowed it became more picturesque, and here on the watershed between the Hudson and the Delaware we have lovely views as far as the Catskill Range, — a blue, serrated line, with a few noble peaks, rising across the wilderness which looks untrodden. Here again the land is poor and the crops shrunk to half their former size. One of the natives assured me that it was impossible to keep a woman on less than one hundred acres of land! With the infertile land comes a meaner race, bad roads, no school-houses, and more bad whiskey. As the palm redeems the desert, so the laurel (*Rhododendron maximum*) redeems these sombre woods. We came upon it first on the Beaver Kill, a branch of the east fork of the Delaware; almost with the first flower came forests of it, every woodland path was made a fairy way with their myriad bells. Great bloom-laden branches swept into your face, and here and there the streams were whitened with the flakes of the fallen petals.

We spent several unhappy days on the bad roads, torn by continuous rains, which traverse this country, and at length succeeded in getting over into the vast, depressed plain which lies between the Catskill plateau and the Shawangunk Hills. As we came out of our wilderness the view out into this noble valley was enchanting; the foreground was as brilliant as culture could make it, and over the vast stretch of tilled and grazing land rose the stately arches of the Shawangunk Hills. In them we see the first trace of the symmetrical mountains we are to find in Pennsylvania. To the southward the valley down which our road lay was limited only by low rolling country, which we knew to be the border of the Delaware. Here already we begin to come upon the Germans of Pennsylvania. The barns begin to grow bigger, and the fields to have the cared-for look so characteristic of that people. The English people lose their thrift much easier than the Germans. Two centuries of struggle with the rude difficulties of our forests often break down their economical spirit, while the German preserves his intact. Out of the squalor and thriftlessness of the poor region we have traversed for several days, we come to the "Pennsylvania Dutch" with a sense of æsthetic relief.

N. S. Shaler.

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MISS MEHETABEL'S SON.

"*King.* Is there no offence in 't?
Ham. No offence i' the world."
HAMLET.

I.

THE OLD TAVERN AT BAYLEY'S FOUR-CORNERS.

YOU will not find Greenton, or Bayley's Four-Corners as it is more usually designated, on any map of New England that I know of. It is not a town; it is not even a village; it is merely an absurd hotel. The almost indescribable place called Greenton is at the intersection of four roads, in the heart of New Hampshire, twenty miles from the nearest settlement of note and ten miles from any railway station. A good location for a hotel, you will say. Precisely; but there has always been a hotel there, and for the last dozen years it has been pretty well patronized — by one boarder. Not to trifle with an intelligent public, I will state at once that, in the early part of this century, Greenton was a point at which the mail-coach, on the Great Northern Route, stopped to change horses and allow the passengers to dine. People in the county, wishing to take the early mail Portsmouth-ward, put up overnight at the old tavern, famous for its irreproachable larder and soft feather-beds. The tavern at that time was kept by Jonathan Bayley, who rivalled his wallet in growing corpulent, and in due time passed away. At his death the establishment, which included a farm, fell into the hands of a son-in-law. Now, though Bayley left his son-in-law a hotel, — which sounds handsome, — he left him no guests; for at about the period of the old man's death the old stage-coach died also. Apoplexy killed one, and steam the other. Thus, by a sudden swerve in the tide of progress, the tavern at the Corners found itself high and dry, like a wreck on a sand-bank. Shortly after this event, or maybe contemporaneously, there was some attempt to build a town at Greenton; but it apparently failed, if eleven cellars choked up with débris and overgrown with burdocks are any indication of failure. The farm, however, was a good farm, as things go in New Hampshire; and Tobias Sewell, the son-in-law, could afford to snap his fingers at the travelling public if they came near enough, — which they never did.

The hotel remains to-day pretty much the same as when Jonathan Bayley handed in his accounts in 1840, except that Sewell has from time to time sold the furniture of some of the upper chambers to bridal couples in the neighborhood. The bar is still open, and the parlor door says PARLOUR in tall black letters. Now and then a passing drover looks in at that lonely bar-room, where a high-shouldered bottle of Santa Cruz rum ogles with a peculiarly knowing air a shrivelled lemon on a shelf; now and then a farmer comes across country to talk crops and stock and take a friendly glass with Tobias; and now and then a circus caravan with speckled ponies, or a menagerie with a soggy elephant, halts under the swinging sign, on which there is a dim mail-coach with four phantomish horses driven by a portly gentleman whose head has been washed off by the rain. Other customers there are none, except that one regular boarder whom I have mentioned.

If misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, it is equally certain that the profession of surveyor and civil engineer often takes one into undreamed-of localities. I had never heard of Greenton until my duties sent me there, and kept me there two weeks in the dreariest season of the year. I

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do not think I would, of my own volition, have selected Greenton for a fortnight's sojourn at any time; but now the business is over, I shall never regret the circumstances that made me the guest of Tobias Sewell and brought me into intimate relations with Miss Mehetabel's Son.

It was a black October night that discovered me standing in front of the old tavern at the Corners. Though the ten miles' ride from K—— had been depressing, especially the last five miles, on account of the cold autumnal rain that had set in, I felt a pang of regret on hearing the rickety open wagon turn round in the road and roll off in the darkness. There were no lights visible anywhere, and only for the big, shapeless mass of something in front of me, which the driver had said was the hotel, I should have fancied that I had been set down by the roadside. I was wet to the skin and in no amiable humor; and not being able to find bell-pull or knocker, or even a door, I belabored the side of the house with my heavy walking-stick. In a minute or two I saw a light flickering somewhere aloft, then I heard the sound of a window opening, followed by an exclamation of disgust as a blast of wind extinguished the candle which had given me an instantaneous picture *en silhouette* of a man leaning out of a casement.

"I say, what do you want, down there?" said an unprepossessing voice.

"I want to come in, I want a supper, and a bed, and numberless things."

"This is n't no time of night to go rousing honest folks out of their sleep. Who are you, anyway?"

The question, superficially considered, was a very simple one, and I, of all people in the world, ought to have been able to answer it off-hand; but it staggered me. Strangely enough, there came drifting across my memory the lettering on the back of a metaphysical work which I had seen years before on a shelf in the Astor Library. Owing to an unpremeditatedly funny collection of title and author, the lettering read as follows: "Who Am I? Jones." Evidently it had puzzled Jones to know who he was, or he would n't have written a book about it. It certainly puzzled me at that instant to define my identity. "Thirty years ago," I reflected, "I was nothing; fifty years hence I shall be nothing again, humanly speaking. In the mean time, who am I, sure enough?" It had never occurred to me before what an indefinite article I was. I wish it had not occurred to me then. Standing there in the rain and darkness, I wrestled vainly with the problem, and was constrained to fall back upon a Yankee expedient.

"Is n't this a hotel?" I asked at length.

"Well, it is a sort of hotel," said the voice, doubtfully. My hesitation and prevarication had apparently not inspired my interlocutor with confidence in me.

"Then let me in. I have just driven over from K—— in this infernal rain. I am wet through and through."

"But what do you want here, at the Corners? What 's your business? People don't come here, least ways in the middle of the night."

"It is n't in the middle of the night," I returned, incensed. "I come on business connected with the new road. I 'm the superintendent of the works."

"Oh!"

"And if you don't open the door at once, I 'll raise the whole neighborhood, — and then go to the other hotel."

When I said that, I supposed Greenton was a village with three or four thousand population at least, and was wondering vaguely at the absence of lights and other signs of human habitation. Surely, I thought, all the people cannot be abed and asleep at half past ten o'clock: perhaps I am in the business section of the town, among the shops.

"You jest wait," said the voice above.

This request was not devoid of a certain accent of menace, and I braced myself for a sortie on the part of the besieged, if he had any such hostile intent.

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Presently a door opened at the very place where I least expected a door, at the farther end of the building, in fact, and a man in his shirt-sleeves, shielding a candle with his left hand, appeared on the threshold. I passed quickly into the house with Mr. Tobias Sewell (for this was Mr. Sewell) at my heels, and found myself in a long, low-studded bar-room. There were two chairs drawn up before the hearth, on which a huge hemlock backlog was still smouldering, and on the unpainted deal counter contiguous stood two cloudy glasses with bits of lemon-peel in the bottom, hinting at recent libations. Against the discolored wall over the bar hung a yellowed handbill, in a warped frame, announcing that "the Next Annual N. H. Agricultural Fair" would take place on the 10th of September, 1841. There was no other furniture or decoration in this dismal apartment, except the cobwebs which festooned the ceiling, hanging down here and there like stalactites.

Mr. Sewell set the candlestick on the mantel-shelf, and threw some pine-knots on the fire, which immediately broke into a blaze, and showed him to be a lank, narrow-chested man, past sixty, with sparse, steel-gray, hair, and small, deep-set eyes, perfectly round, like a carp's, and of no particular color. His chief personal characteristics seemed to be too much feet and not enough teeth. His sharply cut, but rather simple face, as he turned it towards me, wore a look of interrogation. I replied to his mute inquiry by taking out my pocket-book and handing him my business-card, which he held up to the candle and perused with great deliberation.

"You 're a civil engineer, are you?" he said, displaying his gums, which gave his countenance an expression of almost infantile innocence. He made no further audible remark, but mumbled between his thin lips something which an imaginative person might have construed into, "If you 're a civil engineer, I 'll be blessed if I would n't like to see an uncivil one!"

Mr. Sewell's growl, however, was worse than his bite, — owing to his lack of teeth probably, — for he very good-naturedly set himself to work preparing supper for me. After a slice of cold ham, and a warm punch, to which my chilled condition gave a grateful flavor, I went to bed in a distant chamber in a most amiable mood, feeling satisfied that Jones was a donkey to bother himself about his identity.

When I awoke the sun was several hours high. My bed faced a window, and by raising myself on one elbow I could look out on what I expected to be the main street. To my astonishment I beheld a lonely country road winding up a sterile hill and disappearing over the ridge. In a cornfield at the right of the road was a small private graveyard enclosed by a crumbling stone-wall with a red gate. The only thing suggestive of life was this little corner lot occupied by death. I got out of bed and went to the other window. There I had an uninterrupted view of twelve miles of open landscape, with Mount Agamenticus in the purple distance. Not a house or a spire in sight. "Well," I exclaimed, "Greenton does n't appear to be a very closely packed metropolis!" That rival hotel with which I had threatened Mr. Sewell overnight was not a deadly weapon, looking at it by daylight. "By Jove!" I reflected, "maybe I 'm in the wrong place." But there, tacked against a panel of the bedroom door, was a faded time-table dated Greenton, August 1, 1839.

I smiled all the time I was dressing, and went smiling down stairs, where I found Mr. Sewell, assisted by one of the fair sex in the first bloom of her eightieth year, serving breakfast for me on a small table — in the bar-room!

"I overslept myself this morning," I remarked apologetically, "and I see that I am putting you to some trouble. In future, if you will have me called, I will take my meals at the usual *table-d'hôte*."

"At the what?" said Mr. Sewell.

"I mean with the other boarders."

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Mr. Sewell paused in the act of lifting a chop from the fire, and, resting the point of his fork against the woodwork of the mantel-piece, grinned from ear to ear.

"Bless you! there is n't any other boarders. There has n't been anybody put up here sence — let me see — sence father-in-law died, and that was in the fall of '40. To be sure, there 's Silas; *he* 's a regular boarder; but I don't count him."

Mr. Sewell then explained how the tavern had lost its custom when the old stage line was broken up by the railroad. The introduction of steam was, in Mr. Sewell's estimation, a fatal error. "Jest kills local business. Carries it off I 'm darned if I know where. The whole country has been sort o' retrograding ever sence steam was invented."

"You spoke of having one boarder," I said.

"Silas? Yes; he came here the summer 'Tilda died, — she that was 'Tilda Bayley, — and he 's here yet, going on thirteen year. He could n't live any longer with the old man. Between you and I, old Clem Jaffrey, Silas's father, was a hard nut. Yes," said Mr. Sewell, crooking his elbow in inimitable pantomime, "altogether too often. Found dead in the road hugging a three-gallon demijohn. *Habeas corpus* in the barn," added Mr. Sewell, intending, I presume, to intimate that a *post-mortem* examination had been deemed necessary. "Silas," he resumed, in that respectful tone which one should always adopt when speaking of capital, "is a man of considerable property; lives on his interest, and keeps a hoss and shay. He 's a great scholar, too, Silas; takes all the pe-ri-odicals and the Police Gazette regular."

Mr. Sewell was turning over a third chop, when the door opened and a stoutish, middle-aged little gentleman, clad in deep black, stepped into the room.

"Silas Jaffrey," said Mr. Sewell, with a comprehensive sweep of his arm, picking up me and the new-comer on one fork, so to speak; "be acquainted!"

Mr. Jaffrey advanced briskly and gave me his hand with unlooked-for cordiality. He was a dapper little man, with a head as round and nearly as bald as an orange, and not unlike an orange in complexion, either; he had twinkling gray eyes and a pronounced Roman nose, the numerous freckles upon which were deepened by his funereal dress-coat and trousers. He reminded me of Alfred de Musset's blackbird, which, with its yellow beak and sombre plumage, looked like an undertaker eating an omelet.

"Silas will take care of you," said Mr. Sewell, taking down his hat from a peg behind the door. "I 've got the cattle to look after. Tell him, if you want anything."

While I ate my breakfast, Mr. Jaffrey hopped up and down the narrow bar-room and chirped away as blithely as a bird on a cherry-bough, occasionally ruffling with his fingers a slight fringe of auburn hair which stood up pertly round his head and seemed to possess a luminous quality of its own.

"Don't I find it a little slow up here at the Corners? Not at all, my dear sir. I am in the thick of life up here. So many interesting things going on all over the world, — inventions, discoveries, spirits, railroad disasters, mysterious homicides. Poets, murderers, musicians, statesmen, distinguished travellers, prodigies of all kinds, turning up everywhere. Very few events or persons escape me. I take six daily city papers, thirteen weekly journals, all the monthly magazines, and two quarterlies. I could not get along with less. I could n't if you asked me. I never feel lonely. How can I, being on intimate terms, as it were, with thousands and thousands of people? There 's that young woman out West. What an entertaining creature *she* is! — now in Missouri, now in Indiana, and now in Minnesota, always on the go, and all the time shedding needles from various parts of her body as if she really enjoyed it! Then there 's that

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versatile patriarch who walks hundreds of miles and saws thousands of feet of wood, before breakfast, and shows no signs of giving out. Then there 's that remarkable, one may say that historical colored woman who knew Benjamin Franklin, and fought at the battle of Bunk — no, it is the old negro man who fought at Bunker Hill, a mere infant, of course, at that period. Really, now, it is quite curious to observe how that venerable female slave — formerly an African princess — is repeatedly dying in her hundred and eleventh year, and coming to life again punctually every six months in the small-type paragraphs. Are you aware, sir, that within the last twelve years no fewer than two hundred and eighty-seven of General Washington's colored coachmen have died ? "

For the soul of me I could n't tell whether this quaint little gentleman was chaffing me or not. I laid down my knife and fork, and stared at him.

" Then there are the mathematicians ! " he cried vivaciously, without waiting for a reply. " I take great interest in them. Hear this ! " and Mr. Jaffrey drew a newspaper from a pocket in the tail of his coat, and read as follows : " *It has been estimated that if all the candles manufactured by this eminent firm (Stearine & Co.) were placed end to end, they would reach 2 and ⅞ times around the globe.* Of course," continued Mr. Jaffrey, folding up the journal reflectively, " abstruse calculations of this kind are not, perhaps, of vital importance, but they indicate the intellectual activity of the age. Seriously, now," he said, halting in front of the table, " what with books and papers and drives about the country, I do not find the days too long, though I seldom see any one, except when I go over to K—— for my mail. Existence may be very full to a man who stands a little aside from the tumult and watches it with philosophic eye. Possibly he may see more of the battle than those who are in the midst of the action. Once I was struggling with the crowd, as eager and undaunted as the best ; perhaps I should have been struggling still. Indeed, I know my life would have been very different now if I had married Mehetabel, — if I had married Mehetabel."

His vivacity was gone, a sudden cloud had come over his bright face, his figure seemed to have collapsed, the light seemed to have faded out of his hair. With a shuffling step, the very antithesis of his brisk, elastic tread, he turned to the door and passed into the road.

" Well," I said to myself, " if Greenton had forty thousand inhabitants, it could n't turn out a more astonishing old party than that ! "

II.

The Case of Silas Jaffrey.

A man with a passion for *bric-à-brac* is always stumbling over antique bronzes, intaglios, mosaics, and daggers of the time of Benvenuto Cellini; the bibliophile finds creamy vellum folios and rare Alduses and Elzevirs waiting for him at unsuspected bookstalls ; the numismatist has but to stretch forth his palm to have priceless coins drop into it. My own weakness is odd people, and I am constantly encountering them. It was plain I had unearthed a couple of very queer specimens at Bayley's Four-Corners. I saw that a fortnight afforded me too brief an opportunity to develop the richness of both, and I resolved to devote my spare time to Mr. Jaffrey alone, instinctively recognizing in him an unfamiliar species. My professional work in the vicinity of Greenton left my evenings and occasionally an afternoon unoccupied : these intervals I purposed to employ in studying and classifying my fellow-boarder. It was necessary, as a preliminary step, to learn something of his previous history, and to this end I addressed myself to Mr. Sewell that same night.

" I do not want to seem inquisitive," I said to the landlord, as he was fastening up the bar, which, by the way,

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was the *salle à manger* and general sitting-room, — "I do not want to seem inquisitive, but your friend Mr. Jaffrey dropped a remark this morning at breakfast which — which was not altogether clear to me."

"About Mehetabel?" asked Mr. Sewell, uneasily.

"Yes."

"Well, I wish he would n't!"

"He was friendly enough in the course of conversation to hint to me that he had not married the young woman, and seemed to regret it."

"No, he did n't marry Mehetabel."

"May I inquire *why* he did n't marry Mehetabel?"

"Never asked her. Might have married the girl forty times. Old Elkins's daughter, over at K——. She 'd have had him quick enough. Seven years off and on, he kept company with Mehetabel, and then she died."

"And he never asked her?"

"He shilly-shallied. Perhaps he did n't think of it. When she was dead and gone, then Silas was struck all of a heap, — and that 's all about it."

Obviously Mr. Sewell did not intend to tell me anything more, and obviously there was more to tell. The topic was plainly disagreeable to him for some reason or other, and that unknown reason of course piqued my curiosity.

As I had been absent from dinner and supper that day, I did not meet Mr. Jaffrey again until the following morning at breakfast. He had recovered his bird-like manner, and was full of a mysterious assassination that had just taken place in New York, all the thrilling details of which were at his fingers' ends. It was at once comical and sad to see this harmless old gentleman, with his naïve, benevolent countenance, and his thin hair flaming up in a semicircle like the foot-lights at a theatre, revelling in the intricacies of the unmentionable deed.

"You come up to my room to-night," he cried with horrid glee, "and I 'll give you my theory of the murder. I 'll make it as clear as day to you that it was the detective himself who fired the three pistol-shots."

It was not so much the desire to have this point elucidated as to make a closer study of Mr. Jaffrey that led me to accept his invitation. Mr. Jaffrey's bedroom was in an L of the building, and was in no way noticeable except for the numerous files of newspapers neatly arranged against the blank spaces of the walls, and a huge pile of old magazines which stood in one corner, reaching nearly up to the ceiling, and threatening each instant to topple over like the Leaning Tower at Pisa. There were green paper shades at the windows, some faded chintz valances about the bed, and two or three easy-chairs covered with chintz. On a black-walnut shelf between the windows lay a choice collection of meerschaum and brierwood pipes.

Filling one of the chocolate-colored bowls for me and another for himself, Mr. Jaffrey began prattling; but not about the murder, which appeared to have flown out of his mind. In fact, I do not remember that the topic was even touched upon, either then or afterwards.

"Cosey nest this," said Mr. Jaffrey, glancing complacently over the apartment. "What is more cheerful, now, in the fall of the year, than an open wood-fire? Do you hear those little chirps and twitters coming out of that piece of apple-wood? Those are the ghosts of the robins and bluebirds that sang upon the bough when it was in blossom last spring. In summer whole flocks of them come fluttering about the fruit-trees under the window: so I have singing birds all the year round. I take it very easy here, I can tell you, summer and winter. Not much society. Tobias is not, perhaps, what one would term a great intellectual force, but he means well. He 's a realist, — believes in coming down to what he calls 'the hard pan'; but his heart is in the right place, and he' s very kind to me. The wisest thing I ever did in my life was to sell out my grain business over at K——,

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thirteen years ago, and settle down at the Corners. When a man has made a competency, what does he want more? Besides, at that time an event occurred which destroyed any ambition I may have had. Mehetabel died."

"The lady you were engaged to?"

"N-o, not precisely engaged. I think it was quite understood between us, though nothing had been said on the subject. Typhoid," added Mr. Jaffrey, in a low voice.

For several minutes he smoked in silence, a vague, troubled look playing over his countenance. Presently this passed away, and he fixed his gray eyes speculatively upon my face.

"If I had married Mehetabel," said Mr. Jaffrey, slowly, and then he hesitated. I blew a ring of smoke into the air, and resting my pipe on my knee, dropped into an attitude of attention. "If I had married Mehetabel, you know, we should have had — ahem! — a family."

"Very likely," I assented, vastly amused at this unexpected turn.

"A Boy!" exclaimed Mr. Jaffrey, explosively.

"By all means, certainly, a son."

"Great trouble about naming the boy. Mehetabel's family want him named Elkanah Elkins, after her grandfather; I want him named Andrew Jackson. We compromise by christening him Elkanah Elkins Andrew Jackson Jaffrey. Rather a long name for such a short little fellow," said Mr. Jaffrey, musingly.

"Andy is n't a bad nickname," I suggested.

"Not at all. We call him Andy, in the family. Somewhat fractious at first, — colic and things. I suppose it is right, or it would n't be so; but the usefulness of measles, mumps, croup, whooping-cough, scarlatina, and fits is not visible to the naked eye. I wish Andy would be a model infant, and dodge the whole lot."

This supposititious child, born within the last few minutes, was clearly assuming the proportions of a reality to Mr. Jaffrey. I began to feel a little uncomfortable. I am, as I have said, a civil engineer, and it is not strictly in my line to assist at the births of infants, imaginary or otherwise. I pulled away vigorously at the pipe, and said nothing.

"What large blue eyes he has," resumed Mr. Jaffrey, after a pause; "just like Hetty's; and the fair hair, too, like hers. How oddly certain distinctive features are handed down in families! Sometimes a mouth, sometimes a turn of the eyebrow. Wicked little boys, over at K——, have now and then derisively advised me to follow my nose. It would be an interesting thing to do. I should find my nose flying about the world, turning up unexpectedly here and there, dodging this branch of the family and reappearing in that, now jumping over one great-grandchild to fasten itself upon another, and never losing its individuality. Look at Andy. There 's Elkanah Elkins's chin to the life. Andy's chin is probably older than the Pyramids. Poor little thing," he cried, with sudden, indescribable tenderness, "to lose his mother so early!" And Mr. Jaffrey's head sunk upon his breast, and his shoulders slanted forward, as if he were actually bending over the cradle of the child. The whole gesture and attitude was so natural that it startled me. The pipe slipped from my fingers and fell to the floor.

"Hush!" whispered Mr. Jaffrey, with a deprecating motion of his hand. "Andy 's asleep!"

He rose softly from the chair and, walking across the room on tiptoe, drew down the shade at the window through which the moonlight was streaming. Then he returned to his seat, and remained gazing with half-closed eyes into the dropping embers.

I refilled my pipe and smoked in profound silence, wondering what would come next. But nothing came next. Mr. Jaffrey had fallen into so brown a study that, a quarter of an hour afterwards, when I wished him good-night and withdrew, I do not think he noticed my departure.

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I am not what is called a man of imagination; it is my habit to exclude most things not capable of mathematical demonstration; but I am not without a certain psychological insight, and I think I understood Mr. Jaffrey's case. I could easily understand how a man with an unhealthy, sensitive nature, overwhelmed by sudden calamity, might take refuge in some forlorn place like this old tavern, and dream his life away. To such a man — brooding forever on what might have been and dwelling wholly in the realm of his fancies — the actual world might indeed become as a dream, and nothing seem real but his illusions. I dare say that thirteen years of Bayley's Four-Corners would have its effect upon me; though instead of conjuring up golden-haired children of the Madonna, I should probably see gnomes and kobolds and goblins engaged in hoisting false signals and misplacing switches for midnight express-trains.

"No doubt," I said to myself that night, as I lay in bed, thinking over the matter, "this once possible but now impossible child is a great comfort to the old gentleman, — a greater comfort, perhaps, than a real son, would be. May be Andy will vanish with the shades and mists of night, he 's such an unsubstantial infant; but if he does n't, and Mr. Jaffrey finds pleasure in talking to me about his son, I shall humor the old fellow. It would n't be a Christian act to knock over his harmless fancy."

I was very impatient to see if Mr. Jaffrey's illusion would stand the test of daylight. It did. Elkanah Elkins Andrew Jackson Jaffrey was, so to speak, alive and kicking the next morning. On taking his seat at the breakfast-table, Mr. Jaffrey whispered to me that Andy had had a comfortable night.

"Silas!" said Mr. Sewell, sharply, "what are you whispering about?"

Mr. Sewell was in an ill-humor; perhaps he was jealous because I had passed the evening in Mr. Jaffrey's room; but surely Mr. Sewell could not expect his boarders to go to bed at eight o'clock every night, as he did. From time to time during the meal Mr. Sewell regarded me unkindly out of the corner of his eye, and in helping me to the parsnips he poniarded them with quite a suggestive air. All this, however, did not prevent me from repairing to the door of Mr. Jaffrey's snuggery when night came.

"Well, Mr. Jaffrey, how 's Andy this evening?"

"Got a tooth!" cried Mr. Jaffrey, vivaciously.

"No!"

"Yes, he has! Just through. Gave the nurse a silver dollar. Standing reward for first tooth."

It was on the tip of my tongue to express surprise that an infant a day old should cut a tooth, when I suddenly recollected that Richard III. was born with teeth. Feeling myself to be on unfamiliar ground, I suppressed my criticism. It was well I did so, for in the next breath I was advised that half a year had elapsed since the previous evening.

"Andy 's had a hard six months of it," said Mr. Jaffrey, with the well-known narrative air of fathers. "We 've brought him up by hand. His grandfather, by the way, was brought up by the bottle" — and brought down by it, too, I added mentally, recalling Mr. Sewell's account of the old gentleman's tragic end.

Mr. Jaffrey then went on to give me a history of Andy's first six months, omitting no detail however insignificant or irrelevant. This history I would, in turn, inflict upon the reader, if I were only certain that he is one of those dreadful parents who, under the ægis of friendship, bore you at a street-corner with that remarkable thing which Freddy said the other day, and insist on singing to you, at an evening party, the Iliad of Tommy's woes.

But to inflict this *enfantillage* upon the unmarried reader would be an act of wanton cruelty. So I pass over that part of Andy's biography, and, for the same reason, make no record of the

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next four or five interviews I had with Mr. Jaffrey. It will be sufficient to state that Andy glided from extreme infancy to early youth with astonishing celerity, — at the rate of one year per night, if I remember correctly; and — must I confess it? — before the week came to an end, this invisible hobgoblin of a boy was only little less of a reality to me than to Mr. Jaffrey.

At first I had lent myself to the old dreamer's whim with a keen perception of the humor of the thing; but by and by I found I was talking and thinking of Miss Mehetabel's son as though he were a veritable personage. Mr. Jaffrey spoke of the child with such an air of conviction! — as if Andy were playing among his toys in the next room, or making mud-pies down in the yard. In these conversations, it should be observed, the child was never supposed to be present, except on that single occasion when Mr. Jaffrey leaned over the cradle. After one of our séances I would lie awake until the small hours, thinking of the boy, and then fall asleep only to have indigestible dreams about him. Through the day, and sometimes in the midst of complicated calculations, I would catch myself wondering what Andy was up to now! There was no shaking him off; he became an inseparable nightmare to me; and I felt that if I remained much longer at Bayley's Four-Corners I should turn into just such another bald-headed, mild-eyed visionary as Silas Jaffrey.

Then the tavern was a grewsome old shell any way, full of unaccountable noises after dark, — rustlings of garments along unfrequented passages, and stealthy footfalls in unoccupied chambers overhead. I never knew of an old house without these mysterious noises. Next to my bedroom was a musty, dismantled apartment, in one corner of which, leaning against the wainscot, was a crippled mangle, with its iron crank tilted in the air like the elbow of the late Mr. Clem Jaffrey. Sometimes,

"In the dead vast and middle of the night,"

I used to hear sounds as if some one were turning that rusty crank on the sly. This occurred only on particularly cold nights, and I conceived the uncomfortable idea that it was the thin family ghosts, from the neglected graveyard in the cornfield, keeping themselves warm by running each other through the mangle. There was a haunted air about the whole place that made it easy for me to believe in the existence of a phantasm like Miss Mehetabel's son, who, after all, was less unearthly than Mr. Jaffrey himself, and seemed more properly an inhabitant of this globe than the toothless ogre who kept the inn, not to mention the silent Witch of Endor that cooked our meals for us over the bar-room fire.

In spite of the scowls and winks bestowed upon me by Mr. Sewell, who let slip no opportunity to testify his disapprobation of the intimacy, Mr. Jaffrey and I spent all our evenings together, — those long autumnal evenings, through the length of which he talked about the boy, laying out his path in life, and hedging the path with roses. He should be sent to the High School at Portsmouth, and then to college; he should be educated like a gentleman, Andy.

"When the old man dies," said Mr. Jaffrey, rubbing his hands gleefully, as if it were a great joke, "Andy will find that the old man has left him a pretty plum."

"What do you think of having Andy enter West Point, when he 's old enough?" said Mr. Jaffrey on another occasion. "He need n't necessarily go into the army when he graduates; he can become a civil engineer."

This was a stroke of flattery so delicate and indirect that I could accept it without immodesty.

There had lately sprung up on the corner of Mr. Jaffrey's bureau a small tin house, Gothic in architecture, and pink in color, with a slit in the roof, and the word BANK painted on one façade. Several times in the course of an evening Mr. Jaffrey would rise from his

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chair, without interrupting the conversation, and gravely drop a nickel through the scuttle of the bank. It was pleasant to observe the solemnity of his countenance as he approached the edifice, and the air of triumph with which he resumed his seat by the fireplace. One night I missed the tin bank. It had disappeared, deposits and all. Evidently there had been a defalcation on rather a large scale. I strongly suspected that Mr. Sewell was at the bottom of it; but my suspicion was not shared by Mr. Jaffrey, who, remarking my glance at the bureau, became suddenly depressed. "I 'm afraid," he said, "that I have failed to instil into Andrew those principles of integrity which — which — " And the old gentleman quite broke down.

Andy was now eight or nine years old, and for some time past, if the truth must be told, had given Mr. Jaffrey no inconsiderable trouble; what with his impishness and his illnesses, the boy led the pair of us a lively dance. I shall not soon forget the anxiety of Mr. Jaffrey the night Andy had the scarlet-fever, — an anxiety which so infected me that I actually returned to the tavern the following afternoon earlier than usual, dreading to hear the little spectre was dead, and greatly relieved on meeting Mr. Jaffrey at the door-step with his face wreathed in smiles. When I spoke to him of Andy, I was made aware that I was inquiring into a case of scarlet-fever that had occurred the year before!

It was at this time, towards the end of my second week at Greenton, that I noticed what was probably not a new trait, — Mr. Jaffrey's curious sensitiveness to atmospherical changes. He was as sensitive as a barometer. The approach of a storm sent his mercury down instantly. When the weather was fair, he was hopeful and sunny, and Andy's prospects were brilliant. When the weather was overcast and threatening, he grew restless and despondent, and was afraid the boy was n't going to turn out well.

On the Saturday previous to my departure, which had been fixed for Monday, it had rained heavily all the afternoon, and that night Mr. Jaffrey was in an unusually excitable and unhappy frame of mind. His mercury was very low indeed.

"That boy is going to the dogs just as fast as he can go," said Mr. Jaffrey, with a woful face. "I can't do anything with him."

"He 'll come out all right, Mr. Jaffrey. Boys will be boys. I would n't give a snap for a lad without animal spirits."

"But animal spirits," said Mr. Jaffrey sententiously, "should n't saw off the legs of the piano in Tobias's best parlor. I don't know what Tobias will say when he finds it out."

"What, has Andy sawed off the legs of the old spinet?" I returned, laughing.

"Worse than that."

"Played upon it, then!"

"No, sir. He has lied to me!"

"I can't believe that of Andy."

"Lied to me, sir," repeated Mr. Jaffrey, severely. "He pledged me his word of honor that he would give over his climbing. The way that boy climbs sends a chill down my spine. This morning, notwithstanding his solemn promise, he shinned up the lightning-rod attached to the extension and sat astride the ridge-pole. I saw him, and he denied it! When a boy you have caressed and indulged, and lavished pocket-money on, lies to you, and *will* climb, then there 's nothing more to be said. He 's a lost child."

"You take too dark a view of it, Mr. Jaffrey. Training and education are bound to tell in the end, and he has been well brought up."

"But I did n't bring him up on a lightning-rod, did I? If he is ever going to know how to behave, he ought to know now. To-morrow he will be eleven years old."

The reflection came to me that if Andy had not been brought up by the rod, he had certainly been brought up by the lightning. He was eleven years old in two weeks!

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I essayed to tranquillize Mr. Jaffrey's mind, and to give him some practical hints on the management of youth, with that perspicacious wisdom which seems to be the peculiar property of bachelors and elderly maiden ladies.

"Spank him," I suggested, at length.

"I will!" said the old gentleman.

"And you 'd better do it at once!" I added, as it flashed upon me that in six months Andy would be a hundred and forty-three years old! — an age at which parental discipline would have to be relaxed.

The next morning, Sunday, the rain came down as if determined to drive the quicksilver entirely out of my poor friend. Mr. Jaffrey sat bolt upright at the breakfast-table, looking as woe-begone as a bust of Dante, and retired to his chamber the moment the meal was finished. As the day advanced, the wind veered round to the northeast, and settled itself down to work. It was not pleasant to think, and I tried not to think, what Mr. Jaffrey's condition would be if the weather did not mend its manners by noon; but so far from clearing off at noon, the storm increased in violence, and as night set in, the wind whistled in a spiteful falsetto key, and the rain lashed the old tavern as if it were a balky horse that refused to move on. The windows rattled in the worm-eaten frames, and the doors of remote rooms, where nobody ever went, slammed to in the maddest way. Now and then the tornado, sweeping down the side of Mount Agamenticus, bowled across the open country and struck the ancient hostelry point-blank.

Mr. Jaffrey did not appear at supper. I knew he was expecting me to come to his room as usual, and I turned over in my mind a dozen plans to evade seeing him that night. The landlord sat at the opposite side of the chimney-place, with his eye upon me. I fancy he was aware of the effect of this storm on his other boarder; for at intervals, as the wind hurled itself against the exposed gable, threatening to burst in the windows, Mr. Sewell tipped me an atrocious wink, and displayed his gums in a way he had not done since the morning after my arrival at Greenton. I wondered if he suspected anything about Andy. There had been odd times during the past week when I felt convinced that the existence of Miss Mehetabel's son was no secret to Mr. Sewell.

In deference to the gale, the landlord sat up half an hour later than was his custom. At half past eight he went to bed, remarking that he thought the old pile would stand till morning.

He had been absent only a few minutes when I heard a rustling at the door. I looked up and beheld Mr. Jaffrey standing on the threshold, with his dress in disorder, his scant hair flying, and the wildest expression on his face.

"He 's gone!" cried Mr. Jaffrey.

"Who? Sewell? Yes, he just went to bed."

"No, not Tobias, — the boy!"

"What, run away?"

"No, — he is dead! He has fallen off of a step-ladder in the red chamber and broken his neck!"

Mr. Jaffrey threw up his hands with a gesture of despair, and disappeared. I followed him through the hall, saw him go into his own apartment, and heard the bolt of the door drawn to. Then I returned to the bar-room, and sat for an hour or two in the ruddy glow of the fire, brooding over the strange experience of the last fortnight.

On my way to bed I paused at Mr. Jaffrey's door, and, in a lull of the storm, the measured respiration within told me that the old gentleman was sleeping peacefully.

Slumber was coy with me that night. I lay listening to the soughing of the wind, and thinking of Mr. Jaffrey's illusion. It had amused me at first with its grotesqueness; but now the poor little phantom was dead, I was conscious that there had been something pathetic in it all along. Shortly after midnight the wind sunk down,

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coming and going fainter and fainter, floating around the eaves of the tavern with a gentle, murmurous sound, as if it were turning itself into soft wings to bear away the spirit of a little child.

Perhaps nothing that happened during my stay at Bayley's Four-Corners took me so completely by surprise as Mr. Jaffrey's radiant countenance the next morning. The morning itself was not fresher or sunnier. His round face literally shone with geniality and happiness. His eyes twinkled like diamonds, and the magnetic light of his hair was turned on full. He came into my room while I was packing my valise. He chirped and prattled and carolled, and was sorry I was going away, — but never a word about Andy. However, the boy had probably been dead several years then!

The open wagon that was to carry me to the station stood at the door; Mr. Sewell was placing my case of instruments under the seat, and Mr. Jaffrey had gone up to his room to get me a certain newspaper containing an account of a remarkable shipwreck on the Auckland Islands. I took the opportunity to thank Mr. Sewell for his courtesies to me, and to express my regret at leaving him and Mr. Jaffrey.

"I have become very much attached to Mr. Jaffrey," I said; "he is a most interesting person; but that hypothetical boy of his, that son of Miss Mehetabel's — "

"Yes, I know!" interrupted Mr. Sewell, testily. "Fell off a step-ladder and broke his dratted neck. Eleven year old, was n't he? Always does, jest at that point. Next week Silas will begin the whole thing over again, if he can get anybody to listen to him."

"I see. Our amiable friend is a little queer on that subject."

Mr. Sewell glanced cautiously over his shoulder, and, tapping himself significantly on the forehead, said in a low voice,

"Room To Let — Unfurnished!"

T. B. Aldrich.

A GERMAN BARON AND ENGLISH REFORMERS.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I LEFT Hofwyl sadly, as if departing from a life-home; a fair Latin scholar, an indifferent Hellenist, thoroughly grounded in mathematics, with a minutely detailed knowledge of German history, that has served me but little since; in the other college branches pretty well up; in one only, according to the judgment of our teachers, had I outstripped my fellows, namely, in literary composition.

M. de Fellenberg bought, for my brother and myself, a stout, light, open caleche; we took post-horses, and, passing by way of Zurich and Basel, and travelling by easy stages, we descended the Rhine. What an era in one's life is that!

I shall not describe our journey. Half a century ago, when it was made, its details might have interested the American public. Now, the Rhine is almost as well known to us as our own Hudson. To me, in those days, that magnificent valley was hallowed ground. I had imbibed, during three years of German thought and German study at Hofwyl, a portion of that love, tinged with veneration, which the entire German family entertain for their Great River. Every town, almost every castle, along its banks had, for me, historical associations; and the verses we used to sing in its praise were familiar as household words.* Thus I

* "Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben;
Gesegnet sey der Rhein!" etc.

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seemed to be journeying through a fairy-land of legend and of song.

A few incidents, that especially stamped themselves on my memory, may be worth recalling.

The great work, the masterpiece of all that ever came from Dannecker's chisel, the colossal statue of Christ, on which he was then engaged, and had been for five years. It was an order from the Dowager Empress of Russia, and was afterwards presented by her to her son Alexander I.; but it was not completed and sent to St. Petersburg until three years after I saw it. The head, throat, and shoulders, however, were finished; at least, I thought them so: and never have I seen, in sculpture or in painting, such an expression of mingled grandeur and sweetness, filling my conception of the Great Teacher, as on that wonderful countenance. It was something to remain stamped on the memory for a lifetime. A more princely gift was never, I think, presented by mother to son.

At Mannheim we hired a boat of size sufficient to float us with our carriage down past Mayence and "Bingen on the Rhine," to Coblentz, through that world-renowned valley, narrow, hedged closely in by mountain ranges. Is its scenery, with all the romantic accessories, equalled, within the same number of miles, on any other river-course in the world?

I know not. But when I recall my emotions during that dreamlike and luxurious trip, drifting down silently and without perceptible motion past towering walls of cliff, abrupt as the sides of a Yosemite cañon, and scarce leaving, sometimes, between their base and the river-bank apparent space for a bridle-path; past time-worn fortresses perched on what seemed inaccessible rock-pinnacles, where clouds might settle; then gliding by many gentler banks that slope far back and are clothed, to their top, with terraced vineyards; then coming, here and there, on some quaint old remnant of a walled and moated town, cramped, struggling for room between mountain and river, but adorned with gray cathedral, rising from narrow and crooked streets that were darkened by the projection of massive gable fronts; then occasionally spying, far up on the heights, a solitary peasant-hut, or perhaps the slate roof and pointed spire of some lone cloister, aspiring toward heaven, — when I recall what I felt while there swept before me, lighted by bright autumnal skies, that magical panorama of beauty and romance, — I am tempted to join that most eloquent and artistic of all eccentrics, — adorer of Turner and detester of steamer and rail-car, — John Ruskin, in his notable crusade against all desecrating innovations in travel, and all modern scientific encroachments on time-honored modes of locomotion. Lazily floating on at the rate of five miles an hour, we certainly revelled in enjoyments which elude the time-pressed traveller of our day, busy and swift as bee on the wing, thinking no "shining hour" improved in which five times five miles are not left, forever, behind him.

Our trip was made at an interesting period. Napoleon's meteor career had ended at Waterloo six years before; and, as the result of his fall, the valley of the Lower Rhine (from Carlsruhe down) had been freed from what Germans called French desecration. They might well exult! The French rule on the Rhine, whenever their armies reached that river, had commonly been a rule of iron. We witnessed some of the desolation it had left behind. We found the luckless town of Speyer (Spires) still half in ruins, just beginning, under Bavarian rule, to recover from the atrocities which it suffered at the hands of France under her "Grand Monarch" and later, — atrocities with the details of which our professor of history, narrating to our class with flashing eyes that terrible episode which the Germans still call the *Mordbrenner Krieg* (the Murder and Burning War), had made us familiar. We thought of the miserable inhabitants driven forth by beat of drum; of

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the seven-and-forty streets of the town ablaze for three days and nights; and of the miners afterwards employed to blow up walls, fountains, convents, the cathedral, even the tombs of the Emperors; till what had been Speyer was but a desolate heap of rubbish.

Mannheim fared little better. After the French general had announced to the townspeople that his master (Louis *the Great!*) had resolved to raze their city to the ground, he told them that, as a special favor, they would be allowed twenty days in which to complete the work of destruction themselves. When they refused to execute this atrocious order, they too were driven forth like cattle, and the soldiers did the work of destruction; leaving fourteen houses only standing. We found this town fully rebuilt, but in rectangular monotony.

I remember that at Coblentz we visited a trifling but characteristic memento of the recent decadence of the Empire. In the square fronting the Church of St. Castor we found a pretty fountain, erected in 1812, during a season of elation, by the French. It was intended as a monument of triumphs still to be achieved; bearing an inscription to commemorate the passage through the city of the French Emperor on his way to Russia. Little more than a year later, the Russians passing through the city in pursuit of the miserable remnant of one of the greatest armies of the world, their commander Priest left this monument, with its pompous boast, intact; but we found below the French inscription the formal and quiet, but bitterly significant words: "*Vu et approuvé par nous, Commandant Russe de la Ville de Coblentz, Janvier* 1*er*, 1814." *

On the opposite bank we inspected another remembrancer of then recent political revolutions; finding the celebrated Ehrenbreitstein, as Byron had done a few years before, still

"Black with the miner's blast upon her height."

* The form used in viséing passports was adopted: "Seen and approved by us, Russian Commandant of the City of Coblentz, January 1, 1814."

The Prussians had made good use of the six years that had elapsed since this fortress had passed, in ruins, into their hands. We saw hundreds of workmen busy in restoring its walls and removing the traces of French devastation. It is now, I believe, after a cost of five millions, one of the strongest fortified posts in the world; five thousand men sufficing to defend it, and its magazines capable of containing wherewithal to victual that number throughout a siege of fifteen years.

Cologne — encompassed by its seven miles of castellated walls with their eighty-three picturesque flanking towers and their twenty-four redoubt-defended gates, and exhibiting perhaps the most perfect remaining example of the great fortified cities of the Middle Ages — seemed to have escaped the invader's destroying hand, but not her own folly. From her high estate — her period of prosperity and splendor, five centuries ago, when she could send thirty thousand men into the field — she had fallen, not by the ravages of war, but by the madness of intolerance. They showed us the Hebrew quarter of the city where, in 1349, the principal Jews who occupied it, to escape intolerable persecutions, shut themselves up with their wives and children, set fire to their houses and perished in the flames. In 1425 every Jew, and in 1618 every Protestant, had been ignominiously exiled. The absolute rule of bigoted ecclesiastics worked desolation as real as that by fire and sword; and the deserted city had little left in the way of consolation save the reflection that there rose from her religious buildings as many spires as there are days in the year.

Her cathedral, too, remained to her; an unfinished dream, indeed, but when to artistic dreamer ever came such a magnificent conception of beauty embodied in stone? — its towers to reach nearer to heaven than Egypt's pyramids; its choir, from floor to ceiling full a hundred and sixty feet. We ascended one of the unfinished towers on which, they told us, one layer of stone

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had lain undisturbed for three centuries before the next layer was superimposed. After six centuries we found the estimated cost of its completion still put at five millions of dollars.

From Düsseldorf, where modern art had not then established a school of painting we crossed, chiefly, by level, sandy roads, through Hanover to Hamburg. One of our Hofwyl college mates, Adolph von Münchausen, had given us a letter of introduction to his father, an old baron living a few miles from Hanover, and had exacted a promise that the letter should be delivered in person.

It was a charming visit, and we, fresh from legends of which the story of Götz von Berlichingen is the type, were at an age thoroughly to enjoy it. The Baron's château, a few centuries old, was moated and turreted, though no portcullis rose to admit us. Without, despite the clustering ivy, it had a touch of stately gloom about it; but within, from the first moment, we found bright cheerfulness and a cordial welcome. A few minutes after we had sent up our letter of introduction, there rushed rather than swept into the room the eldest daughter of the house, who, when I advanced to meet her, gave me both hands, led me to the sofa, and seating herself beside me, exclaimed: "And so you have seen my dear, dear Adolph; and you 've lived three years with him! I 'm so glad he gave you that letter to us. You must tell me all about him,— everything."

The deep blue eyes that met mine were moist with emotion; and their owner, a blonde of some twenty summers, without being regularly beautiful, had a face singularly expressive and attractive. Abashed, at first, by such unwonted cordiality, I found myself, after half an hour, conversing with her as frankly as if she had been my sister, instead of Adolph's. Then came in the father and mother; and it has never been my good fortune since to see a finer or more favorable specimen of the old *noblesse*, in its paternal type. Dignity was allied in their kindly features to a simple and benevolent grace. The white hair dropped to the Baron's shoulder, and the gray curls stole from under the bright old lady's cap; and nature had set her grand seal of goodness on these genial faces, an earnest that was fulfilled, if four or five days' visit enabled me to judge, in that worthy couple's daily demeanor.

At a mid-day dinner we were introduced to a feudal dining-hall, its lofty walls half covered with old family portraits; and we had an opportunity of realizing what used to be meant by the expression, "below the salt." The Baron and Baroness sat at the head of the long table, opposite each other; next to them my brother and myself; then the young ladies, for there was a second daughter, prettier but less interesting, I thought, than the first; then some relatives of the family; and below them the house-steward, the factor who managed the estate, a gamekeeper, and two or three other dependants. It had a patriarchal look; and it was pleasant to hear the kindly tone in which the Baron occasionally addressed some remark or behest to those sitting at the lower end of the board.

During the afternoon, which was bright and warm, we strayed, under guidance of the young ladies, through the large, old-fashioned garden and over the stately park. When, on our return, we found the table already laid for supper, the elder exclaimed to her mother, "Liebe Frau Mutter, it 's a shame to stay in the house losing a glorious sunset. Can't we have the evening meal (*Abendessen*) out on the lawn, in the shade?"

"Certainly, if you 'll take the trouble, my children," said the old lady.

"It will be fun." Then to us: "You 'll help us?"

But there seemed little need. In a twinkling, covers and dishes were removed to the side-board, and the two girls were about to carry off the table, when William and I interposed. The table laid (under one of several magnificent limes just in front of the house),

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my brother and I returned for the chairs; but we were not suffered to take peaceable possession. The damsel who had first welcomed me, bounding lightly over a low ottoman while I was walking quietly round it, pounced upon the chair I had my eye on, and laughingly carried off the prize before I had recovered from my astonishment.

That little improvised banquet, literally "unter den Linden," has never faded from my memory. It was a jovial merry-making. Parents and children kept up the light shuttlecock of jest; and so catching was the genial laughter of that charming old couple, so winning the frank and graceful familiarity of the girls, that, ere the meal was over, two bashful college lads began to feel as if they were at home for the holidays with some fairy godfather and godmother, and two newly found sisters, "wonder-beautiful" as the Germans phrase it, to match. We asserted brotherly authority over chairs and table, restricting woman's rights to the transport of plates and dishes, until all was in due order again.

Next day Baron von Münchausen conducted us over his farms, which seemed to be admirably managed. As we neared a pretty cottage, a young peasant-girl of fourteen or fifteen, with comely features imbrowned by exposure, approached us, but stopped at some distance, shy and embarrassed, courtesying.

"Come hither, my daughter," said our host, in his cheery tones; and the girl, encouraged, came up to us. "Ah, it is thou, Lisbethchen? How thou 'rt grown! we shall have a woman of thee, one of these days; and then a wedding, no doubt. I see thou hast a story to tell; what is it?"

The girl made some humble demand on behalf of her parents, which the Baron granted on the spot; dismissing her with a kiss on the forehead, while she reddened with pride and pleasure.

We had a cordial invitation, earnestly pressed by parents and daughters, to remain with them for a month, and the promise of a ball which was to come off the following week. I was sorely tempted to stay; but anxiety to reach home, and a promise to my mother not to delay on the journey, hurried us off. If fate *had* detained us there a month or two, I am not sure but that my father might have had a chance of having a German daughter-in-law; at all events I dreamed several times of the deep blue laughing eyes, before we reached Hamburg; and I have preserved to this day, warm in my memory, a tender recollection of that fine old château, with its large-hearted, bright-spirited inmates.

At Hamburg we came upon traces, recent then, of French inhumanity during the Empire. In 1810 the city had been conquered, its Constitution abolished, and the city declared a French town. In 1813 the inhabitants, who hated their conquerors, welcomed the Russians, who restored the old Constitution; but toward the close of that year the French, under Marshal Davoust, retook the place, and were afterwards besieged by the allies. During that siege Davoust robbed the bank of Hamburg of three millions and a half of dollars; and drove out, in the very depth of winter, forty thousand of the inhabitants. Of that number eleven hundred and thirty-eight perished miserably, from famine and exposure. We visited the monument that had been erected to their memory at Altona, which is close to the city.

Windbound for three weeks, we sailed, at last, in a British vessel, to meet with heavy gales and foul weather. Thrice we were compelled to put back to Cuxhaven, the last time under circumstances of great danger. We had been three days beating about some seventy or eighty miles on our way, dead-lights up all the time, and without a glimpse of the sun at noonday, whence to determine our exact position; off a sand-bar coast too, and a lee-shore. The captain's state-room was next to ours; and the third evening we overheard this: —

Mate. The dead-reckoning brings

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us awfully near them cursed sand-bars.

Captain. We carried on too long. She 's a jewel, close-hauled, and I hated to put back the third time ; but it won't do : three hours more of this, and the masts would have to go to lighten her. We must lay her for Heligoland. We ought to see the light by eight bells, or soon after.

Mate. And if we miss it ?

Captain. God help us ! But the wind 's in our favor ; and we must trust to luck to make it. Go up and put her about at once.

Pretty serious ! we thought it was. On cross-questioning the captain, he admitted that the coast to leeward of us and toward which, beating up under a heavy norwester, we had all day been drifting, was a very dangerous one, often strewed with wrecks. He said, however, that he thought we had a fair chance to make the lighthouse on Heligoland between twelve and one that night. If we did, it would give us our precise position, and the chief danger would be over.

" But if we did not ? " I asked, as the mate had done.

The captain saw, I think, that I took it quietly ; for after a pause he said, " I 'll tell you the truth. We *may* be out in our reckoning, having only the log to trust to ; and we might run on some sand-bar, inside the island, and have to take to the boats. But say nothing to the rest about it."

I asked him if we might lie down ; and he said yes, in our clothes ; and that he would wake us in time, if there was any danger.

In the cabin we found that the bad news had already spread. Some were bitterly bemoaning their hard fate ; others sat, their heads buried in their hands, sobbing or rocking themselves to and fro : a small minority remaining self-possessed. My brother and I turned in, tired and sleepy, having been all day on deck, and never opened our eyes till seven o'clock next morning. Then we sprang up eager for the news.

" What ! " said one of the passengers, — for they were all still assembled in the cabin, where they had passed sleepless night, — " don't you know that we made the lighthouse at one o'clock ? Did n't you hear the rejoicing ? Where have you been, in God's name ? "

" Asleep," we told him ; " the captain had promised to wake us up in good time."

They all stared ; and I believe that our avowal caused us to be credited rather with callous apathy than with fortitude. I think youth and sound health and nerves braced by hardy exercise had more to do with it than either.

We made a fourth start, deserted, however, by some of the passengers ; and a short run to London, under favorable winds, repaid us who still held to the vessel for past mishaps.

At home we found our father doing well in business ; but, as a radical reformer, having lost much ground in public estimation.

He had been misled by prosperity, by benevolent enthusiasm ; and there had been lacking, as steadying influence, thorough culture in youth. He had risen, with rare rapidity and by unaided exertion, to a giddy height. At ten years of age, he had entered London with ten dollars in pocket ; at forty-five, he was worth quarter of a million. Then his Essays on the Formation of Character, backed by his success, pecuniary and social, at New Lanark, had won him golden opinions. He had been received, respectfully and sometimes with distinction, by those highest in position : by Lords Liverpool, Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and by Mr. Canning ; by the Royal Dukes York, Cumberland, Sussex, Cambridge, and especially by the Duke of Kent ; by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sutton) and the Bishops of London, St. David's, Durham, Peterborough, and Norwich. Besides Bentham, his partner, he was more or less intimate with Godwin, Ricardo, Malthus, Bowring, Francis Place, Joseph Hume, James Mill, O'Connell, Roscoe,

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Clarkson, Cobbett, Vansittart, Sir Francis Burdett, the Edgeworths, the statistician Colquhoun, Wilberforce, Coke of Norfolk, Macaulay (father of the historian), and Nathan Rothschild, the founder of his house. He had received as guests at Braxfield, among a multitude of others, Princes John and Maximilian of Russia, the Duke of Holstein Oldenburg, Baron Goldsmid, Baron Just, Saxon Ambassador, Cuvier, Henry Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, and Lord Stowell, father-in-law of Lord Sidmouth. When he visited Paris, he took letters from the Duke of Kent to the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe), and from the French ambassador to the French Prime Minister; and he was invited to a visitor's chair by the French Academy. In Europe he made the acquaintance of La Place, Humboldt, La Rochefoucault, Boissy d'Anglas, Camille Jourdain, Pestalozzi, Madame de Staël, Pastor Oberlin, and many other celebrities. Then, too, his popularity among the masses quite equalled the favor with which men of rank and talent received him.

Is it matter of marvel that a self-made and self-taught man, thus suddenly and singularly favored by fortune should have miscalculated the immediate value of his social methods, and overestimated the influence of the position he had gained?

He worked, at that time, to disadvantage in another respect. He saw the errors of orthodox theology, and keenly felt their mischievous influence; but he did not clearly perceive the religious needs of the world.

He was a Deist. He stated his belief in an "eternal uncaused Existence, omnipresent and possessing attributes whereby the world is governed"; and that "man, the chief of terrestrial existences, has been formed by a Power, in our language called God, that eternally acts throughout the universe, but which no man has yet been able to comprehend." *

* Debate between Robert Owen and the Rev. J. H. Roebuck, London and Manchester, 1837, pp. 7 and 25.

As to religion he said, "I am compelled to believe that all the religions of the world are so many geographical insanities." Nor did he except Christianity, for he added: "I should therefore as soon attempt to contend against the Christian religion in a Christian country as to contest any question with the inmates of a lunatic asylum." *

His strong, original mind, lacking the habit of critical study, tempted him to discard in gross, without examining in detail; and to overlook a fact of infinite importance in morals and legislation, to wit, that reverence, acting on man's spiritual part, is a legitimate and cogent motive that has influenced human actions in all ages of the world.

He was one of those who, like many of the ablest scientists in all countries, need experimental proof to convince them that, when the body is discarded at death, the man himself does not die, but passes on to another and higher phase of being; and till he was nearly eighty years old he never obtained such proof.

Through all the active portion of his life he was a Secularist; not denying a world to come, but believing that man had no proof of it, could have no knowledge of it, and ought not to trouble himself about it. Therefore he omitted from his system, as a motive to human conduct, all reference to another life; believing that men can be made to see so clearly how much it is for their interest to be temperate and industrious, just and kind, that, in virtue of such insight and without other prompting, they will act uprightly through life. He trusted to man's desire for happiness, aside from religion, to reform the world.

It may be set down, also, as partly due to his lack of critical scholarship, that he failed correctly to estimate Christianity; freely admitting, indeed, the truth and beauty of its precepts of peace and charity and loving-kindness, yet rating it no higher than Socrates's philosophy or the religion of Confucius. When he spoke of Christianity

* Debate quoted, p. 106.

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he meant, not the teachings of Christ himself, as an exact and patient student may fairly construe them from the narrative as it comes down to us through the synoptical gospels, but that orthodox theology, loaded down by extrinsic dogmas, which, especially in its Calvinistic phase, may properly be termed an Augustinian commentary on certain scholasticisms of St. Paul.

Some of the very truths he perceived tended further to discredit the Christian record in his eyes. He rejected, as an enlightened portion of mankind are learning to reject, the miraculous and the infallible; and he supposed, because King James's translators told him so,* that Christ claimed for himself miraculous powers. It did not suggest itself to him that the gifts or powers exercised by Jesus, though spiritual, might be natural, as occurring strictly under law. He did not believe that they occurred at all. He thought, as Rénan does, that Christ, governed by expediency, lent himself to imposture; and this, in his eyes, tended to disparage the person of Jesus and to cast suspicion on the narrative of his life.

So, also, as to inspiration. Unable to accept it, in its orthodox sense, as a special and miraculous gift direct from God, it did not occur to him that it might be an element of culture, traceable throughout the history of all ages and nations; a class of influences, ultramundane but not miraculous, coming to us, in virtue of intermundane laws, from a higher phase of being; and that, in this broad lease, inspiration more or less pure might be, as Bishop Butler suggests,† the original of all the religions of the world.

But for these errors and oversights, I think a spirit like my father's — benevolent, merciful, forgiving — would have felt that there *are* no such lessons taught by ancient philosophy, Oriental or European, as are embodied in parables like that of the Pharisee and Publican at prayer, and of the Prodigal Son; or in the record of that memorable scene in the Temple when the woman, who was a sinner, was brought up for judgment before Christ.

Robert Owen's mistakes, then, as a practical reformer, were, in my judgment, twofold.

First. He regarded self-love, or man's longing for happiness, rationally educated, as the most trustworthy foundation of morals. I think that the hunger and thirst after the Right,* which is induced by culture of the conscience, is a higher motive, and, because higher, a motive better fitted to elevate our race, than selfishness, however enlightened. Honesty *is* the best policy; truth *is* the safest course. But he who is honest and true for the sake of the Right is more worthy, alike of trust and of love, than he who is honest and true for the sake of profit to himself.

Secondly. He limited his view of man to the first threescore and ten years of his life, ignoring the illimitable future beyond. But the Secular school can never prevail against the Spiritual. It has nothing to offer but this world, and that is insufficient for man.

Acting upon his ardent convictions, and subordinating to these all considerations of money or fame, my father, in the autumn of the year 1817, after elaborate preparation, held three public meetings in the great hall of the City of London Tavern. In the two first he set forth his views on education and on the social arrangement of society; and these seem to have been favorably received, eliciting commendatory notices from the Times and other leading journals. Thereupon several sectarian papers called upon him to declare his views on religion, which, till then, he had withheld. And this appears to have produced a sud-

* Every tyro in Greek knows that *dunamis* (which, in accordance with King James's instruction to his translators that "the old ecclesiastical words should be kept," is rendered, in our authorized version, *miracle*) means simply "power, faculty, efficacy": the word "dynamics" (certainly not a miraculous science) being derived from the same root.

† Analogy of Religion, Part II. Chap. II, pp. 195, 196, of London ed. of 1809.

* Matthew v. 6.

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den resolution which he disclosed to no one, wishing to take the sole responsibility; namely, at the third meeting (as he himself expresses it), to "denounce and reject all the religions of the world."

The day before this meeting (August 20) he had an interview, by appointment, with Lord Liverpool, who received him graciously; and when my father asked permission to place his name and the names of other members of the Cabinet on the committee of investigation the appointment of which he proposed to move at the meeting next day, the Minister replied, "You may make any use of our names you please, short of implicating the government."

The meeting was crowded by thousands, and thousands more went away unable to find even standing room. My father began by putting the question, "What has hitherto retarded the advancement of our race to a high state of virtue and happiness?" The words of his reply clearly indicate the enthusiastic excitement under which his mind was laboring: "Who can answer that question? who dares answer it but with his life in his hand? — a ready and willing victim to truth, and to the emancipation of the world from its long bondage of error, crime, and misery. Behold that victim! On this day! in this hour! even now! shall those bonds be burst asunder, never more to reunite while the world lasts!"

Then he proceeded to declare that the arrest of human progress toward a rational state was due to the "gross errors underlying every religion that has hitherto been taught to man."*

These sweeping and extravagant sentiments were doubtless uttered with the same sincerity, and in somewhat the same state of feeling, that prompted the monk Telemachus to confront in the arena of the Coliseum the anger of Roman Emperor and populace, in an effort to put an end to the barbarity of gladiator shows. My father spared no cost in publishing what he had said; purchasing of the London newspapers which appeared on the day succeeding each of his three lectures respectively thirty thousand copies. These papers, then heavily stamped, sold at fifteen cents apiece. In addition to this he printed forty thousand copies of each in pamphlet form, at a cost of more than six thousand dollars. In two months he had expended, for paper, printing, and postage, twenty thousand dollars.* The London mails, on the three days succeeding his lectures, were delayed, by the unexampled increase of mail-matter, twenty minutes beyond their set time.

My father, with fervid and exaggerated ideas of his mission, was evidently prepared for violence, even for outrage;† and he had enough of the martyr in him to face it: yet he need not have feared. The ages have long gone by when a self-sacrificing reformer imperils life, or loses it as the noble Roman monk did at the hands of the very sufferers for whose liberties and lives he was pleading,‡ by an honest endeavor to benefit his race. The day is past, even, when, in a free-minded country like England, one incurs personal risk by expressing, however boldly, if only honestly and decorously and without exciting to revolutionary violence, any opinions, no matter how extreme or unpopular.

What he did incur was a certain measure of ostracism. The Times led on, wheeling into line against him, and other periodicals followed its lead. He lost caste in the eyes of the pious, the conservative, and, in a general way, of the influential classes; though some of these last, including the Duke of Kent and Lord Brougham, stood by him to the end. A few of his personal friends avoided his society, and many more were alarmed and dispirited.

He retained his hold, however, upon

* Autobiography, p. 161.

* Autobiography, p. 156.

† Ibid., p. 161.

‡ Telemachus was slain by the gladiators themselves, incensed at his interference, about A. D. 400, under the Emperor Honorius. — Milman's *History of Christianity*, Vol. III., Book IV. Chap. II.

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the working classes; and in the sequel he extended and fortified an influence over them which is sensibly felt, alike in its truths and its errors, to this day. An official Report on Religious Worship, made in connection with the British census of 1851 to the Registrar-General, speaks of the prevalence of secularism among the laboring classes; its principal tenet, the reporter says, being that, as another world is matter of uncertainty, it is wise not to waste our energies on so remote a contingency, but to restrict our thoughts and exertions to the present life, adding: "This is the creed which probably with most exactness indicates the faith which, virtually though not professedly, is entertained by the masses of our working population."* Thirty years ago the Westminster Review had said: "The principles of Robert Owen are, in one form or another, the actual creed at the present time of a great portion of the working-classes."†

The reviewer speaks here, of course, of my father's ideas on co-operative industry as well as on religion. I learned recently from an English gentleman who has taken the lead in forming co-operative unions, that the amount of capital now invested in co-operative stores, manufactories, and the like, throughout Great Britain, exceeds eight millions of dollars; that, with scarcely an exception, these have been a financial success; and that they are rapidly on the increase.

While all earnest believers in a better world than this must regret the prevalence of materialistic opinions among England's laborers, it is an open question whether the fallow ground of secularism be not better fitted to receive the good seed of vital religion than the dogmatic field of theology, often choked with a thousand noxious weeds.

There are various niches to be filled by those who would render service to their fellows; and the ultra-reformer's is one of these. It needs a violent wrench to unsettle the deep-seated errors of centuries, before quiet truths and well-considered opinions — the sober second-thought which succeeds agitation — can take their places.

The pioneer, meanwhile, suffers for his rashness. Yet, on my return to Braxfield, I found my father as sanguine as ever, busy in perfecting his educational reforms, and apparently thinking little, and caring less, about the loss of his popularity. I myself was much occupied, for several years, in the personal supervision of the village schools, both day and evening. Several incidents that influenced, more or less, my after-life grew out of this occupation.

In the summer of 1824, when I was twenty-two years old, the first book I ever wrote, a small octavo volume of a hundred pages was published in London and Glasgow: its title, An Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark. It was favorably received by the public; and, in glancing over its pages, now after an interval of half a century, I do not find much to retract. Left free by my father to say just what I pleased, I did not follow his religious lead. In our schools he had not only scrupulously excluded all opinions, such as he himself held, against the religions of the day, but he allowed brief portions of the Scriptures to be statedly read by the children, because their parents wished it. Their time, however, was mainly occupied, aside from lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic, in mastering the more important facts taught by natural science, geography, and history.

The ground I assumed was this: "A knowledge of these facts is a necessary preliminary to the study of the science of religion; and a child, at an early age, should become acquainted with them, instead of being instructed in abstruse doctrinal points..... An acquaintance with the works of the Deity, such as these children acquire, must lay the basis of true religion;

* Report on Religious Worship made by Horace Mann, barrister of Lincoln's Inn, to the Registrar-General, under date December 8, 1853.

† Westminster Review for April, 1839.

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because true religion must be in unison with all facts." *

In those days Jeremy Bentham was my favorite author, and I was deeply read in his Principles of Morals and Legislation. From him and from my father I accepted the theory that utility is the test and measure of virtue; and this caused me to fall in with what I now regard as one of Robert Owen's mistakes; to wit, the assuming enlightened selfishness as the most trustworthy basis of elevated morality. In the introduction to the account of our school system I find myself saying: "A clear knowledge and distinct conviction of the necessary consequences of any particular line of conduct is all that is necessary to direct the child in the way he should go; provided common justice be done to him in regard to the other circumstances which surround him in infancy and childhood." †

The publication of these and similar opinions procured for me, some time afterwards, an interesting introduction. Having accompanied my father on one of his visits to London, I told him that I much wished to make Jeremy Bentham's acquaintance. He replied that Bentham's aversion to new faces was such that his most intimate friends could not take the liberty even to propose an introduction, unless he had himself expressed a desire on the subject. But a week or two later he informed me that he had visited Bentham, who said to him, in his abrupt way: "Owen, I like that son of yours. I 've been reading his book. Send him to see me, will you? No, I 'll write him myself."

Ten days later I had an invitation to his *symposium*, as he sometimes called his seven-o'clock evening meal; at which, however, there was abundance to eat as well as to drink: the profane vulgar would have called it a late dinner — and a very good one.

I preserve a most agreeable recollection of that grand old face, beaming with benignity and intelligence, and occasionally with a touch of humor, which I did not expect. The portrait of him which is prefixed to the later English editions of his Morals and Legislation is very like him, as I saw him then, at the age of seventy-eight, six years before his death.

I do not remember to have met any one of his age who seemed to have more complete possession of his faculties, bodily and mental; and this surprised me the more because I knew that, in his childhood, he had been a feeble-limbed, frail boy, precocious, indeed, — taking his degree of A. M. at eighteen, — but with little of that health of body which is sometimes spoken of as indispensable to health of mind. I knew, also, that, in his early years, in that gloomy "Lincoln's Inn garret" (as he himself called it), and before he had made the acquaintance of the cheerful and talented circle at Lord Shelburne's, he had been sad and desponding, dispirited by the world's lack of appreciation of youthful efforts, which to-day are admitted to have given evidence of marvellous acuteness and promise. Add to this that his later attempts to have his principles of jurisprudence adopted, at first by his own government, afterwards by the United States, and, not long before I saw him, by Spain, had all been unsuccessful; and yet there I found him, having over-passed by nearly a decade the allotted threescore years and ten, with step as active and eye as bright and conversation as vivacious as one expects in a hale man of fifty.

Our dinner-party consisted of John Neal of Maine, the author of Logan and other novels, and then, I think, an inmate of Bentham's house; and three or four others whose names I can no longer recall. I shall never forget my surprise when we were ushered by the venerable philosopher into his dining-room. An apartment of good size, it

* New Lanark Schools, pp. 52, 53, 56, 57.

† Work cited, pp. 12, 13, 16. I admitted elsewhere, however, that convictions as to our true interests might be counteracted by the influence of evil associates; confessing that "man is gregarious; and he might choose to traverse a desert in the company of others, though it led to danger and death, in preference to a solitary journey, though it conducted through gardens to a paradise." — p. 21.

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was occupied by a platform about two feet high, and which filled the whole room, except a passage-way, some three or four feet wide, which had been left so that one could pass all round it. Upon this platform stood the dinner-table and chairs, with room enough for the servants to wait upon us. Around the head of the table was a huge screen, to protect the old man, I suppose, against the draught from the doors.

The dinner passed cheerfully, amid the lively, and to me most interesting conversation of our host; but I observed that he did not touch upon any of the topics of the day, nor allude to recent events, political or social; while his recollections of the past were vivid and ready. His talk ran chiefly on those principles of morals and jurisprudence which have made his name famous.

When the cloth was drawn and we had sat for some time over our "wine and walnuts," Bentham pulled a bell-rope that hung on his right. "John, my marmalade!" he called out to the servant who entered; then, to us: "That Scotch marmalade is an excellent digester. I always take a little after dinner."

When another half-hour had passed, he touched the bell again. This time his order to the servant startled me: "John, my nightcap!"

I rose to go, and one or two others did the same; Neal sat still. "Ah!" said Bentham, as he drew a black silk nightcap over his spare gray hair, "you think that 's a hint to go. Not a bit of it. Sit down! I 'll tell you when I am tired. I 'm going to *vibrate* a little; that assists digestion, too."

And with that he descended into the trench-like passage, of which I have spoken, and commenced walking briskly back and forth, his head nearly on a level with ours, as we sat. Of course we all turned toward him. For full half an hour, as he walked, did he continue to pour forth such a witty and eloquent invective against kings, priests, and their retainers, as I have seldom listened to. Then he returned to the head of the table and kept up the conversation, without flagging, till midnight ere he dismissed us.

His parting words to me were characteristic: "God bless you, — if there be such a being; and at all events, my young friend, take care of yourself."

Bentham's standing as a reformer of jurisprudence was not, at that time, what it afterwards grew to be, especially in England; thanks to the translations and able editing of his works by Dumont, he was more highly appreciated in France. Yet his posthumous fame was greater than his reputation while living. I heard him often spoken of as an ultra radical by those who thought that one of the gravest terms of reproach. It is true that after I saw him, but while he yet lived, Mackintosh admitted that "Bentham had done more than any other man to rouse the spirit of judicial reformation." But it was years after his death that Macaulay paid him this higher tribute: "Posterity will pronounce its calm and impartial decision; and that decision will, we firmly believe, place in the same rank with Galileo and with Locke the man who found jurisprudence a gibberish and left it a science. In some of the highest departments in which the human intellect can exert itself, he has not left his equal nor his second behind him."

With John Neal I kept up the acquaintance thus begun. My father, ardent in his love of civil and religious liberty, had brought me up to think highly of America and Americans; and the young man's enthusiastic admiration of Bentham fell in well with my own. He was then engaged in writing, for Blackwood, sketches of the literary and political celebrities of the United States, which I read eagerly; and the stories he told of his native country had for me all the charm of romance.

One day, when I was walking with him in Hyde Park, we met Henry Brougham, who accosted me, Neal

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sauntering on. I had spent several days of the previous week near Birmingham, with the Hills; Rowland, afterwards Sir Rowland, author of the penny-postage system, and for many years at the head of the British post-office; together with two other brothers, Frederick and Matthew; the former noted in later years for his work on Crime and its Causes; the latter, for his exertions in procuring law reform. They were then conducting a large boarding-school or private college for boys, justly celebrated in its day; and, as Brougham knew of my visit, he had stopped me to learn what I thought of that institution. I spoke of it, as I felt, in terms of the warmest approval. I remember that one trifling peculiarity which I related to him took his fancy, as it had taken mine: we were roused in the morning, not by the harsh clang of a bell, but by the soft tones of a cornet, gradually swelling until the musician concluded that they were loud enough to awaken the sleeping population of the house, — a most pleasant and harmonious ushering in of a new day, it had seemed to me.

Our conversation ended, I rejoined Neal. "Some schoolmaster, was it not?" he asked in an indifferent tone.

"No, indeed," said I; "that was Henry Brougham. I should have introduced you, if you had n't walked off."

Neal stopped dead short, and stared at me. "Henry Brougham!" he cried out at last. "The man of all others I wanted to see and know! What an ass I was! not to see, in his face, the power and talent he has, — to mistake him for some old pedagogue."

Henry Brougham, though then without title, had been, for years, a distinguished member of Parliament, eminent for his passionate eloquence and vehement invective; famous, too, as the legal defender of Queen Caroline. He had also been chosen a year or two before, though Walter Scott was his competitor, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and his recent work On the Education of the People was attracting universal attention. No wonder, then, that my friend Neal, sanguine, impressible, and a worshipper of genius, was provoked with himself for having missed an introduction.

I may state here that there was, between Brougham and my father, so great a personal resemblance, alike in face and person, that the one was frequently mistaken for the other. A year or two after Brougham obtained his title, my father, passing through Macclesfield in the mail-coach, was accosted, while it stopped there, by a gentleman who said he was glad to see his Lordship again so soon. My father, guessing the mistake, protested that he was not Lord Brougham; but the other rejoined, "You wish to travel incognito; but you forget that I had the honor of dining with your Lordship three weeks ago." This was noised about; a crowd collected; and when the coach started again, they gave three hearty cheers for Lord Brougham, the people's friend.

My father, while I was with him in London, introduced me to a noted author, already known to me through two of his works, — Political Justice and Caleb Williams, — and as the husband, thirty years before that time, however, of the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. William Godwin was then seventy years old; but he seemed to me older than Bentham. Feeble and bent, he had neither the bright eye nor the elastic step of the utilitarian philosopher. In person he was small and insignificant. His capacious forehead, seeming to weigh down the aged head, alone remained to indicate the talent which even his opponents confessed that he had shown, alike in his novels and in his graver works. His conversation gave me the impression of intellect without warmth of heart; it touched on great principles, but was measured and unimpulsive; as great a contrast to Bentham's as could well be imagined.

His face, however, twenty years before, if one might judge by what seemed a capital oil-painting that hung over

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the mantel-piece, must have had a noble expression. A head of Mary Wollstonecraft, in another part of the room, was inferior as a picture. But the face, less masculine than I had figured it to myself, was very beautiful; a peculiar soft and loving expression about the eyes mingling with a look of great intelligence. Godwin assured me that it was an excellent likeness. I gazed at it, calling to mind some of the sad passages of her life as recorded by her husband, and wondering whether her brief union with him had made up for previous sufferings.

My visits to London were occasional only, when my father needed an amanuensis.

At New Lanark I spent part of my time, during two or three years, in my father's counting-house, greatly to my after-advantage. I mastered, also, every operation by which cotton yarn is produced: for my father left me manager in his absence, intending that I should by and by take his place. This was not to be.

Meanwhile there occurred what forms one of the most romantic episodes of my life; of which I propose to give the details in the next chapter.

Robert Dale Owen.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

THE fourth volume of Dr. Palfrey's Compendious History of New England completes the series which places the result of his long and profound study of the subject within the reach of such as could not, for want of time or any other reason, acquaint themselves with it in his larger work. The first volume treats of the earliest explorations in this region, the geography, natural history, and native inhabitants; of the settlement of the different New England Colonies, and of their organization, their first union, and their political, social, and religious progress up to the middle of the seventeenth century. The second volume carries us forward to the year 1689, when William and Mary were proclaimed in Boston, and Governor Andros was arrested and shipped to England. It deals with such events and facts as the Quaker troubles, the granting of the charters by Charles II., and the whole relation of the Colonies to the Stuarts; King Philip's war; the disputes with England, and the final vacation of the charter of Massachusetts; the coming of Andros, and his proceedings here up to the time of his expulsion. We noticed the third volume in the Atlantic for November last, when we endeavored to do justice to its interesting presentation of such unpicturesque and undramatic, but very characteristic matters as the attempts of Massachusetts to regain her earlier independence; her disappointment and continued humiliation by those liberal

* *A Compendious History of New England, from the Discovery by Europeans to the first General Congress of the Anglo-American Colonies.* By JOHN GORHAM PALFREY. In Four Volumes. Vol. IV. Boston: H. C. Shepard. 1873.

Key to North American Birds, containing a Concise Account of every Species of living and fossil Bird at present known from the Continent north of the Mexican and United States Boundary. Illustrated by six Steel Plates, and upwards of two hundred and fifty Woodcuts. By ELLIOTT COUES, Assistant-Surgeon, United States Army. Salem: Naturalists' Agency. New York: Dodd and Mead. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1872.

Behind the Bars. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 12mo. 1871.

Contributions to Mental Pathology. By I. RAY, M. D. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1873.

Never Again. By W. S. MAYO, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam and Sons. 1873.

The Brook and other Poems. By WILLIAM B. WRIGHT. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1873.

Handbook of the History of Philosophy. By DR. SCHWEGLER. Translated and annotated by JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING, LL. D., Author of the Secret of Hegel. New York: Putnam and Sons. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

Geschichte der Philosophie im Umriss. Von DR. ALBERT SCHWEGLER. Stuttgart: Franck. 1848.

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princes from whom she had hoped so much; and her long disputes with royal governors about salary and other things, as well as the incidents of the ceaseless strife with the French and Indians; the disastrous failure of costly expeditions against the French colonies, and the terrible tragedies of the Salem witchcraft excitement. It brings the history of New England to the second quarter of the eighteenth century, at which period the fourth volume resumes the tale, and continues it until New England history is merged in American history by the revolutionary union of all the Colonies against Great Britain.

The three governors following Shute, namely, Burnet, Shirley, and Bernard, sustained with ardor the old controversy with the Legislature of Massachusetts. They demanded a fixed salary, as due to the representative of royalty in the Colony; and the Legislature steadily refused it, though ready and willing to make handsome occasional grants; and finally the executive gave up the hopeless contest. The Legislature never relaxed the hold on a refractory governor which the power to refuse him money gave them. It is curious to follow this controversy, and to observe how it never lost, in any recurrence, its original character; how it came to no decision, but simply expired by limitation, as it were. They were all Englishmen, New or Old, in that day, and it was maintained with true English doggedness, and at last simply shirked, by the losing side, in true English content with expediency.

But a far more interesting phase of colonial history was the Great Awakening of religious feeling in New England, to which Dr. Palfrey devotes one of his chapters. No doubt we degenerate people should not have found the religious temper or observances of the time lax, but there had no doubt been an abatement of the Puritanic zeal of earlier days. It is possible that the fierce theological abandon of the witchcraft excitement had something to do with this reaction; but however it was, the New-Englanders of 1734 were but an ungodly generation, comparatively speaking. The awakening began in the congregation of Jonathan Edwards, whose powerful sermons on justification by faith, and God's absolute sovereignty mightily stirred up the people of Northampton. "The noise among the dry bones," says the eminent preacher, "waxed louder and louder, ... till there was scarcely a single person in the town, either old or young, that was left unconcerned." The good work spread throughout the neighboring towns, and into Connecticut; and an account of it was sent to England and there published by Dr. Watts. George Whitefield was invited to New England, and came, remaining ten days in Boston, where he preached at one time to fifteen thousand people, — almost the whole population. He made a *furore* wherever he went, throughout the Province; he delivered his farewell sermon on the Common to an audience of thirty thousand; and under his exhortations and those of his colleagues, the entire people seemed to revert to its best Puritanical estate. "Persons not converted were sobered, so that the whole social aspect was changed. 'Even the negroes and boys in the streets surprisingly left off their rudeness. . . . . Taverns, dancing-schools, and such meetings as had been called assemblies . . . . were much less frequented. Many reduced their dress and apparel.' And it was 'both surprising and pleasant to see how some younger people, and of that sex too which is most fond of such vanities, put off the bravery of their ornaments." It is a sad story how the whole work was brought into discredit by the ill-advised zeal of one man, James Davenport, a minister of Long Island, who once preached a sermon twenty-four hours long, attempted miracles, ran about the country converting other ministers' congregations, and publicly crying out upon such ministers as he deemed not to have had a genuine religious experience, and who ended, poor man, by confessing that he had been wrong in all this, "being much influenced in the affair by a false spirit . . . . and withal very offensive to that God, before whom I would lie in the dust, prostrate in deep humility and repentance on this account; imploring pardon for the Mediator's sake, and thankfully accepting the tokens thereof."

Hard upon this religious excitement came a period of military activity, during which the capture of Louisburg, the most brilliant exploit of our colonial history, took place. It was effected almost wholly by the colonies and forces; but England, with supreme indifference to their glory and safety, restored the fortress to France at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. Some ten years later, the English again took the place, after a siege of seven weeks; and in 1759 Quebec fell, and New France became part of the

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British Empire. This event did not give in London the unmixed joy that it gave in Boston; and it does not increase our hereditary love of England to know that there was not wanting an able English pamphleteer to deplore the downfall of the French colonies because the English Provinces, liberated from the incursions of the French and Indians, would now be more independent of the mother country, and more prosperous than ever. She had done what she could to keep them helpless by restricting their commerce and forbidding their manufactures; but this had not been effectual, and patriotic Englishmen felt with alarm that since the eighty years' war with New France was ended, since the people of the frontier villages were no longer in danger of the savage firebrand and tomahawk, and the great towns were released from the long waste of life and money, there were no lengths to which the undutiful colonists might not prosper. In fact, such Englishmen were not so far wrong. The fall of Quebec may be considered one of the preliminary events of the American Revolution; and Dr. Palfrey traces with that admirable clearness of his the successive steps which led to that struggle from the time of the last French war. There is no heat nor haste in his judgment of England; but as one follows his cool and accurate statement of the facts, one feels with almost a novel satisfaction how richly that power deserved to lose the colonies which she governed with such mean jealousy, such greedy stupidity. We hope no reader will pass carelessly over these chapters of the history, because they deal with events and names as familiar as household words; the new light on them makes them newly significant; and we cannot too often refresh the sense that our national being was founded in wisdom and justice, — the feeling may help us over some doubts and fears for the present, and may touch us with a wholesome shame that we should in any wise have suffered such an inheritance to sink into disgrace and corruption.

The period which this volume covers has little of the charm which attracts us to the earlier times. The poetry of the first Puritan invasion of the wilderness has long since faded out of the story; the Quakers and witches are no longer persecuted to death; the terrible wars with the French and Indians have come to a final and prosperous close. The men who chiefly figure have not the austere picturesqueness of the first magistrates and ministers; they are statesmen, with already more of the politician than the pilgrim in them. Yet on this grave neutral ground of colonial annals there is one bit of personal history which burns like a vivid touch of red in some gray-toned landscape. About the middle of the last century, Governor Shirley visited Europe, and "at Paris, when past the age of threescore, he had been attracted by the beauty of a young girl, the daughter of his landlord, and, having married her, he brought her to Boston, — child and Catholic as she was, — to take precedence in the society of the Puritan matrons of Massachusetts." We recommend this fact to some poet or romancer, looking about for a subject, as one of almost unlimited capabilities: only imagine the governor's happiness, the joy of the young French wife, and the satisfaction of the Massachusetts matrons in the situation! The historian leaves the fact with the simple statement we have given; but human nature demands something more: what beneficent genius will invent us something concerning it?

Another event of Governor Shirley's administration has already afforded us the finest English poem of our time; we mean the transportation of the French Neutrals from Acadia, which suggested to Mr. Longfellow the unsurpassable story of Evangeline. If the reader likes to read the history of that melancholy affair, here it is narrated in Dr. Palfrey's fourth volume with all the soberness, conciseness, and fidelity which characterizes his whole work.

We are struck, indeed, in glancing over the ground he has so faithfully occupied, with the singular fitness of the writer for his theme. It is not a history out of which the merely imaginative admirer of the past could make very much. Its dramatic incidents are few and meagre. It is sad-colored, austere, simple in character. It hides its poetry, and its high significance for the future of mankind, under an array of facts as little showy and romantic as the garb and visage under which each Puritan hid the tenderness and strength of his nature. It is the record of a God-fearing community abandoning home and country for the freedom of the wilderness, but carrying, like malicious kobolds, among their household gear the errors of superstition, intolerance, and persecution from which they fled. Yet they were a people who could learn mercy as well as righteousness. Their sins in the witchcraft ex-

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citement were acknowledged and deplored with grave publicity by magistrate and minister and citizen, and all the forms of religious severity were relaxed as soon as New England ceased to be a company and became a nation. But what they felt to be right that they held fast. A charter might be granted or vacated; still they clung to the substance of liberty; and when this was threatened, after patient submission to many wrongs, they were first among the colonists to rebel against unjust authority, and to enter upon the contest that destroyed it.

Such a history needed for its narrator just those qualities of patient investigation, self-denying strictness, conscientious accuracy, judicial impartiality, and literary neatness which Dr. Palfrey so eminently possesses. A more colored or ambitious style would have ludicrously discorded with the grave and simple stuff of the annals; a greater tendency to hero-worship would have given us more striking figures and faces, but would not have given the unity and balance of an action in which the led were as important as the leaders; the spirit of the advocate could have made a more brilliant and effective case at many points, but justice and truth would have suffered. Dr. Palfrey relegates to the poets and the romancers their pilgrims, their heroes, their martyrs, and produces a close and careful study of the past with faithful portraits of such men and women as figured prominently in it. His work is not one that will take the idler from his "novels and tales of chivalry in prose or rhyme," or from what Coleridge considers the analogous diversions of "gaming, swinging, or swaying on a chair or gate; spitting over a bridge, smoking, snuff-taking"; nay, we doubt if he had it ever in his mind to allure the lover of these amusements. His history is wanting in all the effects that the mere time-killing reader enjoys; no fine costumes in picturesque groups; drums and trumpets few and of business-like note; no banners for the fights of the pathless woods and tangled morasses of the bitter and rocky coasts, the hard and hostile interior. It is the story of a serious people, told, as it was lived, with unostentatious dignity and with an unremitted endeavor for verity and justice.

— Manuals and text-books of zoölogy, as well as those works commonly ranked as "popular" treatises on natural history, have, as is well known, been usually prepared by mere compilers, possessing few qualifications for the task. That worthless works, perpetuating antiquated theories and opinions long abandoned by investigators, should alone be accessible to persons seeking to know something of the special subjects of which they treat, is the fault more of investigators themselves, perhaps, than of the ignorant compilers of such works, or of their still more ignorant purchasers. The original workers in zoölogy are commonly too much engrossed with their special lines of study to care to devote their limited time to popularizing the latest views and discoveries in their respective fields of inquiry.

Packard's Guide to the Study of Insects, and Agassiz's Seaside Studies, have hitherto been the only works written in this country with the design of placing within the reach of the general reader any adequate guide to the study of any particular department of zoölogy. We have, until now, had no work, treating especially of any class of vertebrates, adapted to the needs of common students, nor anything in zoölogical literature comparable in point of completeness and detail with Gray's excellent Manual of our flora. Dr. Coues, in his Key to North American Birds, is hence the first to provide a manual of the character in question. Though moulded essentially on the plan that has for many years been so successfully adopted in the preparation of botanical manuals, Dr. Coues's work, as a zoölogical handbook, is thus far unique in its conception and execution. Its author has been long known to the ornithological world as an investigator of very high ability, and the conscientious care and accuracy that have marked his monographs and other special papers is sufficient assurance to his fellow-workers of fidelity and thoroughness in a work of the character and importance of the one forming the subject of the present notice. A critical examination of Dr. Coues's book reveals, it is true, here and there slight faults of execution, but they in no way detract essentially from its value as a reliable hand-book, and one well suited to meet the wants of beginners in ornithology, while it affords at the same time a standard and convenient work of reference for advanced students and even specialists.

The work is divided into three parts. The first consists of a general Introduction, occupying about sixty pages, and is devoted to an elementary exposition of the

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leading principles of ornithology. It also contains very full descriptions of the external parts and organs of birds, and defines and explains the technical terms in ordinary use in ornithological literature; these descriptions and explanations being accompanied by suitable illustrations. The second part, or Key to the Genera and Subgenera, consists of a continuous analytical table, forming an artificial analysis of the genera, similar to the analytical tables employed in botany as a guide to the natural orders. The Introduction fully prepares the student for the use of the Key to the Genera. Having mastered the former, he is guided by means of the latter to the identification of any species of North American bird he may chance to have.

The remaining three hundred pages of the work are devoted to a Systematic Synopsis of North American Birds. In this synopsis are included all the birds of North America found north of Mexico, arranged after a generally approved system of classification. The higher groups are characterized with considerable detail, and the extra-limital forms being also included, the reader is made acquainted, in a general way, with the exotic as well as the North American families of the avian class. In the descriptions of the species, Dr. Coues has shown a happy skill in seizing upon such distinctions as are alone significant, the student thus escaping the confusion that results from the introduction of irrelevant matter, such as one too often finds in our best descriptive ornithological writings. The geographical distribution of each species is generally fully indicated, and occasionally are added terse characterizations of their habits. The size of the work necessarily precludes the introduction of extended biographical notices of the species, the lack of which is, in a measure, supplied by references to the works of Wilson, Nuttall, Audubon, and other standard authorities on the subject. By the use of abbreviations and a few arbitrary signs, a large amount of information is compressed into the few lines that constitute the specific diagnosis.

One of the most important features of this portion of the work, and one almost for the first time introduced into general works on ornithology, is the critical discriminations made between species and varieties or geographical races. Recent advances in the science have rendered these discriminations indispensable, and throughout the work they have been rigidly and judiciously introduced. The number of forms recognized as specific has thereby been greatly reduced from the number current only a few years ago; but the reduction is one now sanctioned, it may be safely said, by the majority of American ornithologists. In respect to the genera, the author has adopted a less uniform practice, having correspondingly reduced these groups only among the waders and swimmers. In respect to the large number of genera admitted, the author says in his Preface that he was "led into this — unnecessarily, perhaps, and certainly against [his] judgment — partly by a desire to disturb current nomenclature as little as possible, and partly because it is still uncertain what value should be attached to a generic name." He intimates, however, that, on another occasion, he should probably extend the reduction of the generic names to the remaining groups.

Upward of two hundred of the woodcuts occur in the third part, or Synopsis, and are devoted mainly to the illustration of the generic and family characters, as the structure of the feet, the form of the bill, wings, etc. About one half represent the head, generally of the natural size, while each family has one or more full-length figures. A few of the figures give merely outlines of the parts illustrated, but the greater number are carefully executed drawings made by the author from nature.

The volume closes with a synopsis of all the fossil birds as yet discovered in North America. This forms an extremely valuable feature of the work, it having been prepared by the highest authority on the subject (Professor O. C. Marsh of New Haven), and being the only general exposition of this department of American ornithology that has been made.

— We omitted to notice Behind the Bars when it appeared; but it has proved the occasion of so acrimonious a controversy in the newspapers lately that we have been led to read it. Written by a lady, once a patient, it professes to expose certain evils incident to our asylum system. The purpose is legitimate and the *tone* (as distinguished from the matter, for we fear the book is not free from misrepresentation of facts) is unexceptionable. Indeed, the style, though somewhat rambling and at times deficient in superficial elegance, has a depth and fulness not often met with. The grievances against which she inveighs are

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not of the Charles Reade-ian rib-breaking character, though it is true she describes an amount of strait-jacketing, stomach-pump feeding, night patrolling, and suppression of correspondence with friends, that certainly would fall under the head of "abuse" of power. But the testimony of a patient is always presumably untrustworthy, and we prefer to consider these accounts as grossly exaggerated, to say no more. The anecdote on page 331 of a girl so vivacious that she was put into a ward of demented patients and became demented herself in consequence, is told, we are sure, from an inadequate knowledge of the facts; and we are equally sure that the author is mistaken in what she says about the systematic separation of patients who have become "too intimate." But abstracting these matters, there remains a mass of complaint from what we may call the purely sentimental point of view, that is, perhaps, well founded in the asylum system; and to this she has given touching and forcible expression. Persons of sensibility and refinement like herself — and there are always some such in an asylum, not to speak of those whose sensibility is morbid and excessive, — must be vexed every hour in the day by the rigid discipline of an immense institution whose rules are made for the average convenience of all its inmates, wounded by the tactless authority of uncultivated attendants, and distressed by the deficient sympathy and discrimination which the overtasked medical officers are able to bestow upon them. To the judicious reader, then, the book may be commended as a plea for one special interest, taking no account of the many others involved. It is feminine in its one-sidedness, perhaps in its inaccuracy, but also in its sympathetic insight. To the sane and practical world lunacy is a bed in which one cannot by any artifice lie straight, and in which an inch more or less of discomfort does not much matter. The patient is out of joint with the world of things, and at the best the world of things must thwart him. But there are degrees; and to the particular madman who feels that with a little more trouble on some one's part, the thwarting would bear less hard on *him*, your reference to general laws will always seem a mockery.

We know that the medical profession, as a whole, frowns on any attempt to invoke the public ear in these matters. But the fact is that reform here, as in other places, is mainly or even wholly a question of money. To be faultlessly cared for when one is acutely insane requires a greater outlay than any but the very richest can meet. But, as no citizen is exempt from danger of the disease, every one is directly interested that the public provision of which he may some day be forced to become a beneficiary should be as faultless as possible. The public generosity must be called upon. But how, unless you let the public realize to some extent in imagination the evils incident to the present order of enormous, over-crowded establishments without any system of occupations or diversions for their inmates, can you get it into a liberal enough mood to pay for the new salaries, buildings, and apparatus which a better order of things would require? Of course the particular sort of jealous anxiety with which the public mind is filled by the "revelations" that are often made — revelations of abuses, properly so called, to which this book in a mild way adds its *quantum* — is, on the whole, quite groundless, and does the greatest injustice to the individual superintendents and others who fall under the ban of its suspicion. But even with this injustice included, we are not sure of its being on the whole pernicious. Public feeling has no power of direct interference; and so long as it remains an influence urging those who have authority to spare no exertion to disarm its cavils of whatever shadow of truth may lurk in them, it must bear wholesome fruit to the community as a whole. Specialists, indeed, claim to be able to give each other all the improvement they need. The kind of criticism an ignorant laity passes on their proceedings is apt to be wide enough of the mark; and to have to submit to this sort of prejudice, in addition to the ingratitude and slander they are sure to receive from a large portion of their patients, may well make the position of asylum physician seem unenviable. Nevertheless, we suppose there may be a certain amount of the partisan *esprit de corps* and routine even in a profession which for a hundred years past has had one of the brightest records humanity can show. And if there is only a grain of it, it is well to bear hard upon it from the outside. If individuals incur wrongful blame in the process, they can sternly console themselves with the thought that the honor of their calling is proportioned to its exposure.

Dr. Ray, the title of whose work follows next upon our list, stands as a writer easily

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at the head of this honorable profession in our country. This volume is only a culling from the essays which, for a quarter of a century, have proceeded from his fertile pen. In all of them is to be noticed the same fluent and varied style, tending perhaps a little to diffuseness, and the same lucidity of thought and expression. Since he commends the book to the "general reader" as containing "nothing unworthy the attention of any thoughtful mind," we may assume that he approves of the public interest being awakened to the general subject of lunacy. A large proportion of the essays in the book are of a polemic, or at least an argumentative character. Although there is no express discussion of asylum "abuses," yet it would be easy to gather a string of extracts which would make a formidable looking reply to many of the current accusations. We give a few examples: —

"Hardness of feeling towards the hospital, the friends, or any others who have promoted or favored the patient's restraint, must always throw doubt on the genuineness of any apparent recovery. One who is fully restored will harbor no other than feelings of complacency and gratitude towards those who have cared for him when unable to care for himself, and shielded him from a mortifying and dangerous exposure of his infirmity. He will never cease to entertain the most friendly feeling towards those who, under every provocation calculated to try their temper and patience, pursued the mild and even tenor of their way, returned his abuse with silence or with gentle words, and exhausted all the arts of kindness in soothing his troubled spirit and restoring it to peace and happiness."

Dr. Ray speaks of "that advance in Christian sentiment which in these our days would bring within the benign influences of the hospital *all* the unfortunate victims of mental infirmity." And in another place, writing of the tests of a spurious recovery, he says: "Among the most prominent are a certain impatience, restlessness, and constant dwelling on the one idea of going home. The last is always a suspicious circumstance, and always a sufficient warrant for delay. Some manifestation of the feeling in persons who have long been separated from their homes, and are looking forward to the day which shall witness a renewal of their happiest relations, would not be strange. But this very natural trait can generally be distinguished from the kind of restlessness in question, ... which is far more persistent and out of all proportion to the occasions that are used in justification of it. It is beyond the reach of argument and all the arts of persuasion. The most patient and elaborate exposition of the reasons for further detention is followed by a renewal of the same restlessness and the same importunities. . . . . After fully recovering, the patients admit that their restlessness was unreasonable and uncontrollable, and wonder that they should have been so completely under its control."

Referring to the alleged evil influence upon the reason of being shut up in an asylum in company with large numbers of lunatics, he says: "Of the hundreds of sane people within our cognizance who have been closely associated with the insane in large establishments for years together, we cannot call to mind one who became insane or was likely to be so. No doubt, where there is a strong disposition to the disease, such association tends to develop it; and this effect is especially obvious where the parties brought together are nearly related, and the offices of care and attention naturally incident to such relation draw largely on the bodily strength and the moral emotions. The danger arising from this cause is often a sufficient reason for removing the patient from home and the customary surroundings. . . . . But it does not follow that the insane would be likely to lose the little sanity that remains by associating with persons more insane than themselves. Such is not the experience of men who have had charge of thousands of patients and observed them under every variety of influence. For the most part the insane are too much occupied with their own condition to be troubled by the conduct or discourse of others. . . . . In modern hospitals the means of classification are so ample that the mischief that might result from improper association is reduced to almost nothing." We are not sure that the last subject is exhausted by Dr. Ray's remarks. And the reader will have noticed the rather startling facility with which he admits the principle in dispute when it works in favor of his doctrine that all patients should be sent to asylums, while denying it when it would work against their being kept there. The fact is, that a perusal of the book has strengthened the opinion in us that its author's mind is of the legal rather than the

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scientific order, greater in arguing points according to a given scheme of thought than in making fresh discoveries and classifying things for himself. This is particularly striking in the exclusively technical point of view he takes in those essays in which he treats of the subject of insanity as an excuse for criminal acts. He is none the less an able writer, and no one can take up his book without being instructed and entertained. The concluding essays on the madmen of Shakespeare, Scott, and Dr. Johnson will, we suppose, find the largest number of admirers, though we confess, for our own part, to no great sympathy with the type of mind that delights in ingenious arguments as to whether Hamlet was or was not "really" and lawfully insane.

— We hope that any one who may be induced by the lavish praise of the English journals to read the novel, Never Again, will have the forethought to begin with the dedication, which gives the reader a very good example — except that it is not excessively long-winded — of what he will meet in the body of the book if he is tempted to go on. We need not quote it, the novel is by no means hard to be found, and every one may judge for himself whether or not the writer has a delicate sense of humor or a fair comprehension of the objects of his heavy satire. The plot of the story is so lamentably weak that it thereby forbids harsh criticism; it is but an humble outline, which the author has seen fit to use as a means of expressing his views of society, and to decorate with sketches of more or less life-like human beings, and with a series of anecdotes, as connected and naturally brought in as pastings in a scrap-book. There are two stories, which are closely connected, running through the novel; one about Mr. Ledgeral and his mercantile transactions, the other about the loves of his daughter Helen and Luther Lansdale, a lad from the country near Peekskill, New York, with lofty yearnings for New York. At the age of eighteen a disappointment in love and vanity at the hands of a woman of thirty-five, who corrects his spelling, causes him to groan "O stupid fool! dolt! idiot! But I have one resource, — Never shall she see me again! I will go — if I have to go penniless, friendless, and without my mother's blessing — far from this scene of my disgrace!" His mother, who, from the few words devoted to her description, we should judge to have been a woman of uncommon good sense, "was at length compelled to give her consent, and she did so with less reluctance when he finally confessed the blunder of the album, and admitted the peculiar state of his affections." On his way to the city in Captain Combing's old sloop, he meets with what is called in the head-lines of the chapter A Terrible Catastrophe; that is to say, the sloop is run down by a North River steamboat. All on board are saved, and Luther makes the acquaintance of the girl, Helen Ledgeral, who is to be the guiding star of his life. At first the young hero has to struggle with his morbid sensitiveness, and when she asks him to call on her and to get aid, should it be needed, from her father, he mutters, "I apply to her father for assistance of any kind! I put myself in her way again, after she has seen me in this plight, without hat or coat, and laughed at me! Never! — never! I hope I may die *if I do!* What *do I care for her?* Nothing! not the snap of my finger, not the flip of a copper. No, I won't think of her again. I have something better than that to do, I guess." But hunger and despair tame his proud spirit and bring him to the door of the Ledgerals. In their hall he faints, but Helen pleads for him so warmly that Mr. Ledgeral consents to give him a place in his office. Of course at the end he marries Helen, but only after a combination of melodramatic incidents which would make the fortune of a writer of one of those stories of which we occasionally see the beginning in a daily paper where it is inserted as an advertisement. This novel shares with those less highly praised stories that peculiar absence of any resemblance to life which goes far towards lessening the pleasure of reading. Incidents are brought in, characters are introduced, which bear few traces of invention on the part of the author; one might as well put a shovelful of sand into a pail of salt-water and expect to give the spectator a definite notion of the sea-shore. There is no reason why people in books should be unlike people in life. Stating disconnected facts about them is but a poor way of giving the reader a definite impression of their existence. If they are to be made to talk, let them talk, as human beings do, from the fulness of their hearts, not as if they were reciting phrases put into their mouths by a man who has collected a certain number of not too lively *mots*, which he wants to see in print. The whole novel is written in this way, from the outside, and

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the result is that the reader lays down the book with the feeling that he has been spending his time over a story which is almost as unreal as a modern society play. In short, it is a novel which we cannot in any way commend either as a study of human nature or of that especial variety of it which is to be met with in New York. It seems to us a false and vulgar libel on American society, which may account for the favorable reception the book met with from foreign critics who, with English insularity, mistook strangeness for a flavor of the soil, as if there were no human nature on this side of the Atlantic.

— The Brook, by Mr. Wright, is an allegorized fancy of the progress of a streamlet from the mountain to the sea, with what matter of poetic meditation and description there should naturally be concerning the Brook in the valley, in the wood, over the cliff, at the mill, and elsewhere. The subject is a very pretty one; but it is hard to figure the brook for so long a time as a sentient, conscious thing, and Mr. Wright has freely called upon Mr. Emerson to help him.

> "In his mystic pace does dwell
> All the speed of Neptune's shell,
> All the stealth of Mercury's heel,
> All the fire of Phœbus' wheel.
> Languors dull or grosser slumber
> Never stay his ramping limb;
> The gods gave all their gayety
> When they modelled him,"

says Mr. Wright of his Brook; and of Love, —

> "Anon he roves, a hunter bold,
> Up and down by wood and wold,
> The bow of fancy strives to tame,
> And all things are his game:
> Or the proud falcon of his song
> Dismisses on his forage airy,
> Where, circling on slow pinions strong,
> Beauty sails, the perfect quarry.
> Works anew the fiery leaven:
> Now a warrior brave and liege,
> The gods themselves 'scape not his siege,"

and so on to the great compassion and despair of his well-disposed critic. Yet, Mr. Wright can be natural and himself — when he does not take pains. Here, for example, is a bit of description which is quite his own, and very charming and fresh: —

> "The year moves to its sad decline,
> A dull gray mist enfolds the hills,
> The flowers are dead, the thickets pine,
> In other lands the swallow trills;
> For since they stole his summer flute,
> The moping Pan sits stark and mute;
> The slow hooves of the feeding kine
> Crack the herbage as they pass,
> The apples glimmer in the grass.
> And woods are yellow, woods are brown,
> The vine about the elm is red,
> Crow and hawk fly up and down,
> But for the wood-thrush, he is dead;
> The ox forsakes the chilly shadow,
> Only the cricket haunts the meadow."

The keen feeling for words, and the sympathy with nature here shown, are noticeable throughout the poem.

The volume is made up for the rest of darkling allegories and meditative unrealities to which we could not turn again for enjoyment nor instruction; and yet they have good things in them, very beautiful things; and we believe that Mr. Wright, who in his former volume wrote Tennyson, and in this writes Emerson, might write poetry, such as we should all be glad to have and remember, if he would only consent to write himself. We commend to his thoughtful attention the fact that the good passages of his poem, — the clearest, strongest, and sweetest — are those in which he has most entirely overcome his temptation to borrow a manner or an attitude.

— Schwegler's History of Philosophy, appearing originally as early as 1847 in the Stuttgart Encyclopædia, and published in 1848 in a separate volume, is generally regarded, to this day, in the German universities, as the most valuable handbook of the subject of which it treats. Up to 1867, there were sold twenty thousand copies of the work, — a rare event in the case of a similar compendium. The translation by Dr. Stirling of Edinburgh appeared in that city in 1867, and in five months the first edition was exhausted, two more editions being called for in the ensuing three years. We have it now in a neat duodecimo volume, issued in New York and Edinburgh; the translation running to 345 pages, and the annotations by the translator to 130 more.

This succinct review of the philosophy of the world throughout fourteen centuries, from the time of Thales to that of Hegel, is the most valuable contribution of its kind that has appeared for many years. It is a little open to the criticism that, in some of its appreciations, it is German rather than cosmopolitan. More than one tenth of the book — some forty pages — are devoted to Kant; while to the philosophy of Bacon scarcely three are allotted. It seems difficult for the German mind, even when actuated by strict candor, to do full justice to the chief of English philoso-

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phers. Hegel says of him: "As Bacon has always had the praise of the man who directed knowledge to its true source, experience, so is he in effect the special leader and representative of what in England has been called philosophy, and beyond which Englishmen have not yet quite advanced; for they seem to constitute the people in Europe which, limited to understanding of actuality, is destined, like the huckster and workman class in the state, to live always immersed in matter, with daily fact for their object and not reason." And Schwegler evidently shares this disparaging conception of the inductive philosophy, saying: "To have established the principle of empirical science, — of a thinking exploration of nature, — this is Bacon's merit. But still only in the proposing of this *principle* does his import lie: of any *contained matter* of the Baconian philosophy we can, in rigor, not speak" (p. 152; the italics in original).

Indeed, if we would do justice to English philosophy, we must supplement Schwegler by referring to such writers as Lewes or Stanley. But aside from this shortcoming, it would be difficult to overrate the utility of Schwegler's work, or to find fault with the translator when he says of it: "It is at once the fullest and the shortest, the deepest and the easiest, the most trustworthy and the most elegant, compendium that exists in either language." And as to the shortcoming referred to, it is in a measure made up by the annotations of the English translator.

Nor can it be said that the first place in philosophy virtually assigned to Kant by Schwegler is without a certain warrant. It may be doubted whether any one system exerts more influence over the cultivated mind of the present day than does the Kantian philosophy. The chasm between thought and existence (that despair of philosophy) has been better bridged by Kant than by any other. He fortifies the ground earlier occupied by Descartes, that the sufficient proof to us of our existence is that we perceive and think; and that, for man, the external world is a reality in virtue of his own perceptions and thoughts. And no one has taken more pains than Kant to warn us off barren and unprofitable fields of research. No one has taken a more practical stand than he against the undue importance attached to the historical accessories of all religions. Schwegler sets forth this phase of the Kantian philosophy very lucidly thus: "In every church there are two elements, the pure moral, rational belief, and the historico-statutory creed. On the relation of these two elements it depends whether a church shall possess worth or not. Whenever the statutory element becomes an independent object, claims an independent authority, the church links into corruption and unreason: whenever the church assumes the pure belief of reason, it is in the way to the kingdom of God. This is the distinction between true worship and false worship, religion and priestcraft. The dogma has value only in so far as it has a moral core. The doctrine of the Trinity, for example, contains, in the letter, absolutely nothing for practice. Whether three or ten persons are to be worshipped in the Godhead, is indifferent, inasmuch as no difference of rule results thence for the conduct of life. Even the Bible and the interpretation of the Bible are to be placed under the moral point of view. Reason is, in matters of religion, the supreme interpreter of Scripture."

"With Schelling and Hegel," says Schwegler, "the history of philosophy ends." He does not even name Comte, whose Positive Philosophy had been published several years before, — Comte of whom Lewes, surely under infatuation, says, "In his *Cours de Philosophie Positive* we have the grandest, because on the whole the truest, system which philosophy has yet produced."

We welcome this appearance in an English dress of Schwegler's excellent handbook from an American publishing house. The translation is smooth, and, so far as we have compared it, faithful.

French and German.*

At no time have either Frenchmen or Germans been lavish in their praise of one another, and that since the war there should have been a great deal of wild writing on both sides is natural. To most Germans the French have seemed to be a frivolous race, destitute of any shadow of morality, ignorant and inordinately vain;

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Frankreich und die Franzosen in der zweiten Hälfte des XIX. Jahrhunderts. Eindrücke und Erfahrungen. Von Karl Hillebrand. Berlin: 1873.

Allemands et Français, souvenirs de campagne. Par Gabriel Monod. Paris. 1872.

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the Frenchman's opinion of the German was of a cold-blooded, beer-guzzling pedant, crammed with useless facts, and inordinately proud and cruel. It has been the fashion to decry French ignorance of the Germans, and it has been justly done, but there is also room to find fault with German ignorance of France. A book, however, which is qualified to throw a good deal of light on that country, and which will be found of great service by Americans and English as well as Germans, is Mr. Karl Hillebrand's *Frankreich und die Franzosen in der zweiten Hälfte des XIX. Jahrhunderts.* Mr. Hillebrand is admirably fitted for the task he has assumed. He has lived for many years in France as a Frenchman, yet without losing his nationality; he has studied and written about questions which concerned French people, notably about the matter of education; and he has sought to make the French more familiar with some of the past history of his own country in his exceedingly interesting papers on Rahel and her contemporaries in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and as well as with the later position of Prussia in his *Prusse contemporaine*. He will be remembered, moreover, as a contributor to the North American Review, in which are now appearing some valuable papers of his on Herder. These facts may serve to show how cultivated a man he is, and every one who recalls any of his writings can bear witness to his intelligence. It is the fashion to sneer at cosmopolitanism, but it can also bear good fruits. The author has divided his book into six sections, as follows: Manners and Society, The Educational System, The Provinces and Paris, Intellectual Life, Political Life, The Rulers. There, is besides, an additional chapter on French views about the future of Germany and France. He begins with a slight sketch of French family life, which tells us nothing especially new, except for those who have formed their ideas from the French novels of the time, and who may be surprised at the tribute he pays to the respect in which it is held by many who are not prepared to be the heroes and heroines of what he calls a "certain literature." The virtues of the French, he says, are of a utilitarian character, they tend to the conservation of social order. Those virtues which he says are virtues for their own sake, for the sake of satisfying the conscience of him who practises them, he says, distinguish the Germans; while respect for property and the family as the corner-stone of society, honor and decorum which give a charm to society, moderation and thoughtfulness which insure the duration of comfort and pleasure, these, according to him are the qualities most valued by the Frenchman. Especially does he praise the honesty of the French in their personal relations, while at the same time he grants that they look with very different eyes on the possibility of despoiling the state. The Frenchman is moderate, unextravagant, as well as not lavish in generosity. He freely confesses the laxity of the French with regard to what are some of the most important points of morality. A few words about their religious sentiment we have not the space to quote. He speaks at some length of what may be more narrowly called their social life, mentioning their ease, grace, and desire and capacity for pleasing. With considerable acuteness he paints their sensitiveness with regard to the opinions of others, which produces a certain uniformity in their views on most matters of taste, a uniformity which the character of their education does its share in producing. How different this is from the rich and varied eccentricity of Americans, English, and Germans is easily seen. All these qualities, resting as they do on reflection, on utility, suffice as long as life moves on in accustomed ruts, but fail when a day comes bringing with it unusual disturbance. Then something higher is needed to direct the man who falls a prey to every passing emotion. In a word, *Grattez le Français et vous trouverez l'Irlandais.*

The French system of instruction has been a fertile theme for many writers who have sedulously shown its defects, while there has been a growing indifference of foreigners towards what once had attracted them, as was more especially to be seen by the few who of late years preferred studying medicine in Paris, when they were able to go to Germany. How inefficient was the system of primary instruction which left so much almost ignorance in the country is an old story. A good description is given of the methods of teaching in the higher schools, which seldom succeed in lighting the fire of a real love for learning, and in conclusion there is an account of the highest educational institutions. The failure of the French system is probably nowhere seen more distinctly than here, for in nothing is spontaneity more desirable than in education.

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Passing over the chapter on the provinces, we come to that on the intellectual life of the country. After a few words on the amusing light literature of the day, he speaks of what we, across the water, who care especially for the novels and plays, seldom see, namely, the solid, pompous books, written by some pedant who works up any given subject in order to make his name famous among his friends or to aid him in securing some position. Our author gives just praise to the living writers, whose excellence is of a sort which other countries have to go without. Among these he mentions Montégut, Renan, Taine, Larcey, Paul de Saint-Victor, and Scherer, and he compares their easy grace, their freedom from pomposity, with the heavy-handedness of so many German writers. He says that while in England and France the highest and most cultivated classes have devoted themselves to intellectual work, in Germany, for the last three hundred years, it has been ignored by all except professors and ministers. "It may have gained depth and seriousness, but it has lost with regard to breadth of vision." What should never be forgotten about French literature, its cleverness, he recalls to the Germans, who are apt to regard the possession of the quality as but little better than buffoonery. He says: "In this respect no nation can be compared with it. In its best time France has never produced a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Goethe; but in skilful work they have always been without a rival, and this, too, in art as well as in literature." To be sure, this is not the highest praise in the world, but it is not to be forgotton on that account. It is easier to forgive a man for not being a genius than for offending us by his awkwardness.

The author is no sneerer at the merits of the Germans, no extravagant adulator of the qualities of the French; he utters none of the boyish extravagance of the praise of Heine, for instance, which is so grateful to the ears of the Parisians, and so distasteful to every one else. But by choosing those passages which do justice to the merits of the French, we have wished simply to show his absence of prejudice against them, and not an undue affection for them.

Properly to discuss his account of the political life of France would require more pages than are left us, and we are unwillingly obliged to pass them over in order to make a brief mention of the final chapter on the opinions of the French about the future of the two countries.

The books which he especially discusses are Renan's *La Réforme intellectuelle et morale*, together with the *Questions contemporaines* by the same author, and Monod's *Allemands et Français. Souvenirs de campagne.* How far the reader will agree with Mr. Hillebrand's views, or with those of the two French writers, will depend almost entirely on his already formed opinions; for argument is hardly of any more service than is muisc to an army: it animates the weak-kneed, but does not bring over deserters from the other side. He goes over the discussion of the question as to which side deserves the blame for continuing the war, but he does it in a very cool, dispassionate way. He portrays the dangers to which France is now exposed, and he foresees no thornless path open before Germany. He warns his country against the growth of "Americanisms," by which he means an exclusively practical, realistic education, under which men devote themselves simply to material benefits. We hope every one will read this chapter; they will see in it some severe criticism of what are serious faults, without undue partiality for either country.

The work of M. Monod, referred to above, is one that can well be recommended. It first appeared in Macmillan's Magazine, but in the French edition we fancy that we have found much additional matter. It is one of the most impartial books written near the time of the war.

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ART.

IT would be impossible, in the space at our command, to notice in detail all that may have merited attention in the March exhibition of the Boston Art Club. The water-color department was hardly as strong as that of the January exhibition, but the average of the whole collection did not fall far below that of the previous one. Among the foreign pictures was that of a slim-waisted girl, reputed to be a work of Hogarth, a Madonna and Child attributed to Annibale Caracci, and a tumultuous rout of fallen angels, of the school of Rubens. But all these, as well as some beautiful bits by Troyon, a Daubigny, and one of the usual deep and drowsy woods of Diaz, with its touch of sunlight in the midst, thick with medium and glistening with glaze, must be passed over, in order that we may surrender our eyes more freely to the work of the American painters represented. Chronologically, the first mention should be given to a portrait of General Warren, attributed to Copley; though we confess the face which would hardly have satisfied us, had not the illustrious names of painter and subject cast about it a certain radiance of national antiquity too seldom found to be neglected. But two small portraits hanging below this, and apparently of equal antiquity with it, attracted one as well by their color and quaintness and sturdy individuality as by the pleasant uncertainty in regard to authorship with which the parenthetical, questioning "Who?" of the catalogue surrounded them. The arrangement of these portraits was in the highest degree conventional; and yet there was almost an agreeable *naïveté* in the substitution of green, in the background curtain that relieves the venerable gentleman in marroon coat and gilt buttons, for the crimson of that which hangs behind the lady, his companion, and, as we take it, wife. A smaller portion of distant landscape, too, is allotted to him than that which she enjoys. Altogether, she comes off with a richer endowment from the painter than does her husband, whose grand white wig, and purple cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulder, do not distract us from our admiration for her dress of ancient, rich brocade, and her long black veil of lace, drooping back from the hair to a point below the arm of the square-backed chair in which she reposes. It would, however, be difficult to say which enjoys the more rubescent complexion; and we suspect that this fine, vital color, so strongly laid in upon the cheeks of either, is the very charm that has kept us so long before a pair of mere picturesque reminiscences, while the fresh-faced canvases of to-day hang waiting farther on. Two landscapes by Mr. F. D. Williams, Clearing off Warm, and Clearing off Cold, have especially interested us. They are artistic presentations of two differing phases in the dispersion of stormy or cloudy sky, — fleeting and every-day transactions of light and air, cast in little color-idyls. Mr. Williams is not, it strikes us, completely successful in this instance; but all his pictures appear to have issued from a sincere and direct personal communion with nature, and these two make no exception in this regard. The first-mentioned is the better achievement, however. A moist and maculated sky — pale white-yellow, gathered here and there into a faint mauve-tint and slate, which again diffuses itself into the former hue — constitutes the real field of action, above a dim stretch of woods, brown and blue with distance, containing a running hint of dark green; and a placid water between it and us. A group of distant elms define themselves on the right; and three birds hover over the lake. In the other piece, we feel too acutely the rawness of the time and condition represented, despite the merit of its cold whiff of chimney-smoke, spinning off on the chilly breeze, the water blown in spray from the wayside-trough, the pale blue sky strained sparsely through gray clouds. It may be questioned whether a picture should send an atmospheric chill down the back of the spectator: for this is neither pleasing nor nobly moving. American scenery abounds in effects of color that, by reason of its inherent northern coldness, appear to tremble on the verge of discord; but they never actually pass into it. When a painter fails to catch its delicate strain, then it is probably owing to some mistake in his seizure of relations, or to a strong inclination, for the moment, toward imitation, which disturbs the balance of creative apprehension. Mr. Norton shows a mistake attributable to something of this sort in his twilight scene

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on the sea-shore. His Wing and Wing, however, a schooner laden with hay, and riding a smooth sea, is an exquisite triumph in every particular, though in quite another region of effects. This picture is struck from a high scale of color, but the profundity of the blue foreground-water is given with a delicate intensity that is all the more powerful for not employing intrinsic depth of hue. The aërial recession of the perspective must be noted, wafting into graceful prominence an advancing schooner, lighted on its starboard side (to our left), its spankers spreading one to right and one to left, the jib illuminated, the bow in shadow, — a delicate structure of chiaroscuro. In the background, at the left, is a steamer; at the right, three distant ships, the first of which is white, the second and third being farther away and of a slaty blue. High at the left, the white light of a shaded sun is admitted, and falls softly into the lower part of the sky, — a sky that nurses gentle glooms of gray, grading into palest green, — and there is re-echoed, less and less, until at last it dies away into the dream of distance at the farthest right. It is perhaps worth while to mention two large pictures of woods in autumn and winter, by Mr. T. L. Smith, as showing how much labor, expended in the statement of multitudinous detail, may be lost by the subjection of nature to a theoretic method of reproducing leafage. There is a certain fine spaciousness about these two scenes; but, by some means or other, which it must be left to more technical students to point out, they have been transformed, from fresh leaves out of nature's book of witchery, into pages of dry sylvan statistics, as it were. Mr. George Inness's small picture of a coming thunderstorm has all that these lack. The prescient dread of the darkened trees in the foreground, the sulphurous dimness farther back on the right, the threatening blue of the hills on the left, and the dusty gray on the tops of the approaching clouds, all purple-black beneath; the sheaves in the foreground, with three men in white, red, and dark blue shirts; and the last shifting gleam of light on a space of red earth, a little farther back in the valley, — these things demand recognition as genuine and sympathetic reproduction. Two larger and later works from the same hand, though praiseworthy, were hardly so pleasurable. In the View on the Tiber, below Perugia, the lines of an ancient olive-tree, lifting its warped and slender limbs against the distant valley, were especially notable for ease and grace; and the whole composition was full of the gray luxury of Italian air. But in this later style of Inness there is a certain severity of purity, that gives his work something of hardness, despite its superior refinement over his earlier manners. Perhaps, indeed, it is an over-refinement which causes it, a dryness of finish caught partly from the air of Italy, and a long abode among the chief examples of purist landscape-art. A. Jourdan's picture of a lady reading, and called The Latest Novel, offered an instance of less conventional disposition in a portrait (if such it be) than we are usually treated to. A finely formed and beautiful woman sits before us, in a carefully arranged *négligée*, with a book open upon her knee, resting on a dress of pale mauve silk, just dimmed here and there by some reflected light, that gives it a hue of hazy blue. A kind of elaborated corsage of white satin, with a tuft of leaves and a rose at the top, leaves the graceful arms exposed, one of which lies in full and delicate roundness on the lap, very pleasingly and, as it seems to us, truly drawn. Upon the substantial and gracious neck hangs a slight chain of little pearls. There is a lack of richness in the coloring, though a certain agreeable silvery lightness and mystery is achieved. We may venture the opinion, however, that something of needful force has been lost, in the search for a soft harmoniousness, that reminds one of Huntington's manner in portrait. Perhaps the most thoroughly satisfactory head in the exhibition was that of a Capri girl, by Mr. Ernest Longfellow. The rich and mantling cheek, remarkably vigorous in its vitality, lost nothing of its lustrous charm by the close proximity of a deep magenta cloth tied over the head, knotted, and richly embroidered behind. A line of small, close curls of deepest black, peeping out from under its front edge, furnished a potent contrast; and, from this, one's glance descended with keen relish to the beautiful, alert eye of the profile. Such a maiden brings to our revery a tinge of early morning, and its first pure touch of fire; breathing a positive æsthetic balm of semi-tropical richness and rest upon our meagre-dieted Northern senses. We may be honestly thankful to any one who renders so sweet a head so simply. Mr. Frank H. Smith contributed a quiet and careful little picture of a Marquise in a garden, — a lady with an odd type of face; that long, slen-

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der nose above a somewhat wide mouth, and touching at the bridge the lines of wide-arched eyebrows, which, without being precisely pretty, belongs to a peculiarly and we might say pathetically, feminine character. In a deep wine-colored dress, she sits upon a stone bench, the arm of which stares out in a griffin's face under her elbow, and clutches the ground with a stony claw. Her hat, full of flowers, lies at her side, and a black lace shawl is drawn upon her head; so that, thus capped, and fretting a guitar with long and graceful fingers, she receives a certain slight inflection of Spanish suggestion. The abundant foliage behind her is, perhaps, a trifle too vaguely treated; but a cool gray luminosity prevades the picture, which is accordant with the leafy seclusion of the place. A large picture of a ram standing, and a lamb lying down, upon a greensward, under an uncertain sort of apple-tree to the right, and lent by the Union Club, does not show Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole at his best. It is but an expansion of the severe and almost unimaginative simplicity of pastoral greenness, matched with grays of cloud and the smoked white of sheep, which distinguish his very acceptable smaller pictures; and appears to lack something which is essential to masterly life-size representation. Among the chalk-drawings was a portrait by Rowse, hardly so captivating, however, as the fascinating, almost fantastic, head of a child, in oil, at the last exhibition. Mr. Bellows's water-color study in New Hampshire showed what may be accomplished with such simple native elements as a dark, still pool; an old gray barn with a glowing window; some purple logs lying near, yellow-red at the ends; and a surrounding growth of quiet green saplings.

The habit of buying directly from painters, or through the exhibitions organized by them, will have to be much more generally cultivated than at present in American communities, before artists can take the independent position they should be allowed to occupy, or exhibitions be made thoroughly successful. When the present disadvantageous state of things in this regard is remedied, we shall not find painters gathering in an informal association, like that which proposes from time to time to hold an auction-sale under the name of Boston Artists' Sale. One of these took place last month, and among the hundred and odd oil-paintings offered on that occasion were many excellent ones by Messrs. F. H. Shapleigh, J. Appleton Brown, Frank H. Smith, and others. Mr. Shapleigh, a disciple of Lambinet, distinguishes himself by an acute and sensitive grasp of mountain-forms; though as a colorist he may, we think, make still some considerable advances. His view of the Matterhorn, from Zermatt, gives with much strength and nicety not only the rugged bulk of the mountain, — a pale mauve mass of rock, under light layers of snow, — but also the fine deflection of the peak, like that of a candle-flame bowed by the slightest imaginable breath of air. The elastic woodiness of some willows, too, in a small Yosemite scene, should be noticed. Others of his contributions showed some unevenness; but Dixville Notch throws itself into a very graceful composition, appearing before us as a receding mountain-gap, lined by sheer, light-purple rock-walls, with woods and a road in the foreground, and a serene but scattered company of clouds poised in the blue, behind. We must speak of Mr. Brown's little twilight episode, near Kenilworth, — a dark brown water, with bare-branched trees behind, against white clouds involved in a delicate suspicion of rose. The artist inclines strongly to trace again and again these beauties of tree-lines thrown forward by a white, opaque sky, and in this field he is often happy; but we should be glad to see a little more responsiveness to climatic changes in his coloring than was instanced by the scenes at home and abroad here exhibited. Mr. F. H. Smith's Venetian scenes we should be glad to recall in words; but it can only be said that both eye and hand have, in turn, answered with unusual grace and fervor to those resonances of rich red and gold and crimson, those gleams of rare pale green and blue, which echo in our memories of Venice and her silent water-ways. We have only time to hint the fresh clearness and good faith of some seaside studies by Mr. Norton; one, in particular, showing an exquisite, sunny cumulus, glooming underneath, with a long, thin slip of slaty cirro-stratus against it, looming stately over an inky sea,—a sign of storm. Nor can we describe, here, the fine group of sheep on a desolate wold by the sea, with soft gray clouds rolling here and there into white, which does Mr. Robinson credit. The vigor and variety in the entire collection are most encouraging.

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SCIENCE.

IT was long ago observed that when stars are occulted by the moon, they disappear and reappear, not gradually, but instantaneously. That is, the star, in passing behind the moon, does not grow dim until it fades from sight altogether: it vanishes at once, and its reappearance, at the farther edge of the moon's disk, is equally abrupt. From this fact it was rightly inferred that the moon has no enveloping atmosphere. More recently spectroscopic observation has verified this inference, besides establishing the parallel fact that there is no appreciable quantity of water on the lunar surface.

This absence of air and water from the exterior of a planet so similar to the earth in its general aspect has always been regarded as a phenomenon needing to be accounted for; and very queer have been some of the hypotheses by which it has been sought to explain it. It has even been hinted that all the lunar air and oceans may have been carried off by a comet; or that, owing to a slight displacement of the moon's centre of gravity, the air and water may have entirely retreated to that hemisphere of the planet which is always turned away from us. At the present day neither of these suggestions is worthy of serious consideration. The first is simply ridiculous, in view of what we now know about comets; and the second, though not intrinsically incredible, will not bear examination. Any one, says Mr. Proctor, "who will draw a cross-section of the moon (in a plane passing through the earth), and endeavor to assign such a position to an atmosphere of moderate extent that even during the moon's extreme librations no signs of the atmosphere could be perceptible from the earth, will at once see that the theory is untenable."

A much more probable explanation supposes the lunar atmosphere and oceans to be frozen solid. The entire cessation of volcanic activity upon the lunar surface indicates that the planet has nearly or quite lost its primitive stock of internal heat, and this is what might be expected from the small size of the planet. The degree of cold implied by the solidification or "rigidification" of the moon's nucleus immeasurably exceeds anything within terrestrial experience; and it may well have been great enough to freeze all the lunar oceans, and even to liquefy, or perhaps to solidify, the gases of the lunar atmosphere. The moon is indeed subjected at each rotation to the fierce noontide heat sent from the sun; but although this may scorch and blister the rocky surface, it can exercise but little melting power. From the airless surface of the moon, the solar radiance must be immediately reflected into space, as from the surface of a polished mirror. Just as on the summits of the Himalayas, where the atmosphere is so rare, the huge snow-masses remain through centuries unmelted, in spite of the sun's blazing heat, so upon the surface of the moon the air and water once frozen must remain frozen forever.

This explanation, however, does not give a satisfactory account of the disappearance of the lunar atmosphere. Granting the disappearance of the atmosphere, the maintenance of a more than arctic cold in spite of the utmost intensity of solar radiation may readily be admitted. But in this explanation the absence of a surface atmosphere is presupposed rather than accounted for. A far more thorough-going hypothesis was propounded some years since by M. Sæmann, in a paper on the unity of geological phenomena throughout the solar system translated by Professor Sterry Hunt, and published in the American Journal of Science, January, 1862. In his excellent pamphlet on the "Geology of the Stars,"* Professor Winchell, of the University of Michigan, has newly called attention to M. Sæmann's hypothesis, and shown that it gives a complete account of the facts in the case.

Observe first that the former existence of air and water on the lunar surface is not a mere inference from analogy. The moon having been originally a portion of the earth's equatorial zone, it is difficult to suppose that it does not contain materials which have from the oldest times constituted so large a portion of the earth's exterior. But besides this, the vast plains on

* Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science. No. 7. The Geology of the Stars. By Prof. A. Winchell, of the University of Michigan. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1873.

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the moon which the old astronomers supposed to be seas, and named as such, have now been found to be areas underlaid by sedimentary rocks, thus attesting the former presence of water. Hence, as Professor Winchell sensibly argues, there must in all probability have been *winds* to excite the erosive movements of the water which caused this sedimentation. For tidal action upon the moon cannot be regarded as a considerable factor in the erosion, unless we go back to that enormously remote period when the earth's tidal pull was still dragging the moon's rotation into synchrony with its revolution.

Since, then, we have plain indications of the former existence of air and water on the surface of the moon, how does M. Sæmann account for their disappearance? They have been *drunk up* by the thirsty rocks. On our own globe the tendency of the surface water is constantly to percolate through the soil of the land or sea-bottom, and thence through the rocks, downward towards the centre of the earth. Yet with our present supply of internal heat, it is not probable that any water can reach more than one fiftieth part of the distance towards the earth's centre, without becoming vaporized and thus getting driven back towards the surface. In this way there is kept up a circulation of water throughout the peripheral portions of the earth's crust. But as the earth becomes cooler and cooler, the water will be enabled to circulate at greater and greater depths, thus materially lowering the level of the ocean. In this way, long before the centre has become cool, all the surface-water of the earth will have been sucked into the pores of the rocks, and the same will afterwards take place with the atmosphere. M. Sæmann shows that by the time the earth had reached complete refrigeration, the pores of the rocks would absorb more than one hundred times the amount of all the oceans on the globe, "and that the unfilled pores would more than suffice for the retirement of the atmosphere."

According to M. Sæmann, this state of things, which is by and by to be realized on the earth, is already realized on the moon. Being forty-nine times smaller than the earth, the moon has cooled down forty-nine times as rapidly, and its geologic epochs have been correspondingly short. "Its zoic age," says Professor Winchell, "was reached while yet our world remained, perhaps, in a glowing condition. Its human period was passing while the eozoön was solitary occupant of our primeval ocean." More careful reflection will probably convince us that, with such a rapid succession of geologic epochs, the moon can hardly have had any human period. For the purposes of comparative geology, the earth and the moon may be regarded as of practically the same antiquity. Now, supposing the earliest apelike men to have made their appearance on the earth during the Miocene epoch, some five million years ago, we must remember that at that period the moon must have advanced in refrigeration very far beyond the earth. Supposing organic evolution to have gone on with equal pace in the two planets, it would seem a probable conclusion that the moon would be rapidly becoming unfit for the support of organic life at about the time when man appeared on the earth. Still more, it is a strictly logical inference from the theory of natural selection, that upon a small planet there is likely to be a slower and less rich and varied evolution of life than upon a large planet. Grouping together all these considerations, it does not seem at all likely that the moon can ever have given rise to organisms nearly so high in the scale of life as human beings. Long before it could have attained to any such point, its surface must have become uninhabitable by air-breathing organisms. With its rapid refrigeration, its surface air and water must have sunk into its interior and left it the mere lifeless ember that it is, — a type, nevertheless, of the ultimate condition of every one of the radiating and cooling members of the solar system. The moon would thus appear to be not merely an extinct world, but a partially aborted world, just as the still smaller asteroids and meteorites would seem to be totally aborted worlds; the quantity of planetary matter being so small in the latter case that there is an apparent incongruity in speaking of these bodies as worlds in any sense. Nevertheless, from the earth down to the moon, from the moon down to the asteroid, and from the asteroid down to the meteorite, the differences are at bottom only differences of degree; though the differences in result may range all the way from a world habitable by civilized men down to a mere dead ball of planetary matter.

Here we are introduced to an interesting series of reflections on the continuity of cosmic phenomena, concerning which we hope to say more next month. For the

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present we would change the subject, and allude to the discoveries recently made by Mr. Calvert, which seem to point to the existence of human beings in the Miocene period. Sir John Lubbock writes to *Nature*, of March 27th, that he has learned by letter certain results obtained near the Dardanelles by Mr Frank Calvert, which are of striking significance for the antiquity of man. Mr. Calvert has found a fragment of a bone, either of a mastodon or of a dinotherium, "on the corner side of which is engraved a representation of a horned quadruped, with arched neck, lozenge-shaped chest, long body, straight fore-legs, and broad feet." Along with this are traces of other figures, partly obliterated. In the same stratum Mr. Calvert has found "a flint flake, and several bones broken as if for the extraction of marrow."

Of course these statements await verification, and to draw a positive conclusion from them at present would be in the highest degree unwarrantable. It can only be said that if these data are verified, and if it turns out that Mr. Calvert is not mistaken in the character of the stratum which he has been examining, the antiquity of the human race will have to be computed in millions of years rather than, as heretofore, in hundreds of thousands. But in this there need be nothing to surprise us. The non-existence of human remains in any Tertiary strata (save possibly in the uppermost Pliocene) has been an assumption based on purely negative evidence, like the older assumption as to the non-existence of fossiliferous rocks below the Silurian. We must be prepared at any moment, on the reception of positive evidence, to extend our conceptions of the antiquity of man, as well as of the number and duration of geologic epochs.

The immense antiquity of the human race, even as at present established at something like a million of years, affords very powerful confirmatory proof of the derivation of man from some lower form belonging to the order of primates. Since the period during which man has possessed sufficient intelligence to leave a traditional record of himself is but a minute fraction of the period during which he has existed upon the earth, it is but fair to conclude that during those long ages of which none but a geologic record of his existence remains, he was by slow increments *acquiring* that superior intelligence which now so widely distinguishes him from other animals. Throughout an enormous period of time, his brain-structure and its correlated intellectual and emotional functions must have been gradually modified by natural selection and by direct adaptation, while his outward physical appearance has undergone few modifications; even the most striking of these being directly or indirectly associated with increase in brain-structure. These inferences are in harmony with the beautiful principle announced by Mr. Wallace, that so soon as the intelligence of an animal has, through ages of natural selection and direct adaptation, become so considerable that a slight variation in it is of more use to the animal than any variation in physical structure, then such variations will be more and more constantly selected, while physical variations, being relatively of less vital importance to the species, will be more and more neglected. Thus while the external appearance, and his internal nutritive and muscular apparatus, may vary but little in many ages, his intellectual and moral attributes and his cerebral structure will vary with comparative rapidity. Thus we may understand why man differs so little in general physical structure and external appearance from the other higher primates, while in the special point of cerebral structure and accompanying intelligence he differs so widely from his nearest living congeners.

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POLITICS.

RECENT events, as they say in France, connected with civil-service reform may be briefly summarized in this way. Mr. Curtis has resigned the chairmanship of the Civil-Service Advisory Board, on the ground that several important appointments, recently made, showed that the President was unfaithful both to the letter and the spirit of the civil-service regulations. Mr. Medill has resigned from the board, on the ground that his holding the two offices of Mayor of Chicago and Civil-Service Commissioner is incompatible with the rule issued some time ago by the President, forbidding United States officials from holding State or municipal offices. The President has publicly renewed his declaration of fidelity to civil-service reform, both in letter and in spirit. The President has requested Mr. F. L. Olmsted to accept the chairmanship vacated by Mr. Curtis. Mr. Olmsted has declined. The President has requested Mr. Dorman B. Eaton of New York to the place of Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Shellabager of Ohio to take that of Medill. Mr. Eaton having accepted the appointment, it was immediately denied that he had been appointed at all; and at the same time it was announced that the rules were to be modified so as to enable the President to select as appointees for positions in the civil service men who were more in sympathy with the administration than the competitive system seems likely to produce. For the latest fact or rumor on the subject we must refer the reader to the newspapers; but of this at least there is no doubt that Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Eaton were actually approached on the subject, and that either selection was good. Mr. Eaton is a trained lawyer, a trained politician, and a trained reformer. He has studied politics too in the great national hot-bed of rotation and corruption, the city of New York. He knows what the evils of the present system are, and how they ought to be remedied. If there were no Caseys and no Sharpes in the service, the selection of Mr. Eaton might be accepted as a complete vindication of the President's honesty. But under all the circumstances, it merely serves to render the existing confusion on the subject of the relation of General Grant to the civil service more confused than before. The mystery as to his real intentions we have not much hope of being able to dispel, because we do not believe that General Grant himself understands the meaning of civil-service reform well enough to have well-defined intentions on the subject. But some light may be thrown on the causes of the present confusion by one or two considerations which are generally overlooked.

What is civil-service reform? We have all been talking about it with great vehemence for the past six or seven years, but sometimes it seems as if we had ourselves forgotten what is its essential feature and fundamental peculiarity. It is generally spoken of as a political reform, like minority representation or the abolition of special legislation. Yet its nature in reality is rather moral than political. It is not merely that we wish to put an end to rotation, and introduce stability of tenure; we wish besides this, or rather by these means, to introduce into the American system the virtues of subordination, of obedience, of faithfulness in the discharge of duty, of respect for law, and to put an end to the recklessness, the extravagance, the lawlessness, selfishness, and corruption which now characterize it. Civil-service reform is merely a piece of machinery for giving sober, industrious, and thorough people the power and influence of which they have become, by force of circumstances, deprived. The essence of it is, after all, not the adoption of a series of rules for the examination of candidates for Treasury clerkships, but a real devotion on the part of the reforming power to those virtues we have named, a profound belief in the necessity of elevating the tone of the government; in short, a little of that sacred "passion of perfection" which leads men in troubled times to sacrifice to the general good their selfish appetites and love of ease. Without this spirit, there can be no life in the rules.

General Grant, however, has never given the public any reason to believe that he is possessed by this spirit, while he has given a thousand reasons for believing that he is not. It is true that, if we go back to the opening of his first administration, we find him announcing his determination to turn

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the cold shoulder to the politicians, and make his appointments without regard to any other claims than those of fitness. We have no doubt that he was sincere in his professions, for he did nominate a Cabinet, selected with a view to what he considered fitness, and in doing so declared war upon the politicians, as he had promised. But it proved a bloodless conflict. He grew very tired of it. He was fond of popularity and ease, and in a few months a truce was declared. From that time to this he has not troubled himself about the matter. He has allowed "the machine" to be worked by the old crew for their own profit, quite content himself if they will work it without pestering him with questions for which he has by nature and education no disposition to deal. It would not be difficult to select from the principal acts of General Grant's administration those in which he himself took a lively interest; for when he does take a lively interest in anything, he is apt to make his friends and supporters, as well as his enemies, understand the fact. He did take a lively interest in the annexation of San Domingo. This was evident enough both from his messages, and from the urgency with which he half publicly importuned members of Congress. He took a warm interest in the Indian peace policy. He has showed a persistent determination to keep his brother-in-law Casey in the New Orleans Custom-House, and to support his government of Louisiana by force of arms if necessary. He has also wished, in an evident but unintelligent sort of way, to reduce taxation, to pay off the national debt, and to get the currency into a sound condition; we say unintelligent, because he has never pretended to have any definite ideas on economical subjects, except some antique exploded fallacies which can hardly be supposed to furnish the grounds for his practical recommendations, so long as we have the much more plausible explanation, that he has allowed his Secretary of the Treasury to drift him into a policy of which he neither understands the virtues nor the defects. The general desire of the country that England should pay the Alabama claims he undoubtedly shared, but he shared it with that perfect confidence of success in the end which prevented any violent longing or imperious demands. But San Domingo and Casey were very near his heart.

This indifference to reform, rather than opposition to it, we will believe, explains much of General Grant's apparently eccentric conduct. General Grant belongs to a generation which had other ideas than those with which ours is familiar. He belongs to the period of American life when the energies of the country were mainly occupied in "developing our vast resources," and boasting of our vast exploits; when all that was asked of an American was, that he should be ready to lend a helping hand, whenever it was needed. General Grant, like thousands of others of us, was brought up to believe that ours is the best government the sun ever shone upon, and he believes it still. Besides this, his military education and experience, which we all supposed five years ago would certainly have prepared his mind for that kind of disgust at the existing political *régime* which would throw him into the reform camp, seems to have had in fact a precisely opposite effect. It has produced in him only that spirit of adaptability to the political *status quo* which is a virtue in a general, and a vice in a general who has undertaken to play the part of a statesman. The civil service he is willing enough should be reformed, as he would probably be willing that the Methodist church should be reformed; but he does not wish to be troubled about it. The people have seemed to desire some civil-service rules, and he has got them made. He is willing enough that they should be enforced, so long as they do not conflict with his own plans; but if they do, so much the worse for the rules. It was the misfortune of Mr. Curtis to mistake General Grant for a reformer, and this mistake undoubtedly made the situation absurd; but we should not shut our eyes to the fact that a great deal has been accomplished by getting the machinery in operation; with a resolute and sceptical man at the head of the board, determined that the rules shall be enforced in any case, much may be done in the next three years. General Grant's very love of repose and popularity would make him play the part of a reformer, in course of time; and his rules will be enforced as soon as some one is found who will make it easier for him to enforce than to suspend or modify them.

— The curious effect which a legal falsehood perpetuated for a number of generations may have in confusing the judgment and perverting the moral notions of a people is very strikingly shown in the case of the "presumption in favor of innocence"

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favored by the traditions of the English and American common law. It was long ago laid down that the "common law favored life, liberty, and dower," though, with characteristic obscurity, the grounds of this selection were never explained. Why "dower" should have been selected as the only kind of property to be protected, except on the ground of the common law's "tenderness for married women," it is difficult to see. Certainly it was pretty much the only evidence of tenderness ever given; for during the existence of marriage, the law considered "the husband and wife as one, and that one the husband." "Life" and "liberty" are vague, general terms, too, which comprehend the life and liberty of the murderer as well as of the victim, the robber as well as the robbed, the felon condemned by this same law to be hung tomorrow, and the judge who condemns him. Indeed the maxim was so very vague, that hardly any serious attempt was ever made to explain its limits, except that so far as "life" was concerned, there was a presumption in the case of a criminal accusation that the accused was innocent, and that the accusing party must prove substantively his connection with the crime.

The presumption in question, however, rationally rests, whatever may be its historical or judicial origin, on no such foundation as the prejudice of the common law in favor of life and liberty. It was not because certain judges and lawyers whose minds were deeply impregnated with the spirit of common law, on inquiring of their legal consciousness what they liked, received as a reply, "life, liberty, and dower," and in reply to the opposite question, "death, incarceration, and the abolition of dower"; it was for a far wider and saner reason. The "presumption" exists in the civil as well as in the common law, and was part of the established Aryan jurisprudence as long ago as the trial of Socrates for corrupting the minds of the Athenian youth. When a crime has been committed and an arrest has been made, and the government or the injured party have accused the prisoner, there is no presumption *a priori* of guilt or of innocence. There is really no reason *a priori* why, in the absence of proof (and of course, so far as the jury is concerned, there has been no proof whatever, no matter what evidence may have been adduced before the committing magistrate), one man should be tried more than another. The reason why the prosecutor must prove the connection of the prisoner with the crime is the same reason which compels any one who brings a civil action to prove that he has some ground of suit. The government says that a certain man, woman, or child has committed a certain crime; of course such a charge, like any other affirmative statement, must be proved. But there is, rationally speaking, no presumption at all in the case. In case of a failure of justice from want of proof, the common law, with its presumption in favor of innocence, says that nothing having been proved, the prisoner is innocent, and forthwith gives him the benefit of a verdict of "not guilty," from which reason and morality alike revolt. The only verdict which expresses the truth is the Scotch verdict of "not proven."

The absurdity of the notion that there is any presumption in the case of a man brought before a jury to be tried for the commission of a crime may be seen in this way. A presumption is merely a probability derived from the observed facts of life. It is an inference "drawn by a process of probable reasoning," "affirmative or disaffirmative," of a fact in the absence of proof or until proof can be attained. For example, there is a presumption that a man who was last seen several years ago in an open boat far out at sea, in a violent storm, and has never been heard from since, is dead. There is a presumption that when a letter has been sent through the mail, it has reached its destination. There is a presumption that a child born in wedlock is legitimate. No sensible man can deny the correctness of these inferences, because he knows that ninety-nine children out of a hundred born in wedlock are legitimate; ninety-nine letters out of a hundred sent by mail do reach their destination; ninety-nine out of a hundred who disappear in a storm at sea in an open boat are drowned. Therefore, in the absence of proof, he would say that there was preponderance of probability in favor of these conclusions. But no man could possibly say that, in the case of any one arrested on suspicion of a criminal act, there was a probability that it had not been committed by the suspected person. Whence could such an inference arise? Not certainly from a comparison of the number of cases in which such a conclusion would be correct with those in which it would be incorrect. Indeed it seems much more probable that, in a majority of cases, persons arrested for crime are guilty.

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Nevertheless, the fact of the existence of the presumption in the common law that every man is innocent until he is proved guilty, must be admitted; and the presumption has imbedded itself in and become part of the mental constitution of the English race. In America, especially, the legal tone given to public opinion by the old school of constitutional politicians gave vague maxims of this sort a powerful hold on the national mind, the more so in the case of the presumption in favor of innocence that it harmonized with the prevailing feeling of *laissez faire* and general sympathy with everybody. The number of swindling contractors, disreputable lawyers, and degraded politicians who have triumphed over their enemies within the past few years by the simple fact that nothing had been "proved" against them is incalculable. Although every one knew in many of these cases that the wealth of the contractors, lawyers, and politicians in question could not be accounted for except by fraudulent profits, corruption of judges, or the purchase and sale of votes, nevertheless, every man was presumed to be innocent, and in fact was innocent, until he was proved to be guilty. At last a case happened in which the point of sheer absurdity was reached. Fisk, who, after years spent in open thieving, during which he had on one occasion confessed that he was a "robber," and had "sold his soul," and on another had broadly hinted that he kept murderers in his employ, and who was known throughout the world as the most notorious and shameless rascal of this century, finally found a defender in Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, who gravely announced his opinion, on the strength of the common-law presumption, that Fisk ought to be considered an innocent man. This was a little beyond the endurance even of a common-law-abiding people, and certainly in New York the old presumption has never had such a good standing since.

But the presumption still exists in the minds of lawyers and judges, and it stands very clearly in the way of the good administration of criminal justice in a certain class of cases. In the case of "habitual criminals"—criminals who commit offences, not, as most people do, from a sudden impulse of passion, but as a means of getting their living—there is clearly a very strong presumption that, when found in their usual "beats," they are there for no good purpose. There are thousands of these "professionals" in London, in New York, in Boston, and every other great city; the police know them, and generally know what they are about. But they come and go in hotels, cars, and steamboats, prowl about the streets at night, or have mysterious interviews with "fences" and "brokers," comparatively free from danger; they may be arrested, to be sure, but, unless their connection with some particular crime can be proved, they return to their predatory lives. A bill is now pending in the State of New York for the regulation of this class of criminals, founded on recent English legislation, the design of the bill being to make the presumption in the case of habitual criminals favor guilt instead of innocence. If the bill passes, it will be possible to arrest in public places any one known to be an "habitual criminal," take him into court, and, instead of being obliged to prove something against him, oblige him to prove that he was, at the time of his arrest, engaged in some lawful business, or be sent to prison. It is easy to see what the effect of such a law rigidly enforced would be. To give a good account of himself is exactly what the habitual criminal, whether he be thief, pickpocket, burglar, or "fence," or "broker," cannot do; he would be driven either into less dangerous occupations, or be kept in an almost perpetual confinement, or else be forced to change his place of residence.

We may say, in conclusion, that while it is never well to treat a serious subject with levity, still it is not easy to avoid a smile at the idea of the introduction of this bill in Albany. There must be something ludicrous in it to members of the New York Legislature themselves. Almost any thoughtful member might enjoy a quiet laugh over the fate which has put into such hands as his the supervision of criminals. It would be very difficult to discriminate, in the forum of morals or of law, between certain classes of "habitual criminals" and certain classes of habitual politicians.

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